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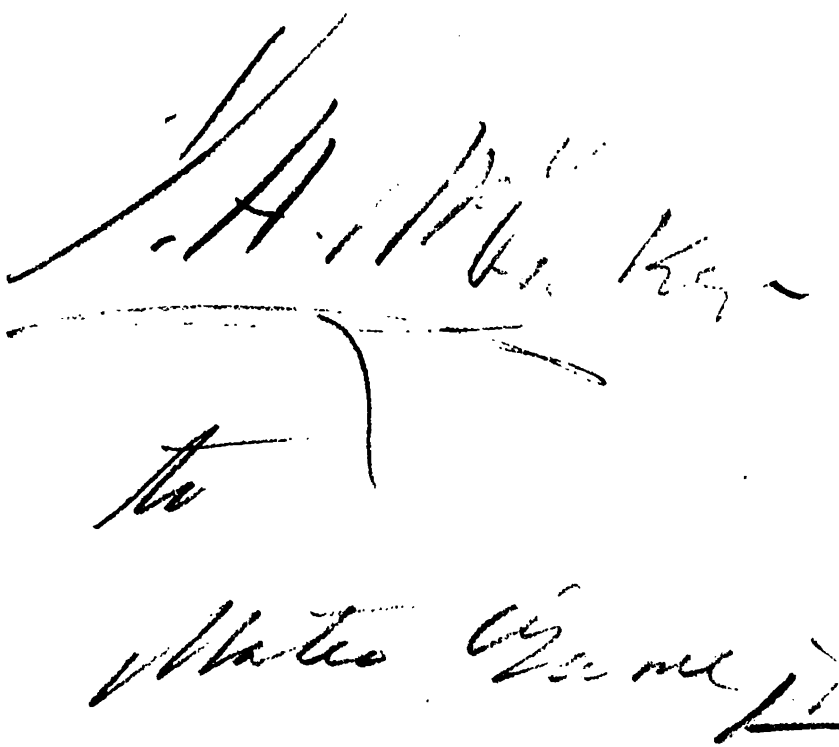

P. H. Sheridan

MILITARY ESSAYS

AND

RECOLLECTIONS

PAPERS READ BEFORE THE COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS, MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

VOL. I.

Published by order of the Commandery

CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG AND COMPANY
1891

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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FOR THE COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS,

BY CHARLES W. DAVIS, *Recorder*,

A.D. 1891.

UNIV. OF
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NOTE.

THE Committee appointed to oversee the publication of this volume desire to state that the papers it contains were selected by the members of the Illinois Commandery of the Loyal Legion, from among the papers relating to the Civil War that have been read at the regular monthly meetings of the Commandery since March 3, 1880. The papers have been arranged as nearly as possible in the order of events of which they treat, thus giving to the volume as a whole an historical sequence and continuity. The Committee venture the hope that their earnest efforts to present the papers in the best shape for permanent preservation will be accepted and approved by the Commandery.

Acknowledgments are due the writers of the various papers for considerate assistance in preparing them for the press.

ALFRED T. ANDREAS,
CHARLES W. DAVIS,
WILLIAM ELIOT FURNESS,
} *Committee.*

MARCH, 1891.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

MILITARY ESSAYS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT. 1861–1863.

By AUGUSTUS L. CHETLAIN.

[Read December 2, 1885.]

IN the spring of 1860, soon after my return from Europe to Galena, Illinois, where I had resided for over a quarter of a century, I met for the first time ULYSSES S. GRANT, an ex-captain of the United States Army. He was then employed as salesman and collector by the firm of J. R. Grant and Company, wholesale and retail dealers in leather, his father being the senior member of the firm. This position he had recently taken in place of his brother, Simpson Grant, who had been incapacitated by sickness, and who died the year after. Captain Grant's family, consisting of his wife and four children, was brought with him from St. Louis, Mo., where he had resided some six years after leaving the regular army. He lived in an unpretentious but comfortable house, in a respectable though not central part of the town. His salary as clerk was small, and barely sufficed for the support of his family, practising, as it did, the strictest economy. He led a quiet life, and was little disposed to make the acquaintance of his fellow-citizens, but was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

With his family, he regularly attended services at the Methodist Episcopal Church. A ready and very interesting talker, he entertained his intimate friends and neighbors by the hour, in relating his personal experiences in the Mexican War, and when stationed for years after on the Pacific Coast. He was not an active politician, but took a deep interest in all the political issues before the country. Although a Whig in early life, he supported Mr. Buchanan for President, but became a Free-Soil Democrat before the end of his administration. He took little part in the exciting political campaign of 1860, but favored the election of Senator Stephen A. Douglas for President, and would have voted for him had his time of residence in Illinois permitted.

On the evening of the 16th of April, 1861, — four days after the firing on Fort Sumter, — a mass-meeting was held in the Court House at Galena to discuss the situation and the advisability of raising at once one or more companies of volunteers to aid in the suppression of the Rebellion, in response to the call of the President of the United States for seventy-five thousand volunteers for three months' service. The Court House was packed with excited citizens. Captain Grant was present, and took a deep interest in the proceedings. The Mayor of the city, a Democrat, was chosen to preside at the meeting. Upon taking the chair, in a brief speech he gave expression to anti-war sentiments, and favored compromise and peace. Indescribable confusion followed, and a motion was made that he vacate the chair. The chairman begged permission to be heard, and said in explanation that he had understood the meeting had been called to discuss the situation, and he had given expression to his own views and opinions; but as they were evidently not those of the meeting, he would leave the chair. After some discussion it was agreed that he continue to preside. The Hon. E. B. Washburne, Member of Congress from that district, who was present, and who was

one of the leading spirits in this war movement, offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted amid great excitement and cheering: —

1. That we will support the Government of the United States in the performance of all its constitutional duties in this great crisis, and will assist it to maintain the integrity of the American flag whenever and wherever assailed.

2. That we recommend the immediate formation of two military companies in this city, to respond to any call that may be made by the Governor of the State.

3. That having lived under the Stars and Stripes, by the blessing of God we propose to die under them.

Spirited and patriotic addresses were made by the mover of the resolutions, and by John A. Rawlins, a Galena lawyer, who had been an elector on the Douglas ticket the year before, and who subsequently became a major-general of volunteers and Secretary of War; by B. B. Howard, a Breckenridge Democrat and postmaster, afterward a captain in the volunteer service; by the Hon. Charles S. Hempstead, and others. The meeting adjourned, with the wildest enthusiasm and hearty cheers for the Union. The above gives but a faint idea of the intense war feeling that pervaded the entire North at the beginning of the war.

The excitement after the meeting continued unabated; and on the evening of the 18th another meeting was held at the same place, for the purpose of raising a military company. Captain Grant was chosen to preside; and on taking the chair, he briefly, and not without embarrassment, stated the object of the meeting.[1]

[1] General Grant, in his "Memoirs" (vol. i. p. 230), alludes to a war meeting held in Galena in April, 1861, at which he presided. There were two meetings held, and he presided at the second. The remark afterward reported to him as having been made by Mr. Washburne on coming to the meeting after it had been organized, — namely, that he had expressed "a little surprise that Galena could not furnish a presiding officer for such an occasion without taking a stranger," — has no foundation in fact. On the afternoon preceding the evening on which the second meeting was held,

Earnest and eloquent appeals to the patriotism of the audience were made by the Hon. E. B. Washburne, and by John A. Rawlins. I followed briefly, offering to enlist for the war. Volunteers were called for, and I was the first to respond and to sign the roll. This enlistment proved to be the first in the Northwest, outside of the City of Chicago. Wallace Campbell, afterward a colonel of volunteers, and J. Bates Dickson, later in the war captain and assistant adjutant-general on General Rosecrans' staff, followed, with some twenty-five others. The next day Captain Grant, with Rawlins and Rowley (the last-named afterward aid and military secretary to General Grant), proceeded to the village of Hanover, fifteen miles south of Galena, and held an evening meeting, when Captain Grant made a brief but earnest address, followed by Rawlins. Captain Grant told the writer, some time afterward, that it was the first time he had ever attempted to make a speech. Some twelve recruits were obtained at this meeting. Campbell and Dickson went to Dunleith, twelve miles west of Galena, and recruited nearly as many more men. With the aid of the men who had enlisted the evening before, I canvassed the city and its vicinity. The next morning we found we had over eighty men, and proceeded to organize the company by the election of officers. The captaincy of the company was offered to Captain Grant, who declined it on the ground that having been a captain in the regular army he ought to have something better. I was then elected captain, and Campbell and Dickson first and second lieutenants respectively. Recruiting continued, and by the evening of the next day the company was full.

Mr. Washburne met me on the street and suggested the propriety of putting Captain Grant in the chair at the evening meeting, as he had served in the army. I agreed with him. Mr. Washburne was present when the meeting was organized, and it was on his motion that the Captain took the chair and presided.

The company, then called the "Jo Daviess Guards," was accepted by the Governor, and after consulting with him it was decided to uniform it at once. Two leading clothing houses of the city took the contract to furnish the company with uniforms in four days. Captain Grant kindly offered to superintend the work, to which he gave nearly all his time. While waiting for the uniforms, the company was not idle. It was divided into squads, and drilled daily in marching, facings, etc., the men using pine laths for guns. Captain Grant volunteered to assist in drilling the company, and did so several times.

On the afternoon of the 25th, the company left Galena for Springfield, the place of *rendezvous* for all the troops raised and accepted by the State under President Lincoln's call. The excitement in the town and surrounding country was intense, and thousands of people assembled to witness our departure. Captain Grant modestly joined the company on its march through the narrow streets of the town to the railroad station, carrying in his hand a small carpet-bag, and accompanied us to Springfield. He had with him a letter from Mr. Washburne to Governor Yates, which stated that the bearer was a graduate of West Point, had served with distinction as a lieutenant in the Mexican War and afterward as a captain on the Pacific Coast, and recommending him for appointment to some position in the volunteer service where his military education and experience in the army would make him useful to the State and country. On his arrival at Springfield, Captain Grant, who was plainly if not poorly clad in citizen's clothes, presented his letter to the Governor, who after reading it looked at him critically, and with apparent indifference said that he did not know of anything he could give him then, but that the Adjutant-General (Colonel Mather) might have some employment for him in his office, and that he might call again. He called the next day, and was introduced to the Adjutant-General, who after some conversation said he knew of no

employment he could give him unless it was some clerical work in the office, such as arranging and copying orders, ruling blanks for reports, etc. The Captain replied that for the present he was willing to make himself useful in any way, and began his work at once. The next day he rented a furnished room, and asked me to occupy it with him. I consented, and we roomed together, in the mean time taking our meals at the Chinnery Hotel, on the opposite side of the street, until he left Springfield, some ten days later. Captain Grant said little about the work he was doing at the State House, but I noticed he was not in the best of spirits. The fourth day after our arrival at Springfield, I had occasion to call upon the Adjutant-General, and asked for Captain Grant. I was shown to a small, poorly lighted and scantily furnished room, used as a sort of ante-room to that of the Adjutant-General, where I saw the Captain sitting and writing at a small table. Upon my asking him how he was getting along, he looked up with an expression of disgust, and said, "I am going back to the store tonight. I am of no use here. You have boys in your company who can do this work." I begged him not to be hasty, and said that something better would undoubtedly turn up, etc. We discussed the matter further in the evening; and he decided to remain a few days longer.

On the organization of the Twelfth Regiment, — the last of the six regiments allotted to the State under the seventy-five-thousand call, — to which my company had been assigned, I suggested to the company officers that Captain Grant was a suitable man for the colonelcy of the regiment; and the suggestion was favorably received. A prominent and influential politician of the State, who had aspirations for the place, strenuously opposed Grant's election, on the ground that an officer who had been compelled to leave the army on account of his habits was not a safe man to be intrusted with

the command of a regiment. I found it impossible to overcome the objection, and Grant's name was dropped. When the election took place, Captain John McArthur, afterward brevet major-general of volunteers, was elected over his only competitor, Captain J. D. Webster, subsequently brigadier-general and chief of artillery on General Grant's staff. I was chosen lieutenant-colonel without opposition.

On the 3d of May, Captain John Pope of the regular army, who had mustered into the State service for three months the six regiments just organized, and who at the same time had commanded Camp Yates, became a candidate for the position of brigadier-general to command the six Illinois regiments, with Colonel Ben. M. Prentiss of the Tenth Illinois as his competitor, the field and company officers voting for the candidates. Colonel Prentiss was elected, when Captain Pope at once took his departure. The next day Captain Grant was ordered by the Governor to take command of Camp Yates. The camp having suffered from neglect for some days, the new commandant at once set himself to work to restore order and discipline, which he accomplished in an incredibly short time. On the 8th he was appointed by the Governor mustering officer on his staff, to muster into the State service for thirty days the ten regiments being raised under an act of the Legislature, then in extra session, to be held in readiness until called for by the General Government. He immediately went to Mattoon to assist in organizing the Seventh Congressional District Regiment, and then proceeded to Belleville. Finding but few companies of the regiment to be raised in that Congressional District on the ground, he went to St. Louis to consult with his old army friend, Captain Lyon, commanding the St. Louis Arsenal, as to the possibility of getting some appointment in the volunteer service of Missouri. He arrived at St. Louis the morning of the 10th of May, and on reaching the Arsenal found all the

troops, regulars and volunteers, under arms and about to move on Camp Jackson, — a Rebel camp of instruction in the vicinity of St. Louis. The camp was captured and broken up, and all its officers and men were made prisoners. Captain Grant was a witness of the exciting events of that day. After consulting with Captain Lyon, with Colonel Frank Blair, who commanded a regiment of volunteers, and with some of the prominent and influential Union citizens whom he had known when a resident of that city, it was evident to him that nothing could be obtained in Missouri, and he started back to Springfield. On his way he stopped at Caseyville, — a village six miles east of St. Louis on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, — to visit his Galena friends in the Twelfth Regiment, which had been stationed there, and was held in readiness to move to St. Louis in case of necessity. Colonel McArthur, having been disabled by a fall that dislocated his right arm, was at his home in Chicago, and I was in command of the regiment. Captain Grant came to my headquarters the morning of the 11th, and was my guest during his stay. He was depressed in spirits, and seemed to feel keenly his lack of success in obtaining some suitable appointment in the volunteer service. During his visit he more than once alluded to the singular fact that an educated military man who had seen service could not get a position in the volunteer army, when civilians without military education or experience could easily obtain them. He conversed freely about raw volunteer troops, and the best method of managing them to insure speedy efficiency. The writer feels that if he succeeded in bringing his regiment to a high standard of drill, discipline, and efficiency, during the two and a half years he commanded it, his success was due largely to the sensible hints and valuable suggestions of his friend and guest during these two memorable days. When alluding to the care and labor required, and the responsibility involved in the successful management of

a regiment of volunteers, Grant said, "I don't believe I am conceited, but I think I could command a regiment of volunteers well; at least, I would like to try it." Little did I then know, and evidently little did he himself know, the latent power that lay in that great brain, and what his almost unerring judgment and indomitable will could achieve, as was soon afterward demonstrated.

Later in the war, not a few men boasted that even at that early time they recognized the wonderful military genius of the man. This is questionable; but if there was a man in the country who more than any other at that time came near discerning and appreciating the transcendent ability of this then almost unknown soldier, that man was his old friend and townsman, the Hon. E. B. Washburne.

When alluding at this time to his army friend, Captain George B. McClellan, who a short time before had been placed in charge of the organization of the volunteer troops of the State of Ohio, Grant said, "Of the many officers of the regular army who are coming up and receiving appointments in the volunteer service, I look upon Captain George B. McClellan as one of the brightest, and I think he is sure to make his mark in this war." Whatever differences of opinion may have existed, or may now exist, as to the fighting qualities of this distinguished officer, all agree that as an organizer, tactician, and strategist, he had few if any equals; that he was a man of extraordinary and brilliant parts; and that when in command of the Army of the Potomac he had the respect, confidence, and love of his officers and men to a remarkable degree.

After leaving Caseyville, Captain Grant returned to Springfield, and on the 15th went to Mattoon to muster into the State service the regiment raised in the Seventh Congressional District. On the 16th he proceeded to Anna, and mustered into the State service for thirty days another regiment, after which he returned to Springfield.

Ascertaining that there was no further work for him as mustering officer, he left for his home at Galena. He was restless, and felt humiliated that he should be compelled to remain inactive when the country so greatly needed the services of educated and experienced military men. Unable longer to endure this inaction, he left for Ohio, to ascertain what he could do in his native State. He stopped at Cincinnati to see his friend General McClellan, who had recently been appointed major-general of volunteers, from whom he thought he might possibly receive a staff appointment, but found he had left for Washington, to be absent some time. He then went to Covington, Ky., to visit his mother at the Grant homestead. It was evident that nothing could be obtained in Ohio, and he reluctantly returned to Galena. As a last resort, he wrote the following letter to the Adjutant-General of the United States Army, offering his services to the General Government.

GALENA, ILL., May 24, 1861.

Colonel LORENZO THOMAS,
Adjutant-General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

SIR, — Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every man who has been educated at the government expense to offer his services for the support of that Government, I have the honor very respectfully to tender my services until the close of the war in such capacity as may be offered. I would say in view of my present age and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a regiment, if the President in his judgment should see fit to intrust me with one.

Since the first call of the President I have been serving on the staff of the Governor of this State, rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield will reach me. I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT.

No reply to this letter was ever received.

About the 10th of June, Governor Yates tendered Grant the colonelcy of the regiment at Mattoon, which he had mustered into the State service the 15th of May, and which was afterward accepted by the Government as the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry. Captain Grant accepted the appointment, was commissioned on the 15th of June, and on the 16th assumed command. This regiment had been commanded during its thirty days' enlistment by Colonel Goode, an ex-captain of the Mexican War. His habits were bad, and his inefficiency had not only proved a serious detriment to the men of the regiment, but made him unpopular with its officers. Before the end of the thirty days, it became evident that the regiment would not re-enlist for three years under the three-hundred-thousand call, with Goode as colonel. The officers therefore united in a petition to Governor Yates for the appointment of Captain Grant, whose acquaintance they had made when he was a mustering officer, as colonel. On the strength of this petition, the appointment was made. On the 15th of June, the regiment's term of service under the State expired, and from that date to the 28th of the month it was neither in the State nor in the government service. The men were in citizen's dress, and only partially armed. The drill and discipline of the regiment having been neglected, it devolved on its new commander to raise its *esprit de corps*, and to make it what it became within the next two months, — one of the most efficient regiments of its age in the Western army. The material of the regiment was exceptionally good. General Grant, alluding to it at a later date, said, " My regiment was composed in large part of young men of as good social position as any in their section of the country. It embraced the sons of farmers, lawyers, physicians, politicians, merchants, bankers, and ministers, and some men of maturer years who had filled such positions themselves." Colonel Grant joined his regiment at Camp Yates, near Spring-

field, where it was quartered and remained until after it had been mustered into the government service by Captain Pitcher of the regular army, on the 28th of June.

It is well known that Colonel Grant at this time was a poor man, having been unfortunate in every enterprise he had undertaken since leaving the army; and the query with him was how to get the money to buy himself a horse and equipment, and a uniform. He wrote to his father at Galena explaining the situation, and asking him for the loan of four hundred dollars to buy the outfit. His father, who had often before aided him, for some reason declined to help him now. The junior member of the firm of J. R. Grant and Company, Mr. E. A. Collins, an anti-war Democrat, who had a fondness for the Captain, learning of his father's refusal, quietly sent him a draft for the amount needed. General Grant in after years took special pains to show his appreciation of the generous act, by bestowing on the two sons of his friend, both of whom were successful business men and thoroughly loyal to the Government, substantial favors.

The Twenty-first Regiment having been ordered to Quincy, Illinois, its colonel, for the purpose of discipline and speedy efficiency, decided to march it across the country instead of transporting it by rail. On the 3d of July the march was begun from Camp Yates, and continued to a point a few miles beyond the Illinois River, where orders were received changing its destination to Ironton, Mo., to be transported thither by steamer to St. Louis, and thence by rail to its destination. It returned to Naples on the river, and awaited transportation. The steamer having been detained by grounding on a sandbar, the regiment was hurriedly transported by rail to Palmyra, Mo., where it soon began active service by successfully fighting organized bodies of the enemy and the bushwhackers of that region. Just before leaving Illinois, Colonel Grant bought his celebrated horse "Claybank" (dubbed by his regiment "Old Yellow"), so well

known to the Army of the Tennessee in after years. Soon after reaching Missouri, he provided himself with a uniform. Prior to that time he had worn nothing to distinguish him from the men in the ranks, except an old cavalry sabre he had obtained from the Arsenal at Springfield. Here his men were uniformed and armed with Belgian muskets.

In the latter part of the month of July, President Lincoln sent a circular letter to the Members of Congress representing the State of Illinois, stating that it had been decided to appoint seven brigadier-generals for that State, and requesting them to agree upon and recommend for appointment seven names. Colonel Grant was named by the member from the First Congressional District, — the Hon. E. B. Washburne, — and received the unanimous vote of the delegation, the only one of the number so favored. He was appointed on the 6th of August, and his commission was dated the 17th of May, 1861.

I have in this brief narrative given numerous incidents connected with the history of this most remarkable man, from the time he presided over a war meeting at Galena, six days after the firing of Fort Sumter, until soon after he had assumed the command of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Infantry. It is worthy of note as showing his singular and admirable character, that amid all his disappointments, discouragements, and failures to obtain some suitable appointment in the volunteer service where he could make himself useful to his country in its time of need, he was ever patient and uncomplaining. Not inordinately ambitious, and apparently forgetting himself, he thought only of his country, and how he could best serve it. In this he showed himself a true American citizen, a pure patriot, and a noble and unselfish man.

Soon after General Grant had received his commission as brigadier-general, he was placed in command of the District of Southeast Missouri, by General Frémont,

who commanded the Department of the Missouri. His district comprised Southeast Missouri, Southern Illinois, and a portion of West Kentucky, with headquarters at Cairo. About the 1st of September General Grant learned that a force of Confederates was moving rapidly on Paducah, Ky., to occupy it. It was a point of strategic importance, as it commanded the mouth of the Tennessee River. General Grant informed General Frémont by telegraph of the situation, and asked permission to move on Paducah at once. Receiving no reply, he on his own responsibility started by steamer with two regiments of infantry and a battery of light artillery, and on the early morning of the 6th of September reached Paducah, and occupied it only six or eight hours in advance of the enemy. He fought the battle of Belmont on the 7th of November; and although not a decided Union victory, the result proved of great advantage to the Union cause in the Southwest.

Soon after the battle of Belmont, General Grant was assigned to the new District of Cairo, to include, in addition to his old district, the territory lying on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. A few days after the occupancy of Paducah, Brigadier-General Charles F. Smith reported to General Grant for assignment to duty, and was placed in command of the post of Paducah and the territory lying south and east, on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. This officer had close relations with General Grant for the next six months. He was one of the oldest and most accomplished officers of the regular army. He was a splendid-looking soldier, tall, slender, and straight, with close-cut gray hair and a heavy white mustache. He was the embodiment of the ideal soldier, and his appearance on the field was always the signal for cheers by the troops under him. I knew him well, and appreciated his soldierly qualities. I served directly under him in the fall and early winter of 1861, when I commanded the post of Smithland, twelve miles above

Paducah, and was engaged in constructing, under engineers, fortifications to command the mouth of the Cumberland River. I saw him often when he visited the post to consult with the engineers and to inspect their work. General Grant, in his "Memoirs," alludes to General Smith as follows: "His personal courage was unquestioned; his judgment and professional acquirements were unsurpassed; and he had the confidence of those he commanded as well as of those over him."

Near the close of the year, when General Grant was returning from a tour of inspection up the Ohio River, he stopped his steamer at Smithland, and spent an evening at my quarters. When alluding to General Smith, he said, "It does not seem right for me to give General Smith orders, as I must do to-morrow morning, for when I was a cadet at West Point he was its commandant, and we all looked upon him as one of the ablest officers of his age in the service."

It may not be amiss here to say that nearly all the officers of the regular army in the volunteer service felt that injustice had been done to General Smith in placing him under General Grant. The former was an old soldier who had seen over thirty-five years of continuous service, and had held the rank of colonel before the war. The latter had left the army soon after he had become a captain, under circumstances believed to be not altogether creditable to him, and had been for several years before the war in civil life. The spirit of loyalty to one another that prevailed among the officers of the regular army caused them to feel that the position of these officers was incongruous, and that General Grant ought to be the subordinate, — especially as it was generally believed that Grant's rapid advancement was due to political influence. It was known to them, too, that General Grant had expressed the opinion that in the volunteer service the distinction then existing by law between the West Point regular and the volunteer officer of the same rank should

be abolished. This opinion was regarded by the regular officers as very singular, and under the circumstances as a bid for popularity in the volunteer service. General Grant was little known to the officers of the regular army; while General Smith, by his long and distinguished services, was not only well known, but very highly esteemed.

General Grant was impressed with the conviction that a movement on Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River, should be made at once; and General Smith coincided with him. Grant asked permission, which was granted, to proceed to St. Louis to lay the matter before General Halleck, who a short time before had succeeded General Frémont in the command of the Department of the Missouri. He was received with but little cordiality, and before he had fully unfolded his plan he was abruptly cut off, and the interview soon ended. He returned to Cairo a good deal crestfallen, and feeling that possibly he had committed a blunder. Some two months later, however, General Halleck authorized him to carry out the idea he had suggested at their last meeting; namely, of sending an expedition against Fort Henry and Fort Donelson.

The expedition up the Tennessee River started early in February, and was commanded by General Grant, with General Smith as second in command. On the 6th of February Fort Henry was captured; and on the 16th Fort Donelson, after a short siege and bloody battle, capitulated. The last-named was the first decisive and important victory won by Union forces in the West, and it sent a thrill of joy throughout the North. General Grant was regarded by the loyal people of the country as a hero, and his praises were sounded by all. As soon as General Halleck learned of the surrender of Fort Donelson, he telegraphed to General McClellan to make General Smith a major-general, for, he said, "He, by his coolness and bravery when the battle was against

us, turned the tide and carried the enemy's outworks. Honor him for this victory, and the whole country will applaud." This request was not granted; but both Grant and Smith were soon after promoted to the rank of major-general, the former still as the senior. General Smith was entirely ignorant of any effort made to place him over General Grant, for whom, I know, he had genuine esteem, and in whom he had the utmost confidence. He seemed to take pride in the success and advancement of his old West Point pupil, — who was noted in his class, as he once remarked, for his modesty, superior horsemanship, and proficiency in mathematics.

A short time after the surrender of Fort Donelson, General McClellan, at the suggestion of General Halleck, placed General Grant in arrest, ostensibly for leaving his command and proceeding to Nashville, beyond the limits of his district, to consult with General Buell (whose army was believed to be in a critical situation); for gross neglect of duty in failing to furnish the Department Commander daily reports giving the strength and position of his command; and for irregularity in his habits. General Halleck's conduct in this matter showed how persistent and unscrupulous he was in his determination to raise Smith above Grant. Satisfactory explanations were soon after made by General Grant, and a few weeks later he was relieved from arrest, and assumed the command of his old army. About the middle of March he was at Savannah on the Tennessee River, organizing into brigades and divisions the new troops assigned to him, with General Smith in command of the camp at Pittsburg Landing, eight miles above Savannah, on the west bank of the river. This concentration of troops at Pittsburg Landing was preparatory to a movement on Corinth, — a point of great strategic importance at the junction of the Memphis and Charleston and the Mobile and Ohio River Railroads, where General Albert Sidney Johnston had massed a large force of Confederates.

On the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, was fought, near Pittsburg Landing, the hotly contested and sanguinary battle of Shiloh. Of this battle General Grant afterward said, "It was the most severe battle fought in the West, and but few in the East equalled it for hard and determined fighting."

Persistent efforts have been made to show that General Grant would have suffered defeat at this battle but for the timely arrival of General Buell's army. In a recent number of the "Century Magazine" is a long and carefully prepared paper from the pen of General Buell, who commanded the Army of the Ohio, in which the author attempts to prove that to his army was due the defeat of the Confederates. The paper is a tissue of "special pleading," and would not, I am sure, have been published had General Grant been living. The opposing forces at this battle were nearly equal in number, the Confederates having a few thousands the more; but the Union Army had been depleted in the early morning of the 6th by the demoralization of five or six thousand men, mostly fresh troops who left the front and fled to the river; and by the defection of General Lew Wallace's division of over six thousand men, who, on account of General Wallace's failure correctly to understand orders, did not reach the battlefield until evening, and after the first day's fighting was over.

At about half-past four o'clock of the 6th, having been driven back with my regiment from the extreme left, after six hours' of hard fighting, I met General Grant near the Landing, just after he had made his last visit to the front. After a few commonplace remarks, he said, "Colonel, you had better take your regiment to its old quarters for the night. The enemy has done all he can do to-day, and to-morrow morning, with the fresh troops we shall have, we will finish him up." He was calm and confident, and seemed to know intuitively the condition of the Confederate forces. By two o'clock of the next

day the enemy had been driven from the field, and was retreating hurriedly and in great demoralization toward Corinth. General Grant would have made a vigorous pursuit, had not orders been received from General Halleck not to pursue. Why this order was given was always an enigma to General Grant. I have always been of the opinion that had General Buell not reached Pittsburg Landing on the evening of the 6th, with a portion of his army, General Grant would nevertheless, with the aid of General Wallace's division of veterans and the return to the ranks of the greater part of the men who had fled panic-stricken to the rear, have won a victory before the close of the second day. The fact is that the Confederates were virtually defeated when General Albert Sidney Johnston fell, mortally wounded, at three o'clock of the first day, while leading a brigade in a desperate charge. Had General Smith been on the ground prior to the battle, and able to participate in it, I have no doubt the partial surprise of the early morning of the 6th would have been avoided, and a decisive victory gained by four o'clock of the first day. This gallant officer had been sick in a hospital at Savannah for over a week before the battle, and he died fifteen days after. His death was a severe and almost irreparable loss to the Army of the Tennessee.

Soon after the battle of Shiloh, General Halleck appeared on the field and assumed the command of all the troops, with General Grant as second in command. General Halleck at once began a movement on Corinth, twenty miles distant from Pittsburg Landing, where the Confederates under General Beauregard were strongly intrenched. By the 10th day of May, having been reenforced by General Pope's army of thirty thousand men, General Halleck had under him an army of a hundred and twenty thousand men, nearly all veterans. It was as splendid an army as was ever seen on this continent, and was commanded by such able and experienced

officers as Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Pope, Logan, Buell, and Rosecrans. The advance on Corinth was, however, slow and unnecessarily cautious. The army intrenched itself after every advance, and by the 25th of May was still a mile from the enemy's outer works and over two miles from the town. General Grant was ostensibly in command of the right wing and the reserve, but in fact only of the reserve, composed of the divisions under Generals Lew Wallace and McClernand. General Thomas commanded the right wing, General Buell the centre, and General Pope the left. General Halleck, apparently to show his contempt for General Grant, during the advance on and siege of Corinth, ignored him entirely, and sent all his orders directly to the division commanders of the reserve, — a proceeding at once unusual and unmilitary. General Grant during all these operations was as useless as the fifth wheel to a coach. He felt the indignity keenly, but bore it uncomplainingly, except twice, when, out of sheer desperation, he asked to be relieved of his command; but no notice was taken of his requests. Some ten days before the evacuation of Corinth, he modestly suggested to General Halleck that were a feint in force made by the left and centre, he believed the right could easily charge over the enemy's works. He thought he had information that justified such a movement. General Halleck received the suggestion coldly, and treated it as being entirely impracticable. It soon became evident, however, that had the suggestion been acted upon, success would have been the result, Corinth captured, and a substantial victory won. On the last day of May, Corinth was evacuated by the Confederates; and when Halleck's grand army entered the place nothing was found there but a few Quaker guns, a lot of burning army beans, and a few score of sick and disabled Creole soldiers in a hotel used as a hospital. The victory was indeed a barren one.

After the occupancy of Corinth, it was General Grant's

idea, after leaving a sufficient force to garrison Corinth and Memphis, and protect our railroad communications, to move this great army directly to Vicksburg and capture it. Had this been done, Vicksburg would undoubtedly have been taken and held, and the Mississippi River opened from Memphis to New Orleans, one year sooner than it was; and the war would probably have ended in 1864 instead of 1865. General Halleck, however, divided his army by sending over one half of it to Middle Tennessee, leaving only about fifty thousand men under General Grant to garrison Corinth and Memphis and to guard nearly two hundred miles of railroad. He soon after left for Washington, to supersede McClellan as general-in-chief of all the armies. His operations in the field at the head of an army did not add to his military reputation, for it was the general opinion of military men that in that capacity he was a failure.

During the early summer of 1862, the opposition to General Grant, to which I have already referred, increased, and spread among the officers of the volunteer service, and was taken up by leading politicians in the Northwest. General Grant was aware of this, and again asked to be relieved and assigned to some other command. I am credibly informed that President Lincoln was strongly urged from many quarters to remove him, and that not infrequently scores of letters and petitions would be received in a single day asking for his removal. Finally his request to be relieved was granted; and while he was in the act of "packing up" his headquarters, General Sherman called on him, and learning of his decision, expostulated with him so earnestly on the unwisdom of the move, that he changed his mind and decided to remain a while longer. President Lincoln more than once informed his friend and adviser, Mr. E. B. Washburne, that he would have to remove General Grant and assign him to a command in some other department. Mr. Washburne, who had always stood firmly by General

Grant, interceded for him by alluding to his past services, saying that "a commander who had successfully led our army at Forts Henry and Donelson and at Shiloh, ought to be retained in command in spite of the opposition." Sometime in the earlier part of the summer, President Lincoln, meeting Mr. Washburne in Washington, said to him, "Mr. Washburne, Grant will have to go. I can't stand it any longer. I am annoyed to death by the demands for his removal." Mr. Washburne replied, "Mr. President, this must not be done. Grant has proved an able and successful commander, and has won more important battles in the West than any other officer. His removal would be an act of injustice to a deserving officer." Finally the President said, "Well, Washburne, if you insist upon it, I will retain him; but it is particularly hard on me."

In the month of November an expedition against Vicksburg was determined upon, and General Grant was assigned to its command. All know the disastrous result of the movement down the Mississippi Central Railroad to Jackson, the return of the army to Memphis, and the movement down the Mississippi River by steamers to Young's Point and Milligan's Bend, opposite Vicksburg. The siege of Vicksburg fairly began in January, 1863, and for some months afterward the progress of the army operations was slow and unsatisfactory, owing to causes beyond the control of the commanding general. The winter passed away, spring came and went, and early summer found this stronghold still intact. The country was getting impatient. The army was being rapidly decimated by sickness, and General Grant's management was severely criticised in high places. Finally it was decided at Washington to remove him from the command of the besieging army. The order relieving him was intrusted to Mr. Dana, the Assistant-Secretary of War, to be delivered to General Grant in person at a stated time, should Vicksburg not have capitulated or

been captured. Mr. Dana reached Vicksburg about the 1st of July, when seeing that the operations of the army in the work of reducing the place were well advanced, with good prospect of success, he wisely decided to await the result.

On the morning of the 4th of July, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered to the Union Army. This great victory was hailed with joy throughout the North. General Grant became the hero of the war. Congratulations poured in upon him from all quarters. All opposition to him was withdrawn. Even General Halleck sent him congratulations, and ever after treated him with "distinguished consideration." He was master of the situation. His successful and brilliant career from Vicksburg to Appomattox is a matter of history, and known to all. It was grand and glorious throughout, and the world has so pronounced it. His splendid achievements marked him as one of the greatest of the military geniuses of the century, if not the greatest of them all.

EPISODES AND CHARACTERS IN AN ILLINOIS REGIMENT.

By LUCIEN B. CROOKER.

[Read November 10, 1887.]

PAPERS read before a military society naturally take the form of the history of a campaign or battle. There can be no question of the superior value of such literature over that of an anecdotal character. The former, if well done, describes important events, draws valuable deductions, and preserves useful material for future historians. The latter can scarcely rise above the dignity of illustration.

At the risk of losing a possible opportunity to say something of permanent value, and for the sake of variety, a few of the characters and episodes in a typical Western volunteer regiment will here be dealt with. All of them were within the domain of personal observation, and may serve to illustrate the modes of thought and action — the evolution, so to speak — of that wonderful battle-born product of the nineteenth century, the American volunteer.

In the forenoon of December 9, 1861, a goodly array of young men, marching in perfect cadence, emerged from the gateway of Camp Douglas and filed to the left toward the city. They were about nine hundred in number, and had come from almost all the hamlets of Northern Illinois, to rally around the standard of the so-called "Douglas Brigade," erected in that quarter by David Stuart, then a notable character in Chicago. These men had for some months been tangling and untangling, mixing and unmixing in the perplexing ways of military science as laid down in "Hardee," by which sign it was then expected to conquer. They had performed, a thousand times over, all the unspeakably awkward and

uncouth antics of raw recruits. They had proudly walked the guard-line armed with hickory clubs, and then in turn run the guard, to explore the mysteries of the city, and afterward to suffer the usual penalties for tasting forbidden fruit.

This was the Fifty-fifth Illinois Regiment, then starting for the front, and passing from the romance of soldiering into the realities of war. They were the same men who in four months' time were capable of standing upon the disgarnished left at Shiloh, and without the sight or inspiration of generals, or the help of stanch companions, supports, or artillery, give back war-cry for war-cry, and bullet for bullet, until more than one half their numbers were killed or wounded.

At the head of the column rode Colonel Stuart, decked in the honorable trappings of his rank, proud of his regiment, as he had a right to be, and depending upon the stout men behind him to open to him the portals of fame. It was a triumphal march for him, in which each man in the ranks performed a humble part and had a humble share. The way was down Michigan Avenue, then a fashionable quarter, and through the business streets of the city. The sight was inspiring, and every pavement and street corner was thronged with the good citizens of Chicago, who were liberal with their applause. An escort of about all the incomplete organizations then forming in Camp Douglas helped swell the procession. Among them is recalled a collection of recruits from Galena way, called the "Lead Mine Regiment." In them was fully demonstrated again the possibilities of American citizenship, for as the Forty-fifth Illinois they made a name second to none, on many bloody fields. Their colonel and fellow-citizen, who rode at their head so modestly, before the war closed had decorated the ubiquitous name of Smith with the fairly earned appendage of Major-General. Providence, guided by an occasional suggestion from the quarter-

master, soon brought our enthusiastic heroes to Benton Barracks, St. Louis.

Shortly after there came to that place an unassuming individual, dressed in plain clothes and wearing a black slouch hat, neither clothes nor hat being new. He wore no insignia of rank other than gilt buttons; and his quiet, alert movements at first excited no attention beyond an occasional inquiry as to what chaplain that was. It presently appeared that he was Brigadier-General Sherman, recently placed in command of the camp. Of course he was then gazed at with wild-eyed wonder, for at that time few had seen a real general, and this one, with his lack of fuss and feathers, who bestrode no war-horse and bellowed no commands, scarcely came up to the ideal standard of romantic volunteers. He did not even swear within hearing of the soldiers, though before the war closed, it was learned that he could emit a fairly well sustained volume of profanity, in an emergency. (As to that matter, it is to be hoped that the same kindly recording angel who passed upon the petulant errors of Uncle Toby still kept the books, and doubtless tears were not wanting, if they were needed to blot out the sins of brave soldiers in the days of the Rebellion.) Altogether there was a lack of pomposity and ferocity about this general somewhat at variance with tradition. It was rumored too that he was crazy; but there was a vigilance and a nervous decisiveness about him that was at once felt to the uttermost parts of the camp. All troops thereabouts soon learned to recognize the master-mind, and to the acute young soldiers, if there was any madness, it had a beautiful method in it.

This same lunatic, William Tecumseh Sherman, the Fifty-fifth Illinois followed to the end of the war. From Benton Barracks to the Grand Review was a long and arduous journey. Along the bloody way, campaigns were episodes, and battles milestones. It was a lurid pathway through many rebellious States, but the Fifty-

fifth followed the plume of "Uncle Billy" until the end. No other organization stayed with him and near him so long. From the time he was "Crazy Sherman" until the greenest laurels of the nineteenth century were placed upon his brow, this regiment followed his footsteps in each particular organization commanded by him, except the Meridian raid.

While other regiments were reaping great sheaves of laurels upon numerous battlefields, this one remained quartered at Benton Barracks and Paducah, indulging in loud lamentations lest the crop should be exhausted. To this isolation it was condemned because of the grotesque uselessness of the arms drawn from the accumulations of the Frémont régime. Forts Henry and Donelson had fallen, and an empire lay open for conquest. The magnificent grand strategy of that period was unfolding, and brought the army of General Grant about the mouth of the Tennessee. At last came the time of departure toward the heart of the Confederacy, where ungathered and yet unearned were the wreaths of Shiloh. The day of departure was warm and genial, and the buds of the willow and water-maple were just opening to the kiss of the Southern sun. The bluebirds and other feathered harbingers of spring were flitting about, undisturbed by the warlike pageant spread out before them. Steamboats, covered with swarms of blue-coated patriots, were moving from place to place, while here and there black gun-boats lay slowly breathing and throbbing like sea-monsters of a mythical age. The air was laden with strains of martial music. Altogether the scene was a gorgeous panorama, as striking as was ever seen on this continent. Evidently a climax was at hand.

The boat bearing the Fifty-fifth Regiment was tied up in the morning to a contiguous island, surrounded by many other craft similarly burdened. There were then many vacancies in the official roster of the regiment, and the hopes and fears of a dozen or more ambitious

heroes were dependent upon the action of the Colonel, and that officer sought to make this an occasion for eloquent display. The spirit of oratory, so common, was again upon him. In the presence of the adjacent thousands he determined to promulgate these promotions; and he proceeded to his task early in the day, lest the sun should go down before it was completed. The hurricane deck was cleared for action. Then Company A was marched thereto, "armed and equipped as the law directs," when each promotion, commissioned or non-commissioned, was announced in a loud voice by the Colonel, and each new officer, blushing with his honors, assumed his proper place, "to be respected and obeyed accordingly." These proceedings were garnished with bursts of eloquent admonition about the duties of each grade, with hints upon deportment, military ethics, and the war generally. Thus, in alphabetical order, each company was in turn marched to the same place, and a libation of oratory poured upon it.

In this grand manner, the writer was exalted from orderly sergeant to first lieutenant; and some of the rhetorical gems scattered for the delectation of his company still come bubbling up from the depths of memory. Colonel Stuart was magnificently dressed, and walked the deck like a king. His fine form and bearing were the admiration of thousands near by. If the occasion of his declamatory flux was somewhat far-fetched, his manner was in the highest degree attractive and dramatic. These inexperienced young soldiers were not wont to grow weary under it; besides, there was a sort of impression at that time that the walls of the Confederacy might be vulnerable to huge blasts of noise, like unto those of Jericho of old. The course described was pursued until it ended with the snatching of a high private from the obscurity of the ranks, and elevating him to the exalted pedestal of eighth corporal, when the company marched away in a blaze of glory.

Many anathemas were directed toward the evil of intemperance; and as an incentive to good behavior in this regard, it was promised that all should get gloriously drunk together when New Orleans was reached. All through the day, and in exact range of this fervid fusillade, there stood, upon the bottom of an upturned yawl, holding an old cavalry sabre over his shoulder, one Welch, suffering in the flesh for being drunk the night before. In the midst of a brilliant period, the Colonel suddenly turned to him and bawled out, "There's Welch; he got drunk last night and fell into the river and lost his gun. He 's a perfect walking moral philosopher, illustrating the evils of intemperance. He's his own horrid example;" and addressing him directly, the Colonel added, "You were drunk, Welch, were n't you? Speak up like a man!"

Welch lugubriously replied, "Y-a-a-s, about half drunk."

Whereat the Colonel yelled, "*Half* drunk? d—n you! why did n't you get *whole* drunk, like a man?"

Toward evening the grand movement of the army began to assume shape. From the levee, from the river-banks above and below, from behind islands, here and there, one steamer after another followed, — more than threescore in all, — and like a gigantic blue serpent glided into the Tennessee.

A few days more placed Stuart's brigade in a picnic attitude on the extreme left of the front at Shiloh, two miles away from its own division and one mile from any other troops. The time passed in the agreeable labor of preparing camp, and in moderate drill, until the Saturday before the battle. The beat of the drums which called the Federal troops to the parade-ground on that day fell with almost equal distinctness upon the ears of the mighty opposing host crouching in the woods beyond. Along the scattered Union front, from McDowell's brigade on the right to Stuart's on the left, not one act occurred

indicating preparation to meet a general attack. All the usual and plentiful agencies at hand for testing such a question seem to have been in a state of "innocuous desuetude." If one looks at the placid orders and reports of that day, it would appear that the army was there for sanitary purposes, and that the country round about Pittsburg Landing was a health resort. So the night came which preceded one of the greatest battles of modern times, yet brought with it no sense of danger. Stuart's brigade, without artillery or cavalry, and responsible for a mile of the unexplored left, sharing in the delusion common to all, retired to rest unmindful of the shadow of death hovering over the banks of the Tennessee. A few hours brought them face to face with the disorderly tumult which followed.

Shiloh is beyond question the most hotly contested battle *since* the war. This *ex-post-facto* conflict has raged with such violence that all statutory and common-law remedies against nuisances and occasional personal violence might well be invoked to suppress the eternal clatter. I wish not to add to it, but only to state certain conclusions adopted by all who have studied the subject. They are to the effect that the great surprise of the war occurred then and there; that a Confederate army of over forty thousand men, moving less than twenty miles in three days' time, compelled the opposing army to accept battle upon terms dictated by them, and strictly on the defensive as the instant of attack found them; that every separate and separated organization at the front was forced to fight according to circumstances and not according to design, and was flanked as a unit early in the day; that the first line of the Federals was, like the Equator, an imaginary one; that it was not a formation of troops with intervals between its detachments, but a space with raw and undisciplined men located at uncertain distances upon it; that not one man from the veteran organizations in the rear arrived on the line of

the first attack in time to give it cohesion, continuity, or support. It is a historical certainty that the possibility of such an attack, born as it was of the desperation of Albert Sidney Johnston, was never considered at all by the Federal commanders.

Should any one wish details, I suggest a reading of Roman's "Life of Beauregard," by far the best circumstantial account yet written upon that theme. The fascinating literary gymnastics of William Preston Johnson, upon the same subject, will be found upon examination to be wrong in their premises and false as to their facts. The latter is an ingenious argument, filed in the case of Jeff. Davis *vs.* Joe Johnson and Beauregard, always on trial at the forum of public opinion, wherein each seeks to prove the other responsible for the downfall of the Confederacy. I have no sympathy with the numerous Southern historians, nor with the Northern literary Mugwumps who always cipher the Federal army up and the Confederate army down. At the present rate it will soon appear that General Lee, with a one-armed orderly and a ragged recruit, living on raw corn and persimmons, and armed with a double-barrelled shotgun that would not stand cocked, were solely responsible for the whole four years' resistance.

What is stated herein is offered as fair criticism upon one of the first battles of an unquestionably great general. I have no desire to take a place, however obscure, among the malicious detractors of the Buell class, and therefore emphasize, what is well known to all personal friends, that I have been from first to last an intense believer in General Grant, *even unto the third term*. The grand poise and the magnificent qualities typical of his splendid success shine as brightly through the battle-smoke of Shiloh as they did after. All the mistakes of his life rolled into one would not equal those of Robert E. Lee at Gettysburg, — and who questions *his* ability? Among the characters of the

Rebellion period, General Ulysses S. Grant undeniably stands highest, — the one matchless, magnificent, and unapproachable.

Somehow history seems to be an endless procession of titled heroes. Dashing warriors of exalted rank, bestriding fierce war-horses and followed by bespangled escorts, go prancing over every page. Even panoramas — the modern effort to make battle-scenes realistic — pander to this taste for hero-worship; and into the foreground of each picture gather the generals of the whole department, who sit impassive and serene in the centre of the conflict, — where generals never were and never ought to be, and where, if they had been, they would have been more numerously perforated than an old-fashioned tin skimmer. Let us get behind this dazzling pageant, and see if we cannot find, here and there, a hero no less brave who served for smaller pay and less fame.

The Fifty-fifth fought at Shiloh with its brigade detached from the rest of the army upon the extreme left. It would have been connected with the swift-footed Seventy-first Ohio, if that regiment had remained in the vicinity after the battle begun. Its loss was the heaviest of any regiment on that field with one exception, and one of the severest in the annals of warfare.

Before the battle opened, the little drummers were found in the ranks, gun in hand, as fierce as fighting-cocks, with no notion of shirking the dangers of that position. From that dire intent they were rescued by the good chaplain, who organized them into a hospital corps, under his own efficient command. There was one among them called "Little Joe," a mere boy in years and size. He worked like a hero all day, caring for the wounded; and when night came it found him by the log-house used as a hospital, at the Landing. Exhausted by excitement and toil, he lay down on the wet ground outside and went to sleep. Through the night, as the wounded died inside, they were carried out to make

room for the living. Some hospital attendants, bearing their bloody burden, saw Joe asleep, and supposing him dead, laid a corpse down beside him. This was followed by others; and when the tired drummer awoke he found himself at the head of a ghastly rank of whom he alone was living, and from whom he fled yelling that they should not use him for what he called a *header*.

There lives out in Winnebago County a prosperous farmer who is in all respects a leading and worthy citizen. In army times he was called "Bob Oliver," and became a captain; but he fought at Shiloh as a corporal. He was as fine a type of the citizen-soldier as the exigencies of national tribulation ever brought to the front. He claims no literary skill, and would blush like a schoolgirl if he were asked to write anything to be read in public. But he did write in a private letter what follows, and expressed himself so well that the letter is, in its way, a gem. He had been ordered to the rear with a wounded man, but soon turned his charge over to a sergeant with a broken arm, because the latter was too disabled to use his gun; while he returned to the line. What follows is in his own language.

"I heard some one call out, 'For God's sake, Robert, don't leave me!' I looked back and saw James D. Goodwin of my company. He had everything off but his pants and shirt, and was as red as if he had been dipped in a barrel of blood. I said, 'Never! Put your arm around my neck, and I will do the best I can for you.' The Rebels were very close all around us, but I felt strong enough to pull up all the young saplings that grew on the battlefield. While I was taking him back, he was hit once or twice. When I got to a surgeon and we cut the shirt off Goodwin, to my horror I found seven bullet-holes in that boy not yet seventeen years old. I never could tell this experience without something coming up in my throat to cut my speech off. From the minute I took hold of him until I gotto the river he never murmured nor broke down. Whenever

he was hit, he gave a sudden start and then braced up again; I never saw such nerve. He died on May 8, the noblest boy I ever saw."

It would seem as though the existence of the Republic must be eternal, when it can reach out over the prairies and gather from the farms soldiers like these.

The remnants of Stuart's brigade retreated from the south side of the ravine, where they made such stout resistance, a few minutes after two o'clock. Just after reaching the opposite side I was myself wounded through both legs, at almost the same instant. Weak and staggering, and suffering intense pain, I stumbled over the ridge into the next ravine toward the Landing. A fine soldier — an orderly sergeant who had been helping his terribly wounded nephew away, and was returning to the front — found me helpless under a tree. Being told that the regiment had retreated, he came to me and put his arms around me, and I clambered up at his side, clinging to his strong form for support. Thus slowly and painfully we dragged our way a few rods. He reached his left hand across his body to hold me closer to him, and the movement pulled up his blouse sleeve and disclosed a bandage around his arm. I exclaimed, "Bagley, if you are hit, take care of yourself; don't wait for me." His reply is remembered well; his words were the last utterance of an uncrowned hero; they were spoken with the last breath of a man who lost his life helping me save mine; they are burned into my memory by the one great tragedy of a lifetime. These words were, "That does not amount to anything; lean on me just as heavy as you are a mind to; I feel just as well as I ever did."

Instantly there rang out clear and distinct from the edge of the ravine a rifle-shot. A burning sensation passed along my back, and we fell together, two quivering, bleeding human beings. The bullet fired at me, a

wounded man, hit me crosswise under the shoulder, and passed on, killing poor Bagley instantly. Lying beneath him, I could feel his hot blood run down my side, and hearing his dying groans, I knew that the life of a hero was ended. A brave, stalwart patriot as ever lived lay dead beside me. I have spent many days since upon that battlefield, hoping I could find where "rests his head upon the lap of the earth." I was unsuccessful. He is buried among the slaughtered hecatombs in the vicinage of the Tennessee.

The chaplain of this regiment — a Methodist minister — was an officer of extraordinary merit. His sermons were apt to be patriotic exhortations, and his hymns battle anthems. His daily life was consistent, and his comrades still hold him in grateful remembrance. He was an earnest believer in the "sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and is known to have reconstructed at least one Rebel, long before days of beneficent modern legislation; this Rebel, however, died during the operation. At Shiloh the chaplain worked and toiled about his errands of mercy, seemingly beyond human endurance, and when night came it found the poor bruised fragments of his regiment again on the extreme left, awaiting the battle on the morrow. He then turned his attention toward the thousands of stragglers cowering under the bluffs in the rear. He stood above on the river-bank, and in the earnestness of his patriotism, opened his vials of wrath upon them. He exhorted them with burning eloquence to return to duty. His words rang out in the night air almost inspired by the wreck of war around him. As he paused to take breath at the end of one of his magnificent periods, a response came from the mass below, in the voice of a contented straggler: "By gosh, ain't he a bully speaker!"

The month following was passed upon the battlefield, among the half-buried remains which everywhere obtruded their ghastly presence upon the senses of sight

and smell, until the ponderous preparations of General Halleck were completed for the Corinth campaign. This was a period of some depression, — that is to say, there was much to discourage, — but to the eternal glory of the Army of the West, it resulted only in anxiety to go forward. As before stated, the "butcher's bill" of the Fifty-fifth in the preceding conflict amounted to one half the number present for duty. The mephitic poisons of the battlefield soon sent one hundred and fifty others to the hospital, and the regiment had less than two hundred for duty. One of its captains — an accomplished gentleman, born in sight of the battlefields of the Revolution — was then in feeble health, and soon died from exposure. About this time he sent home his sword, which bore a bullet-mark of the preceding battle, and thus wrote to his wife: "If you ever get it, give it to Willie, and tell him his father fought at Shiloh, and that he would rather lie with his face to the moon than that a son of his should ever fear to give his life for his country's honor." The above is copied from the yellow and time-stained original, and is an expression of patriotism as pure as we hear of in the days of Valley Forge. A few months ago I saw this bruised weapon in the old New England homestead, hanging in its place of honor beside a genuine sword of Bunker Hill. It did not seem belittled by the association.

The slow approaches to the Confederate stronghold occupied another month, when the Rebel Army quietly took its departure. During these events General Grant was nominally second in command, but he seems not to have exercised the slightest influence upon them. His reputation has not suffered thereby, for there were no laurels gathered in that tedious period. It is a pity that he was not consulted, for it now seems that in any military problem requiring the exercise of the human intellect it was impossible for General Halleck to have been right and General Grant wrong. The splendid

talents of the subordinates, as well as the belligerent spirit of the largest army ever assembled west of the Alleghanies, were kept in check by the timidity of the commander-in-chief. Here, just as on the peninsula, all movements were on the theory that the opposing army was at least three times as large as it actually was. What was good generalship in face of the phantoms deluding the respective chiefs, was absolute imbecility in view of facts actually existing.

Finally the railroad-crossing called Corinth was taken. It was a bare and theoretical victory, without tangible results; and the commander then set about scattering an army which should have been in the rear of Vicksburg in sixty days. After two months Sherman's division arrived at Memphis, — an interval spent in ceaseless and useless travel to and fro. It accomplished no results and had no practical object. It was simply blind obedience to the ever-changing impulses of the army commander, who magnified all stories and camp rumors into impossible movements of the enemy, and kept his troops in commotion to repel attacks which existed only in his own brain.

As the Fifty-fifth went marching along the streets of Memphis on that July morning, they were indeed ideal Western soldiers, not conspicuous for handsome uniforms or waving plumes, but the embodiment of disciplined and self-reliant force. They bore the impress of Morgan L. Smith, their splendid brigade commander, and were manifestly journeymen in the art of war. They stepped out with the easy motion and swinging stride peculiar to the Army of the West. Every movement about them was brisk with energetic life, and indicated that they were capable of doing what they had done, and whatever else remained to be done. So these men looked to the writer and his good friend, Sergeant Larrabee, who had just returned from wounded furlough, and stood upon the street corner and saw them go sweeping by.

To their bivouac we followed, bearing many parcels for comrades from friends at home. Among these was a long black bottle for Tom Clark, sent by his brother, and stated to be full of "Fogarty's best." In the mutations of the journey, its original contents had entirely evaporated. To conceal what might seem to be a breach of faith, it had been refilled at one of the clandestine dens under the "levee." It was given to Tom, with extracts from the home benedictions and discreet references to "Fogarty's best." In a moment the recipient, with his chums, was aside in the brush, each taking turn-about, and with many contented smacks and sighs pronounced the tipple to have the genuine Illinois flavor. It was really the most diabolical Mississippi "tanglefoot," which was said to kill at forty rods, and around a corner; yet such was the glamour of home tradition surrounding it that it seemed nectar fit for the gods. For obvious reasons this pleasant hallucination was not disturbed.

Oh, those happy days at Memphis! Their recollections embody the very romance of soldiering. A turn on picket, with its eating, sleeping, and sylvan comforts, embraced within its term a complete variety of about all the pleasures that are ever vouchsafed to soldiers. Pay was regular, and although the exigencies of chuck-a-luck and draw-poker sometimes changed the money centres, no panic followed. The unpopular orders to guard Rebel property were soon set aside, and shrewd foraging raised the standard of living to a point of epicurean bliss. Sweet potatoes were found by experiment to produce precisely the placid contentment and ecstatic fulness so comfortable to Western volunteers. The practical process of converting, by assimilation, Rebel garden-truck into bone and muscle penetrated the brain of the average Northern soldier without the aid of a surgical operation. All menial work was delegated to happy and unctuous contrabands, who, for plenty to eat, and above all a taste of personal liberty, served willingly and faithfully. The rank and

file of the Western army solved for itself the true relations of slavery to the Rebellion, while statesmen were groping and gasping in the mazes of impractical speculation.

But all these comforts soon had to be abandoned for such cheer as could be found in the perils of a winter campaign into the wilds of Mississippi. The incidents of the Vicksburg campaign are well known, being among the most fruitful of the war. The Western volunteer became on occasion a pack mule, a fighting machine, an intelligent thinker and talker upon the tactics of armies, logistics, and the policy of the Government generally. When circumstances demanded, he built bridges, repaired railroads, ran engines or steamboats, printed newspapers, stormed forts, captured cities, killed men or stole chickens, and did all these things well. They so wrought that the Confederacy, like the veil of the temple, was rent in twain. To that end these sturdy men of the Northwest, under leaders they helped educate in the art of war, discovered new principles, invented new theories, and applied them to the practical purpose of saving a great republic.

The first battle of the Vicksburg campaign proper was Chickasaw Bayou. When the army landed upon the banks of the Yazoo, it at once began to disentangle itself from the seeming confusion, and each of its units sought the place designated for it in the contemplated assault. Behind a little bayou, at the edge of the timber beyond the fields stretching inland from the landing, the Rebel advance was met. The Fifty-fifth was taken from the column in the rear and marched to the front to deploy as skirmishers. Under a cluster of trees near by sat on horseback Generals Sherman, Steele, Blair, Morgan L. Smith, A. J. Smith, and other soldiers of note. As the regiment approached, the clear rich voice of a German sergeant broke out with the opening stanzas of the "Battle Cry of Freedom;" the whole regiment took up the anthem, and a strain of soul-stirring music swelled out

into the vaults of the forest-covered battlefield, in a magnificent volume of melody. The generals forgot their momentous councils, and turned curiously and admiringly to watch the little regiment as it disappeared into the dense thickets to open the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, where again were repeated the episodes so typical of the American volunteer.

WHAT A BOY SAW ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

By ELIOT CALLENDER.

[Read October 10, 1889.]

WHEN the dark clouds of war rolled up on the hitherto peaceful horizon of our beloved land; when men were saying, "What does all this mean, and how will it end?" — two great minds, at least, grasped the situation, and decided that it meant "business," and was going to end in much unpleasantness. These two minds also met on another point, and that was the value of the great Mississippi River, and the necessity of opening it and keeping it open. With these minds, to conceive was to act; and President Lincoln ordered a fleet of gun-boats built at once, while your humble servant, working at the other end of the line, promptly accepted the responsible and lucrative position of Ordinary Seaman on one of them. Everything being now in readiness, the war began.

The first iron-clad gun-boats on the Mississippi were fearfully and wonderfully made. General John C. Frémont, James B. Eads of St. Louis, General Halleck, and Assistant-Secretary of the Navy Fox, all had a hand in them. To be sure, none of these worthy gentlemen had ever seen a gun-boat before; but what of that? They had no moss-grown theories to overcome, and the result of their joint labors was a "What is it?" the like of which the world had never seen before, and the plates being destroyed, no more copies can be furnished. These boats could go anywhere the current went — and the current is pretty swift in that river. The racer in that fleet, in an exciting struggle, made two miles an hour up-stream, and then tied up to the bank, until the less enterprising boats

caught up with her. Whatever they lacked in speed, however, was more than made up in style. Of the Mud-turtle school of architecture with just a dash of Pollywog treatment by way of relief, they struck terror to every guilty soul as they floated down the river, especially when it was found that they were loaded.

Commodore (afterward Rear-Admiral) A. H. Foote was sent west to command the Mississippi Squadron. He was the first general officer of the war that I came in contact with, and none made a more lasting impression on my mind. I saw him when I stood before him, trying to convince him that my career in a tan-yard had eminently fitted me for a commission in the United States Navy; and the same quiet smile that played over his patient but strong features as he declined my request, I saw again at Fort Henry, when he ordered the "Cincinnati," his flag-ship, up to within one hundred yards of the fort, though at twelve hundred yards her decks were slippery with blood, and the cries of the wounded often drowned the noise of battle.

A good many of us have proved that the courage which availed us on the field of battle has deserted us in the hour of temptation and moral danger. Admiral Foote was a hero always. A quiet, unassuming gentleman, he feared no one but his God. His duty, as he saw it, marked the path in which he trod. At Cairo, one Sunday morning in the closing days of 1861, two or three hundred people were gathered together in the leading church of the town. The hour of service arrived and passed, and no steps had been taken toward a beginning. At length one of the officers of the church arose in his seat and stated that for some unknown cause the minister had failed to arrive, and the audience would be dismissed unless it contained some one who would kindly lead the service. A pause followed; then Admiral Foote arose, and taking off his overcoat as he walked up

the aisle, ascended the pulpit, gave out a hymn, led in prayer, and finally gave us a discourse of half an hour that would have done credit to any divine.

A strict disciplinarian, the Admiral's ear was open to every appeal, and justice was meted out in the Mississippi Squadron without fear or favor. We felt the prevailing force of a master-mind, and all respected and loved it.

The first battle in the world's history where iron-clad vessels were used in the offensive, occurred at Fort Henry, Feb. 6, 1862. England and Germany had representatives on the scene of battle within ten days' time, and received exhaustive reports as to the effect of shot and shell on the iron-clad armor, the weight and size of the guns used on both sides, the range and distances, and every detail of the action. It was purely a naval engagement on our side, the advance of General Grant's cavalry galloping into the fort fully forty minutes after the Confederate flag was lowered, and while General Floyd B. Tighlman was on the "Cincinnati" tendering his sword to Admiral Foote. Had not a miscalculation occurred as to the time it would take for the army to reach the twelve-mile road running from Fort Henry on the Tennessee to Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, the entire force of the enemy in Fort Henry, consisting of the better part of a brigade, would have been captured. But this did not seem to worry General Grant much; for, satisfied that the Rebel troops were safe in Donelson, he gathered them in, together with an entire army, about ten days later.

An interesting incident, and one that has never seen print, occurred the evening before the battle. Generals Grant, McClernand, Smith, and another officer whose name escapes me, came aboard the "Cincinnati" about dusk, to hold a conference with the Admiral and arrange a programme for the assault on the fort the next day. While they were in the cabin, the wooden gun-boat "Conestoga," under the command of Lieutenant (now

Captain) Selfridge, which had been ordered on a reconnoitring expedition up the river to ascertain if the channel was clear of obstructions, dropped alongside the flag-ship and unloaded a huge torpedo, which she had pulled out of the river above, on the "Cincinnati's" fantail. The fantail of these iron-clads was a clear space at the stern of the boat, near the water's edge, running the width of the boat and about fifteen feet deep, across which worked the steering apparatus connected with the rudders. From the extreme end of the fantail arose the iron end of the gun-deck, about ten feet high on an inclined plane, which was ascended by an ordinary ship's ladder. The conference being over, the army officers, accompanied by the Admiral, came down this ladder to the fantail, and were about embarking on the row-boat with which they had reached the flag-ship, when their attention was attracted to the torpedo, which lay at their feet. They gathered about it with expressions of interest and curiosity, as it was the first seen in the war. It was a formidable affair, being an iron cylinder about five feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, pointed at both ends, with a long iron rod projecting upward, terminating at one end in three iron prongs to catch the bottom of the boat passing over it, and connected at the other end with any ordinary musket-lock which was fixed to explode a cap. General Grant having expressed a wish to see the mechanism of the affair, the ship's armorer was sent for, who soon appeared with monkey-wrench, hammer, and chisels. The iron end was soon loosened and removed, disclosing another ending in a cap with a screw head. The thing was now getting interesting, and the assembled officers bent closely over it in order to get a better view of the infernal contrivance. As this cap was unscrewed, it allowed vent to a quantity of gas inside, probably generated from the wet powder, which rushed out with a loud sizzing noise. Believing that the hour for evening prayer had arrived, two of the army officers

threw themselves face downward upon the deck. Admiral Foote, with the agility of a cat, sprang up the ship's ladder, followed with commendable enthusiasm by General Grant. Reaching the top, and realizing that the danger, if any, had passed, the Admiral turned around to General Grant, who was displaying more energy than grace in his first efforts on a ship's ladder, and said, with his quiet smile, "General, why this haste?" "That the navy may not get ahead of us," as quietly responded the General as he turned around to come down. A hearty laugh was now in order, and was indulged in by all hands. The armorer proceeded with his work, and the dissection was completed. The thought has come to me more than once in these later years, how the explosion of that torpedo that evening might have changed the entire history of the war.

After the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, the Confederate line was forced south of Nashville. Columbus on the Mississippi, though strongly fortified, was evacuated, and the Mississippi squadron found itself resisted at Island No. 10. General Pope was at New Madrid, Mo., two miles below the island, but not able to cross the river and attack the Confederate works in the rear, owing to lack of transportation, and to the assiduous attentions of three Confederate gun-boats. Our fleet was held three miles above the island by strong earthworks, which not only lined the entire left side of the island looking down the river, but also the Tennessee shore above. The river makes a sharp bend here, and another below New Madrid, the island occupying nearly the entire length of the bend from north to south. The Missouri shore, from our anchorage to General Pope's headquarters, was one vast swamp, impassable to boat or beast. General Pope urged Admiral Foote to run the blockade with his fleet; but the Admiral, knowing the enemy had a fleet nearly as strong as his own, which in case of disaster to him might lay every town on the Ohio

and Mississippi under tribute, did not deem it wise to venture all on the single cast of a die, but expressed his willingness to allow one of the boats to make the attempt. Every vessel in the fleet applied for the coveted honor; but the "Carondelet," Commander Henry Walke, was selected, and active preparations were made for the attempt. A long barge loaded with baled hay was lashed to the port side of the boat; her guns were run in and made fast, and the first dark night was determined upon for the effort.

We had not long to wait. About nine o'clock at night, on the 4th of April, 1862, a furious thunder-storm came up. The sky was inky black, with a darkness that could almost be felt; and when at intervals a vivid flash of lightning rent the heavens, it but served to make the midnight darkness all the denser. A sultry, sullen silence, broken only by the distant detonations of thunder, cast a weird and ominous spell that could better be felt than described. Everything being in readiness, the "Carondelet" slipped her cable and slowly glided out into the inky darkness. Her fires were banked, her lights put out, and a low head of steam kept, that the noise of the exhaust might be as faint as possible. In half an hour she was passing the upper batteries on the main shore and heading down the shute past the island, when one of the most vivid and protracted sheets of lightning I ever witnessed, made everything as bright as day. A crash of thunder followed, succeeded by just one moment of unearthly calm, when, as if fired by electricity, forty-two pieces of siege artillery rained a storm of shot and shell over that devoted boat; but the guns had been trained for a longer range than such an emergency called for, and not one shot struck the gallant craft as she silently and steadily glided on, making directly for the head of the island, as the channel passed very close to that shore. When she received the second discharge, she was near enough to the batteries on the upper end

of the island to hear the hurried exclamations of the men in the fort, and every word of command. Another flash of lightning betrayed her whereabouts; but so close was she now to the batteries that it was next to impossible for the enemy to depress their guns sufficiently to reach her. But the atmosphere was badly cut up, and the trees on the other side of the river had a sorry time of it. The curses and yells from the island as the frantic Confederates rushed to and fro, the flash and roar of cannon, obscured at intervals by vivid lightning and drowned by the deafening reverberations of heaven's artillery, made up a scene and an event that years will never efface from the memory of those who witnessed it. Nor was the battle yet ended. Anchored in the stream abreast the lower fort was a formidable floating battery upon which the enemy had built great hopes. "Capable of destroying anything the Yankees have got afloat," was the verdict when the craft was completed. She lay almost directly in the channel, and the "Carondelet" nearly ran her down in her career; but so demoralized were her defenders by this unlooked-for midnight race, that they fired one broadside at random, and sought refuge in the river. And now another sound rent the midnight air, — a sound familiar to us all in the days long gone by; a sound that could not come too often, that cheered and strengthened when all other things failed, — the honest, whole-souled Union cheer of victory. It came surging through the night air from twenty thousand of General Pope's brave boys, occupying reserved seats along the river-bank, for this long-looked-for entertainment.

Morning light found the "Carondelet" in hot pursuit of the Confederate gun-boats below New Madrid. Sunday, the 6th, with General Gordon Granger and other officers as spectators on board, she destroyed a battery opposite Point Pleasant, spiking the guns. The night of the 7th, taking advantage of another thunder-storm, the gun-boat "Pittsburg" ran the batteries, and on the afternoon of

that day the garrison of Island No. 10 surrendered to Admiral Foote, — the same day as the battle of Shiloh. At four o'clock on the morning of the 8th, the retreating army of the Confederates fell into General Pope's fond embrace. The direct result of this dare-devil act of Commander Walke and his gallant crew was the capture of five thousand prisoners, three general officers, and an immense amount of ammunition and provisions.

Again the Confederate lines are pushed south, and nearly one hundred miles more of the Mississippi River are reluctantly surrendered to the power of the Federal Union. The mocking-birds, who have for a year been practising on the strains of "Dixie," are obliged to take up a new tune. The tune that led our forefathers on many a hard-fought field, is now, for the first time in many months, waking the echoes of the Mississippi. "Yankee Doodle" may not rank high in classical music, "but it gets there just the same."

And now Fort Pillow, ninety miles above Memphis, with its steep red-clay bluffs 165 feet high, held by General Beauregard with eighteen thousand Confederate troops and seventy pieces of siege artillery, says "thus far and no farther" to our advancing Mississippi Squadron. And now that we are on the eve of the two great struggles for supremacy between the naval forces of the North and South operating in the West, I will leave you anchored about five miles above the fort, while we take a hasty look at the thoughtful preparations made by our Southern friends for our reception.

At the very outbreak of the Rebellion, the enemy started the keels of four formidable men-of-war for use on the Mississippi, two being built at New Orleans and two at Memphis. The first two Admiral Farragut heard from, — and I may add that they heard from him. Of the other two, one we destroyed on the stocks at Memphis, the "S. B. Mallory;" but the other, the "Arkansas," was towed down the river before the advance of

our squadron, and lived to do us much harm before her destruction. Commodore Edward Montgomery, C. S. N., under *carte-blanche* from the Citizens' Defence Association of New Orleans, seized ocean steamships, gulf tow-boats, and river steamers, and went to work with a right good-will to get up a Rebel navy. The result was the "General Bragg," — a large gulf steamer carrying two guns, but fitted up mainly as a ram; the "Sumter" and "General Price," — gulf tow-boats with engines of great power, converted into rams; the "Little Rebel," "General Beauregard," "General Lovell," "General Van Dorn," "General Polk," and the "Livingston." These boats cost the Citizens' Association nearly two millions of dollars, which amount the Confederate Government agreed to repay, provided Commodore Montgomery fought the Federal fleet above Memphis. This will account for the events about to be narrated. All of these boats had great speed, walking-beam engines, solid bows with iron beaks, but used cotton bales where we used iron, and relied on sinking their opponents by ramming, rather than by using guns. While we had the superiority in weight of metal, they had the advantage in every other particular. Not one of our boats could back up-stream; they were not built that way. They were really floating batteries. Now, the advantage possessed by the enemy can readily be seen, from the fact that he was fighting up-stream with powerful and easily handled boats, while we were fighting down-stream with boats that could not be handled at all. If one of his boats was disabled in action, it drifted down-stream into the hands of friends. But if one of our boats was crippled, the same current carried us quickly where there was "no one to love us, none to caress," but where speedy connections could be made with either the bottom of the river or with Andersonville, or with both.

Admiral Foote never recovered from the wound received in the pilot-house of the "Benton" at Fort

Donelson. He left the Mississippi Squadron early in May, to die at his home in the East. Flag officer Charles H. Davis had assumed command. He found his fleet at Fort Pillow, and had not had time to inspect the eight boats under his command, when on the morning of the 10th of May, 1862, he awoke to find a lively amount of business on his hands. I have stated that the Federal fleet lay at anchor five miles above the fort, awaiting a movement of our army, with which they expected to co-operate; but in order that General Beauregard might not think we had forgotten him, a mortar-boat, throwing a shell thirty-nine inches in circumference, was made fast to the shore just above the point behind which the fort lay, and every half-hour during the day one of these little pills would climb a mile or two into air, look around a bit at the scenery, and finally descend and disintegrate around the fort, to the great interest and excitement of the occupants. One of the gun-boats would drop down every night and stand a twenty-four hour watch over this mortar-boat. On this memorable morning, the "Cincinnati," Commander Stembel, was lying just above the mortar, made fast to the trees; and with steam down, all hands were busy holy-stoning decks. It was a beautiful morning, — like one of those June days which so often bless our more northern latitudes. Nature had put on her loveliest garb. The woods were vocal with songsters, and the entire surroundings seemed so appropriate for a young man who had left his girl behind him to indite her a few words, that at least one young man on the "Cincinnati" that morning was engaged in that very occupation. While deep in a logical argument proving that beyond question the stars paled whenever she stepped out of an evening, the hurried shuffle of steps on the deck overhead, the short and sharp command calling all hands to quarters, caused the writer to drop his pen and climb the companion-way. The sight which met his youthful eyes will never be effaced. Steaming rapidly around the

point below us, pouring dense clouds from their funnels, came first one vessel, then two, then more, until six war-vessels under full head of steam came surging up the river barely a mile below us. Eight minutes would bring them alongside; while the "Cincinnati," with hardly enough steam to turn her wheel over, lay three miles away from the rest of the Union fleet, not one boat of which had enough steam up to hold itself against the current. The enemy's plan was undoubtedly to surprise (and I may say here that they did) the gun-boat that protected our mortar, sink or capture her, destroy the mortar, and get back under cover of the guns of the fort before the Union fleet above could come to the rescue. The plan came very near being successful.

The "Cincinnati's" cables were slipped, and slowly she swung out into the stream. Her engineers were throwing oil and everything else inflammable into her fires, that the necessary head of steam might be obtained to handle the boat. On came the leader of the Confederate fleet, the "General Bragg," a powerful gulf steamer, built full in the bow and standing up twenty feet above the surface of the river. Her powerful engines were ploughing her along at a rate that raised a billow ten feet high at her bow. At a distance of not over fifty yards, she received our full starboard battery of four thirty-two-pound guns. Cotton bales were seen to tumble, and splinters fly; but on she came, her great walking-beam engine driving her at a fearful rate. When less than fifty feet away the "Cincinnati's" bow was thrown around, and the two boats came together with a fearful crash. It was a glancing-blow that the "General Bragg" gave us, and not the one she intended, — a right-angle contact would have have sunk us then and there; but glancing-blow as it was, it took a piece out of our midships six feet deep and twelve feet long, throwing the magazine open to the inflow of water, and knocking everything down from one end of the boat to the other. The force

of the blow fastened the "Bragg's" ram temporarily into the "Cincinnati's" hull. "Give her another broadside, boys!" passed the word of command. The men sprang with a cheer to their guns, and the entire broadside was emptied into the "Bragg" at such close range that the guns could not be run out of the ports. This broadside settled the "Bragg," for she lay careened up against us so that it tore an immense hole in her from side to side. She slowly swung off from the "Cincinnati," and as the command to "Board the enemy!" was given, she lowered her flag. But it is doubtful how much "boarding" we could have done, — for just at this moment the second Confederate ram, the "Sumter," reached the scene of action, and coming up under full head of steam, struck the "Cincinnati" in the fantail, cutting into her three feet, destroying her rudders and steering apparatus, and letting the water pour into the hull of the boat. Before she struck us, however, our stern battery of two six-inch guns got two broadsides into her. And now came up the third Confederate ram, the "General Lovell," aiming for our port quarter. "Haul down your flag, and we will save you!" yelled some one, when she was less than fifty feet away. "Our flag will go down when we do!" was the response. We got but one gun to bear on her, before the crash came. The "Cincinnati" was raised by the force of the blow enough to throw her bows under. The water was pouring in from three directions; the engineers were standing waist-deep in the engine-room; the fires were being rapidly extinguished; and we had just one more round of ammunition in the guns, the magazine being flooded. The "General Lovell" was filled with sharp-shooters, who picked off every exposed man, including Commander Stembel, who fell with a Minie-bullet through his mouth. First-master Hoel, who assumed command, came down on the gun-deck and called out, "Boys, give 'em the best you 've got! we ain't dead yet!" A cheer was his answer; and as every

gun on the boat poured its iron hail into one or another of the enemy, the "Cincinnati" rolled first to one side and then the other, gave a convulsive shudder, and went down bow-first and head on to the enemy. It was an exceedingly damp time for the crew of that boat. We all piled on the hurricane deck, and from that there was some tall and lofty scrambling for the wheel-house, which, thanks to the shallow place we were in, remained above water. And now, perched like so many turkeys on a corn-crib, we were enforced spectators of the exciting and magnificent scene around us. By this time our fleet above us had arrived at the scene of action, led by the flag-ship "Benton." Running into the very midst of the enemy's fleet, she gave them first her bow battery of nine-inch Dahlgren guns, and then, wheeling, her starboard, stern, and port broadsides. By the time her bow swung around, her guns were again loaded; and repeating her circling again and again, she delivered upon the enemy a withering sheet of death and destruction. Several of the Confederate rams tried to reach her, but were either intercepted by our other boats, who one after another joined the *mêlée*, or were literally beaten back by the storm of shot and shell that poured from her sides. Soon the air was so full of smoke that little could be seen. Every now and then a Confederate ram would rush past us within a stone's throw, and then a shell would burst over our heads or a solid shot plough up the water. But ten minutes more settled it. Two of the enemy's boats were floating broadside down the river, — the "General Bragg," whose inside we blew out, and one other. The other four were making their best possible time for the fort. We could not save our prizes, for we neither dared go after them, nor could we have towed them up-stream if we had. The "Cincinnati's" wheel-house was soon relieved of its dead and living freight, and an hour afterward, the air and the mighty flood had swept away every vestige of the conflict.

General Halleck's movement on Corinth turned the enemy's position at Fort Pillow, and it was abandoned; and on the 4th of June, 1862, we were again on our way down the river, joined by several Ohio River tow-boats converted into rams by Colonel Ellet. This Colonel Ellet was one of the remarkable characters of the war. He had nearly gone insane on the ram question, and had written circulars and besieged the departments at Washington until they nearly went insane too. He was finally given permission to fit out a fleet of rams. Sixty days from the time he received his commission, he was on the way down the river, with five powerful boats, filled in at the bows and around the boilers, and manned by some of the most desperate characters that entered the service on either side. Friend feared them as well as foe. They acknowledged allegiance to neither army nor navy, but claimed to have a contract to settle the Rebellion in their own way. Ordered to report to flag officer Davis, Colonel Ellet speedily informed that worthy and dignified officer that he had come down there for a fight, and that he did not propose tying up to a tree and waiting for a fight to find him. The Colonel was a man of war, and desired no one to forget it. He was a brave old man, and the efficient work he put in during his short career of thirty days may well cover his eccentricities.

Arriving two miles north of Memphis, the fleet came to anchor and got ready for the engagement it was felt sure would take place before Memphis would fall into our hands. At four o'clock on the morning of June 6, the entire Confederate navy, consisting of ten vessels, steamed up the river to attack our fleet. The entire population of the city lined the bank of the river, while General Jeff. Thompson, C.S.A., in his best Sunday uniform and on his noblest steed, was explaining to an admiring crowd just how it was going to be done. The Confederate flagship "Little Rebel" opened the battle by a shot when she was a mile below us. Our squadron was soon under way,

when flag officer Davis ran up a signal for the boats to arrange themselves in the "third order of sailing." Colonel Ellet was at work getting his rams in order, and this eventful morning found him with but two — the "Queen of the West" and the "Monarch" — ready for action. Taking command of the "Queen," he put his son, A. W. Ellet, in charge of the other.

> "This was the time he long had sought,
> And mourned because he found it not."

Interpreting flag officer Davis's "third order of sailing" to mean "sail in" without order, he called out to his son to "Come on!" and pulled out from shore with the "Queen of the West," and started down the stream with every pound of steam his boat would carry. Singing out, "Come on!" to the flag officer as he dashed past the flag-ship, he selected the leading boat of the enemy's centre line, the "General Lovell," as his prey. The "General Lovell" turned out of line to meet the advancing foe, and crowded on all steam. If these two boats had met in this way, both would have gone to the bottom of the river; but for some reason the "Lovell" sheered to the right just before the contact, when the "Queen" struck her on the port bow and pretty nearly went entirely through her. The "Lovell" rose from the shock, and then went down with all on board. As soon as the "Queen" could recover her headway, two of the enemy's boats, the "General Beauregard" and "General Price," both made for her, the one on the right and the other on the left. The "Queen" was almost stationary, and it was thought she was disabled; when, as both of the onrushing boats were scarcely one hundred feet from her, she crowded on all steam, and slipping out from between them, they came together with a fearful crash, cutting the wheel-house clean off of the "Price." The "Beauregard" recovered herself, and turning on the "Queen," succeeded in disabling her port wheel, when the "Queen" and the "Price" both

made for the Arkansas shore. Colonel Ellet had been struck by a bullet, but still had life enough to demand the surrender of the "Price" as they both struck the shore. The "Price," supposing the "Queen" had followed her for that purpose, complied with the Colonel's request; thereupon the Colonel ordered a crew of four men into one of her row-boats and sent them across the river to demand the surrender of Memphis.

The battle was now thick and hot. Our gun-boats had formed into three lines, to meet the Confederate lines of battle; but Colonel Ellet's raid with the "Queen of the West" had demoralized the enemy to the extent of drawing off the leading boat in each line. One of them already lay at the bottom of the river; another was beached on the Arkansas shore; and a third, the "Beauregard," had already been wrecked in a ramming-match with Colonel Ellet's other boat, the "Monarch." Such was the situation when the Union fleet, in perfect order, led by the flag-ship "Benton," struck the advance of the enemy. It was a magnificent sight just before the first general broadside was fired. The river here is unusually wide, admitting, as few places could in the West, of a scientific naval action between fleets. The shore was black with eager and anxious spectators. An hour was to decide once and forever the control of the Mississippi. There was a deafening roar as both fleets discharged almost simultaneously a general broadside, and a thick black cloud of smoke hid everything from the thousands of anxious eyes on the shore. In that dense cloud was being waged one of the sharpest and most decisive battles of the war. It was a hand-to-hand struggle; no quarter was asked or given. It was literally a fight to the finish. The rapid discharges of heavy guns, the crash of timbers, the yells of the combatants, worked the vast crowd of spectators on shore into a frenzy. Cheer upon cheer came from that vast throng, as some steamer with Confederate flag flying was seen through the smoke, —

groans, howls, and curses, when a Union boat came in sight. An hour of this awful strain, and the guns were heard less and less often. "The Yankee fleet is destroyed," was the word. The great bank of smoke rose, first dimly, then clearer vision was restored. What a sight met that frantic mob! Scattered here and there across the expanse of water were seen war-vessels; but, death and destruction! they all floated the cursed Stars and Stripes! Where was the Confederate navy? Three vessels lay at the bottom of the river, with Union sailors busy rescuing the drowning crews. Three more were beached on the opposite shore, where Colonel Ellet, with his "Queen of the West" in the same condition, was busy accepting their surrender. The "Jeff. Thompson," with one of our boats in hot pursuit, ran into the point below the island, and blew up with a tremendous report. Two more of the Rebel fleet, with flags down, were lying peacefully alongside of Union boats; and the one surviving relic of that once proud fleet, the "General Van Dorn," was making most remarkable time down the river, with the ram "Monarch" in hot pursuit. An indescribable sound — something between a wail and a curse — went up from the throng on shore. General Jeff. Thompson mounted his steed, saying, "They are gone, and I am going." Memphis was ours, and the power of the Confederacy afloat on Western waters was no more.

The next stage in the history of naval operations on the Mississippi brings us to the times of Admiral Porter, and that sublime old hero, Farragut.

> "That Viking of the river fight,
> The conqueror of the bay,
> I give the name that fits him best, —
> Ay, better than his own, —
> The sea-king of the sovereign West,
> Who made his mast a throne."

Abler pens than mine must do justice to those later days.

FORT DONELSON AND ITS SURRENDER.[1]

By JOHN T. McAULEY.

[Read March 3, 1880.]

TO give the history of Fort Donelson and its surrender requires either a careful study of the facts or a very vivid imagination on the part of one who, at the time of the affair, was at a safe and pleasant distance of one hundred miles. To draw on the imagination for facts might be easy on some occasions, but here among the men who stood shoulder to shoulder around the Rebel fort, ready to enforce the demand for "immediate and unconditional surrender," it would be worse than useless. Neither can I draw upon personal experiences further than to tell of the mingled joy and regret which came to us of Sherman's command at Paducah, when the surrender was announced, — joy for the victory, and sorrow for the comrades and friends who went down amid the storm of shot and shell, and back of this the harrowing fear that the fall of Donelson and the taking of fifteen thousand prisoners would end the war and leave us the humiliation of returning to our homes with no record on our banners of "battles fought and victories won." The desire to "smell gunpowder" at that time pervaded our ranks; and not a man but cursed the luck of his regiment in

[1] The writer of this paper feels it proper to state that it having been by his motion that the reading of military papers was first made a feature of the meetings of the Illinois Commandery, and he having, at the request of the Commandery, suggested the subject for the opening paper, he was assigned to the duty of preparing it on this account rather than from any special knowledge of the subject on his part. At the time the paper was written but little material was to be had in the way of written reports and accounts of the battle.

being left behind. Shiloh followed soon, and after that no more complaints were heard.

Not to consume further time with idle words, I purpose presenting details of the campaign as gathered from different authorities.

Fort Donelson occupied a position on the Cumberland River, commanding it for a distance of two miles, and crowning a bluff one hundred feet high. The fort mounted sixty-five guns, and was garrisoned by twenty-one thousand men, under Generals Pillow, Floyd, Forrest, and Buckner. The river-front was guarded by heavy batteries, and the land side by a strong line of rifle-pits and field-pieces, protected by *abattis* and interlaced brush. It was a work of no mean order, and indicated the intelligence and ability of the enemy against whom our newly organized army had to contend.

Early in February, 1862, General Grant notified General Halleck that he "would take Fort Donelson on the 8th." He was, however, prevented from moving earlier than the 11th by heavy rains, making the roads impassable for artillery and wagon trains. Grant's confidence in speedy victory arose from the fact that he held a very poor opinion of the military abilities of the Rebel Generals Floyd and Pillow. On the 11th of February, the movement against the stronghold was begun, — our navy, under Admiral Foote, with our transports, moving from Fort Henry by the river; while General McClernand, with his command, followed by three brigades of General C. F. Smith's division, crossed by land. At noon the next day they struck the enemy's pickets, two miles from the fort. These were rapidly driven in; and by dark Fort Donelson was closely invested from a point on Hickman's Creek on our left, to well around to Dover on our right, — McClernand holding the right, covering the roads running south and southwest, and Smith the left. The position occupied by our troops was a favorable one, the nature of the

ground being such that no intrenchments were necessary, and few casualties occurred at this time. Yet there was great suffering among the men, owing to the lack of shelter from the bad weather which had set in; no fires were allowed except at a great distance from the line, and only where the ravines were deep enough to hide them from the enemy. Many of the men were without overcoats and blankets, having left them behind or thrown them away to lighten the burden on the march from Fort Henry. The lesson was severe, and no one forgot it; and the blanket was well cared for from that time till the close of the war. The surgeons did all in their power, in caring for the sick and wounded with such inadequate supplies and meagre hospital quarters as were available.

On the 13th, our line was still farther extended to the right, and soon after General Grant's arrival an attempt was made by McClernand to capture a battery commanding the ridge road, which was harassing his men. The assault was made by three regiments of McClernand's division, he acting entirely without orders; and it resulted in failure and great loss. The gun-boats and troops arriving at this time in the river below the fort, communication was opened with them; and on the 14th, General Lew Wallace arrived with a brigade of Smith's division, and was assigned to the command of the division in the centre of our line. McArthur's brigade of Smith's division was moved to the extreme right. On this afternoon, the gun-boats, moving up to within three hundred yards, engaged the water batteries in a terrible conflict lasting over an hour and a half. The plunging fire from the bluff, however, told heavily on our fleet; the flag-ship was struck by fifty-nine shots, and the crippled boats were compelled to withdraw, the Admiral himself being wounded. One authority states that the Confederate works were uninjured by this bombardment, and no one in them was severely hurt.

So far, success was with the Confederates. But the Union Army having received heavy reinforcements till it numbered nearly thirty thousand men, the enemy despaired of a successful defence, and General Floyd (Buchanan's late Secretary of War) called a council, at which it was decided to break through the investment and force a way to Nashville. At that time General Grant, in answer to a request from Admiral Foote for a conference, had left the field. He had been gone but a short time, when General Pillow, having massed his men heavily on the left, passed out of his works, furiously attacking our extreme right, held by General McArthur, and rapidly extending his attack toward our left, until the whole of McClernand's division was engaged. After hours of stubborn fighting, our troops were compelled to give way from sheer exhaustion. McArthur was forced to retire. Oglesby's brigade was next to waver, but held the ground until Cruft's brigade of Lew Wallace's division arrived, then passed out of line, leaving a battery in the hands of the enemy. Logan's regiment was the last to leave; and here, as on every field, this gallant son of Illinois distinguished himself by his bravery and splendid conduct. Crufts became hotly engaged, and fell slowly back. Colonel W. H. L. Wallace held his part of the line for some time after the giving way of the troops on his right, but with flank exposed and ammunition failing, he deemed it injudicious to attempt to hold it longer, and fell back on the ridge road about three quarters of a mile toward General Lew Wallace's position. Here he met Thayer's brigade of Wallace's division, which passed rapidly to the front, and had but fairly got in position when the enemy struck it. Thayer immediately opened fire with both artillery and infantry, and soon drove the enemy from the field, — not, however, recovering any part of the ground lost, and leaving the Wynn's Ferry road open to the Confederates, who, by some strange

fatality, did not seize the object for which they had been fighting, this being the road by which they had expected to escape. Meanwhile, General Grant, having returned to the field, with the quick perception of military genius saw that the critical time had arrived, and ordered a general advance along the whole line. His men swept everything before them, recovered the battlefield, and at the left General C. F. Smith secured a foot-hold on the hill, the very key of the fort; a half-hour more of daylight, and Donelson would have been taken. The assaulting column of our left was formed from Lauman's brigade, the Second Iowa in advance, in two lines of five companies each. General Smith, placing himself between the two lines so formed, pushed rapidly forward under a withering fire of musketry and artillery, but bravely the troops moved on, and with the steady tread of veterans carried the works at the point of the bayonet.

That night the mercury fell to ten degrees above zero; the troops on both sides, with neither fire nor shelter, shivered in the pitiless storm, while the ground on which they lay was covered with a sheet of ice and snow. But sadder yet, the wounded by hundreds strewed the field, staining the snow with a crimson tint, and slowly stiffening and freezing as the life-current ebbed away. Under cover of the night, Pillow, Floyd, and Forrest deserted their commands and escaped from the fort, leaving General Buckner alone in command. He, in the early morning of the 16th, addressed General Grant a note in these words: "In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation of the forces and post under my command, and in that view suggest an armistice until twelve o'clock to-day." To which General Grant responded as follows: "Yours of this date, proposing

armistice and appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." From this there could be no appeal, and the demand was immediately complied with. Here, then, was our first great victory, paving the way for the subsequent grand achievements of the new army, which was here baptized in blood, in fire and storm; where the lessons of persistent endeavor, patient endurance, and heroic valor were impressed upon the hearts of the men who marched on and on, under their great leaders, to renewed victories at Shiloh, Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, and Atlanta; and where the dead and dying who gained their crown of glory in the early morning of the war were covered with a mantle of snow and ice, — the crowning effort of "Nature, the all-forgiving, all-forgetting, who takes the red battlefield into her arms and covers it with blossom and with harvest."

NEW MADRID AND ISLAND NO. 10.

By CHARLES W. DAVIS.

[Read March 5, 1884.]

THE story of New Madrid and Island No. 10 is not a recital of great battles and marches, nor of the sacrifice of life from bullets or exposure, but an account of important military operations, rendered successful by prompt action and skilfully combined manœuvres.

During the first year of the war, Missouri was perhaps in the most unenviable condition of any State in the Union. She had a Governor who was devoted to the cause of the South, and a Legislature which shared his views; but the people were divided. The Secessionists, although in a minority, possessed the political influence and wealth; and thus made confident, they sought by prompt action to influence and intimidate the sturdy New Englanders and the freedom-loving German immigrants who largely composed the Union party.

The Legislature lost no time in calling a State Convention, which met as early as the last day of February, 1861. Being, however, fresh from the people, the delegates showed no signs of sympathy with the Governor and Legislature. The Convention was, it is true, timid in its action, and showed an earnest desire for an amicable adjustment of all difficulties; but it is also certain that it determined against secession. The Governor now placed his trust in the Legislature; and he received from it all the assistance in its power. He was quick to act, and efficient in organizing, showing so much zeal that he soon received material aid from the other trans-Mississippi States of Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas.

A recital of the battles, skirmishes, and marches of the Missouri campaigns will not be attempted here. They were many, and they were disappointing; but they brought to the front such officers as Grant, Pope, Schofield, Jefferson C. Davis, and many others who afterward became valued and trusted leaders.

While the Secessionists were showing the greatest activity in Missouri, the Confederate general, Leonidas Polk, was in command at Memphis, Tennessee. He was in constant communication with Governor Jackson of Missouri, and was anxious to assist him, and secure that State to the Confederacy. His plan was an elaborate one, and in substance contemplated sending General Pillow from the Western district of Tennessee across the Mississippi River, with some eight thousand men, who on their arrival were to be reinforced by about three thousand Missourians. Moving northward, this force was to be joined by General Hardee, from Pocahontas, in Northern Arkansas, with seven thousand men. Then, while Generals Price and McCulloch should attract the attention of General Lyon's forces at or near Springfield, Pillow's command would move rapidly northward, capture St. Louis, and seizing the boats at that point, ascend the Missouri River, rallying the Missourians along the route. At some suitable point on the Missouri River, a force was to be detached to cut off Lyon's retreat from the West; and after the Union forces should be driven from Missouri, Polk expected to enter Illinois and take Cairo from the north.

In accordance with this plan, Polk issued the necessary order; and on July 28, 1861, Pillow safely crossed the Mississippi with his forces, and New Madrid became a military point. Pillow boastfully called his command the "Army of Liberation;" and in a despatch to Polk announcing his arrival, he pompously said: "We made a most successful movement and advance. . . . The whole population of New Madrid and the country around met

me with a thousand cheers. . . . The whole force is full of enthusiasm, and eager for the 'Dutch hunt.'"

This expedition, however, never advanced beyond New Madrid. General Pillow found that he had neither transportation nor supplies sufficient for his purpose, while his requisitions on Memphis were tardily and scantily filled. He learned of the presence of Union forces at Bird's Point and Cape Girardeau, and knew that they would have to be met and overcome before his triumphal march could fairly begin; his army had become reduced by sickness; his continued calls for more men were not responded to. General Polk, in the mean time, changed his mind, and — either because he thought the Missouri plan would be attended with too much danger and perhaps prove impracticable, or because he saw a greater need for his troops on the Kentucky and Tennessee shore — after a good deal of vacillation ordered the enterprise to be abandoned, and the most of the troops to be removed to Columbus and vicinity.

While Pillow was at New Madrid, the attention of General Polk was called to Island No. 10; and he directed that it and the river-banks near should be put in a good state of defence. The fortifications at Columbus were rapidly completed, and the Confederates confidently felt that with its armament of one hundred and forty guns, and its large garrison, it could command the passage of the Mississippi. But the brilliant captures of Forts Henry and Donelson startled the Confederate leaders; they realized the perilous position in which they were placed; and ten days after the surrender of Donelson — or on February 25, 1862 — they began to evacuate that strong point, taking to Island No. 10 and New Madrid as much of the force as it was thought could be used to advantage, and marching the remainder to Union City, — a railroad junction a few miles south of Columbus and east of Island No. 10. With Island No. 10 and New Madrid, as occupied by the Confed-

erates, must also be included Madrid Bend, — the long point of land extending north from Tiptonville.

On the Confederate abandonment of Columbus, a few of the guns were spiked, but the most of them were taken along and planted in the works partially prepared for them. A floating battery, anchored near the lower end of the island, carried nine large pieces. The guns were mostly rifled and smooth-bore thirty-two-pounder and eight-inch Columbiads, with four sixty-four-pounder howitzers. Their army was supported by Commodore George N. Hollins, with eight gun-boats.

The defence of the Mississippi at these points was confided to Brigadier-General J. P. McCown, a graduate of West Point, and a soldier of supposed courage and ability. His force amounted to about seven thousand men, exclusive of the gun-boats; and this force was afterward increased, by reinforcements from Fort Pillow, to nine thousand men. One of his brigades, comprising about thirty-five hundred men, under the command of General A. P. Stewart, was stationed at New Madrid. The defences at this point consisted of Fort Thompson, one half-mile below the town, mounting fourteen heavy guns; and Fort Bankhead, just north of the settlement, with seven guns, — the two being connected by infantry intrenchments, and supported by two batteries of six field-pieces each, with six gun-boats under the command of Hollins.

About the middle of February, 1862, General John Pope, who had been successfully operating in Central Missouri, was directed by General Halleck to proceed to Cairo, for the purpose of assuming command in case the enemy at Columbus should make an offensive movement against it, and also to organize and lead an expedition against New Madrid. Ascertaining at Cairo that the fears of a movement from Columbus were not well founded, he remained scarcely more than a day, proceeding thence to Commerce, Mo., a few miles above

Cairo, where he began the organization of what was afterward called the "Army of the Mississippi." At Commerce, where he arrived by steamer on the night of the 21st of February, he found so small a force awaiting him that he thought it hazardous to land the stores from his boat. He was ahead of his army, — thus showing that promptness of action which ever distinguished him. His troops began, however, to arrive the next day, so that he was able to organize his first brigade on the 23d, and to move it out, on the following morning, to Benton, a town ten or a dozen miles distant.

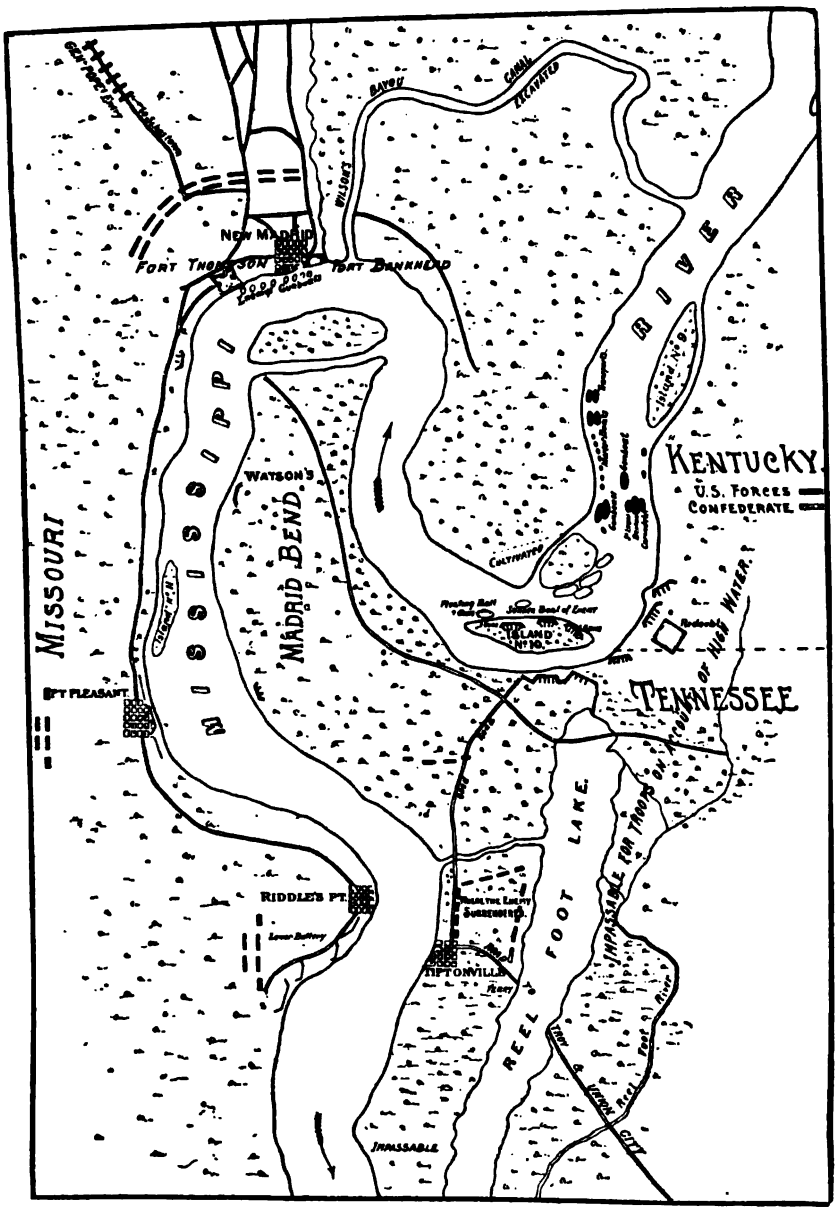
General Halleck intended that this expedition should have ten thousand men, to be drawn from St. Louis, Cairo, and other near points from which they could be spared; but while he instructed Pope to move when he should have this number, in the same despatch he said: "If necessary, I will sustain you with five, ten, or even twenty thousand men; the object must be accomplished."

By the 27th — or six days after his arrival — General Pope had received all the troops that were to be sent to him at Commerce. He organized them into two divisions, under Generals Schuyler Hamilton and John M. Palmer, and was ready to march on the following day. The portion of the State through which he was to pass is familiarly known as the "earthquake country," — the earthquake of 1811 having changed it from prairie into swamp land, — and was not inviting. On the evening of March 1, General Pope's force was at Sikeston, and at noon of the 3d appeared before New Madrid. His march from Commerce was impeded somewhat by a force of Missouri State militia, under General M. Jeff. Thompson, — an active, pestilent fellow, known as the "Swamp fox," who had for a considerable time operated in that part of the State; but this obstacle, not proving very serious, was soon brushed away by the cavalry of the command, with a loss to Thompson of his three small

pieces of artillery. The march was somewhat difficult, as the country was low and wet, and the route was confined to one dilapidated corduroy road.

Immediately after General Pope's arrival at New Madrid, — it being known that most of the Columbus garrison had been moved down the river, — he began to receive reinforcements from Cairo, so that his force was increased to eighteen thousand men, necessitating a reorganization of his troops. They were divided into five infantry divisions, commanded respectively by Generals D. S. Stanley, Schuyler Hamilton, J. M. Palmer, E. A. Paine, and J. B. Plummer; a cavalry division, under General Gordon Granger; and a force of engineers under Colonel J. W. Bissell. The country back of New Madrid was found to be a level plain, several miles in extent; so that the Confederates could without difficulty watch the movements of the Union troops, and the latter could easily see the works in their front, which would in all probability have to be carried. The river was so high that the gun-boats along the bank between the upper and lower forts loomed up like separate fortifications; their guns, looking directly over the banks, had a perfect command of the field at short range, and defended all approaches across the level plain in the rear of the town.

Without delay, the pickets of the enemy were driven into their intrenchments; but no attempt was made to carry the works, for it was evident that even if such a movement were successful, the gun-boats in return could easily dislodge the assailants. It was therefore determined that siege-guns were a necessity; and urgent calls for them were made upon the commanding officer at Cairo. In the mean time, Colonel Plummer, then commanding a brigade in Hamilton's division, was directed to take a force consisting of three regiments of infantry, a battery of ten-pounder Parrotts, and some cavalry, to Point Pleasant, a settlement some nine miles below New Madrid, and there to intrench and if possible prevent the



NEW MADRID AND ISLAND NO. 10.

passage of transports. Colonel Plummer's lodgement was successfully accomplished; and while he had no guns heavy enough to do the enemy's gun-boats any injury, he was able to prevent transports from passing up to New Madrid, and with his sharp-shooters, forced them to hug the opposite shore. The lodgement of this force at Point Pleasant, and the maintenance of its position, made an impression on the enemy, and helped to form the opinion that their position on the right bank of the river might soon become untenable. While waiting for the siege-guns, General Pope kept his force actively engaged in occupying the attention of the enemy, so that his plan for using heavy pieces in the attack was not suspected.

Early in the evening of the 12th, the siege-guns reached the camp; and after dark the enemy's pickets were quietly pushed back close to their works (not a shot being fired by the intrenching party), and the task of constructing two redoubts, at a distance of eight hundred yards from Fort Thompson, with rifle-pits on the sides and in front, was prosecuted silently but vigorously until three o'clock in the morning, when two twenty-four-pounders were planted in one battery, and one twenty-four-pounder and one eight-inch howitzer in the other. No time was lost, and in less than ten hours after their arrival in camp — or at daybreak on the 13th — the guns were opened upon Fort Thompson, greatly to the surprise of its occupants.

The fire from the batteries was directed chiefly against the gun-boats, but it drew the concentrated fire from the boats and from both forts, which was kept up continuously during the forenoon, and with occasional intermissions during the remainder of the day. Early in the engagement, a round shot from the lower fort struck the muzzle of one of the twenty-four-pounders and disabled it. While the batteries were thus engaged on the right, a strong demonstration was made on the left, and the enemy's pickets were driven into their intrenchments. The

heavy cannonading of the enemy had done little damage, and the day's operations closed satisfactorily. Night came on with the feeling that the next day there would be a general advance and work for all.

But while our army slept, there was the greatest confusion in the camps along the river-bank. Early in the evening, General McCown, Commodore Hollins, and General Stewart, held a conference on board the Confederate flag-ship, and after comparing notes and fears (it is difficult to judge from their reports which of the officers was the most frightened), decided that the post must be evacuated that night. By ten o'clock the necessary orders had been given to the commandants at both forts. General Stewart endeavored to have the retreat conducted in an orderly manner, and also to have the guns, ammunition, and stores carefully removed. But at eleven o'clock a violent thunder-storm came on; it grew intensely dark; the men could not be mustered in any order; and when a few were now and then gathered together, they almost refused to work. They got on board the boats as best they could, and, sheltered from the storm, and relieved of the fear of being left behind, were quite indifferent about saving the valuable property of the Confederacy, and consequently but little of it was taken away. A few men (a dozen or so) who had sought shelter from the storm and fallen asleep, were left behind, — enough of them to come forward at early dawn with a flag of truce, and report that the works were deserted.

The Confederate generals state in their reports that the evacuation was accomplished in an orderly manner; but an early examination of the field showed either that their ideas of method and order were not very exact, or else that they made wilful misstatements to their superiors. There was everywhere evidence of a hasty and disgraceful flight; the heavy guns had been imperfectly spiked, and were not rendered useless; a large amount of fixed ammunition and quantities of small arms, as well as a

number of the field-guns, were left behind; horses, mules, wagons, and commissary stores were abandoned; the baggage of officers — valises, hand-bags, etc. — and the knapsacks of the men, in large quantities, were lying in the unstruck tents; the coffin of an officer showed his name only partially marked thereon, with the brush thrown down near the uncompleted word; and there were many other signs of a disorderly flight.

This early possession of New Madrid was as unexpected as it was gratifying. It was barely fifteen days since General Pope had organized his force and started from Commerce; and yet his mission had been accomplished, and with a loss of only fifty-one in killed and wounded.

The loss of this post was keenly felt by the Confederates. General Beauregard, in a despatch to Polk dated February 26, had said, —

"New Madrid all important. In my opinion must be watched and held at all costs. All troops at Fort Pillow but mere guard, should be transferred there with utmost celerity."

A late Southern writer (Colonel Roman) in his narrative of the operations of Beauregard, says, in referring to the events just narrated, —

"The evacuation was conducted in a manner far from creditable to the general commanding, and with so much confusion, indeed, as almost to amount to a stampede. The Confederate forces there engaged numbered some three thousand five hundred men of all arms, with twenty-one heavy guns and two light batteries of six pieces, opposed to which were only four siege-guns, as already stated. All our artillery, except the guns of one of the two light batteries, together with ammunition, animals, and stores, were left in the hands of the enemy. Not one of General Beauregard's important instructions had been carried out. This was the poorest defence made of any fortified post during the whole course of the war; and the responsibility for the disasters it entailed must necessarily rest on the immediate commander, and not on the troops."

The same writer also says, in speaking of the Union troops, —

"It is but fair to add that the enemy had displayed activity, enterprise, and determination, in his attack upon the Confederate works, though, as appears from the Federal reports, no such easy victory had been anticipated."

General Pope did not remain for a single day contented with the possession of New Madrid. The captured siege-guns were, during the night, placed at intervals along the river-bank, and a battery of two twenty-four-pounder and two ten-pounder Parrotts, under command of General Palmer, was planted a little below and nearly opposite Tiptonville, to prevent, as far as possible, supplies reaching the enemy from Fort Pillow and Memphis. The Union lines now extended along the river for seventeen miles. On the morning of the 15th of March the lower battery was discovered by the enemy; and Commodore Hollins, accepting the challenge, promptly moved up with five gun-boats to the attack. The engagement was sharp, lasting something more than an hour, when Hollins withdrew with the loss of one boat, and made no further attempts to dispossess the Union forces.

The scene of operations was now transferred to Island No. 10 and its supporting batteries, and to the Union fleet above, under Commodore Andrew H. Foote. The position at Island 10 was a strong one, and considered by the Confederates impregnable. So confident was General Beauregard that it could be held as long as he desired, that he directed, after the evacuation of New Madrid, that all of the troops, with the exception of about three thousand, should be removed to Fort Pillow. The position had, however, from the enemy's standpoint, the disadvantage of having on the east and south impassable swamps and a large body of water called Reel Foot Lake, making it impossible either to furnish supplies to

the garrison or allow a retreat except by the landing at Tiptonville.

On March 14, Commodore Foote left Cairo with seven gun-boats and ten mortar-boats; he was joined at Columbus by an infantry force on transports under Colonel N. B. Buford, and on the 16th opened fire from his mortar-boats upon Island No. 10 and the batteries. The bombardment was vigorously maintained day after day, the shots being well directed, and doing more or less damage to the works of the enemy; but on the whole, it proved to be very ineffective. During an engagement of nearly three weeks, but one man was killed and only one gun disabled on the enemy's side. A brilliant feat was accomplished one dark night by Colonel George W. Roberts, who, taking a force of forty men from his regiment, surprised the guard of the upper battery and successfully spiked its six guns.

While this incessant cannonading was going on up the river, without any apparent advantage being gained by either side, the commanding officer at New Madrid was becoming very impatient. He saw that the easiest way to capture the island was to get in its rear. His force was large enough to risk the attempt, but he had not so much as a single skiff in which to cross the river, — at that point a mile in width. Fortunately, it occurred to General Hamilton that a canal could be cut across the point of land connecting a slough, running back from the river at a point above where the fleet was stationed, with Wilson's Bayou, which empties in the river at New Madrid; and that a sufficient number of small transports could be brought through to carry the army to Madrid Bend. This work was intrusted to Colonel Bissell and his engineers, and was prosecuted under most adverse circumstances, with a skill and energy greatly to the credit of all concerned. To make this cut, a considerable portion of the distance had to be excavated; and for six miles this canal passed through a forest of large

trees, many of which had to be sawn off by hand, four feet under water. The task was accomplished in nineteen days; and on the 5th of April the transports had been brought through and were lying in the bayou a little back from the river.

The Confederates were aware that General Pope was expecting the transports through the canal, and to prevent his crossing, they had planted heavy guns at points where he would be likely to attempt to land. These guns could have sunk any steamer that might have approached the shore. General Pope, finding that the canal had not a depth of water sufficient to float the smallest of the gun-boats, urgently requested Commodore Foote to send, on some dark night, two boats down the river to silence the batteries below New Madrid. General Halleck also joined in the request; but to all these entreaties Foote replied that he did not believe that any boat could successfully run the miles of batteries. Pope, discouraged, at last telegraphed to Halleck: "As Commodore Foote is unable to reduce and unwilling to run his gun-boats past the island, I would ask, as they belong to the United States, that he be directed to remove his crews from two of them and turn over the boats to me. I will bring them here." Then he set to work constructing floating batteries out of barges that had been brought through the canal, with the intention of floating them down the river, and, dropping anchor at a proper distance, opening fire upon the enemy's guns. But before this could be accomplished, the "Carondelet," Commodore Henry Walke, appeared at New Madrid, after running the gantlet on the night of the 4th, its commander having gallantly asked permission to make the attempt. This episode is so thrilling that the description of another — perhaps an eye-witness — may here be given.

"Having protected the hull by additional iron covering, and taking a barge laden with bales of hay on her port side, she started at ten o'clock on her perilous voyage. The sky was

darkened by the clouds of an impending storm. Silently the monster held her way in the middle of the channel, when suddenly a bright flame streamed upward from her chimney. The soot had taken fire. The enemy saw the deck lighted up, and the long-roll was beat, summoning the gunners to their work. Then came flashes of lightning, and the boom of the guns was accompanied by loud rolling thunder. Rockets ascending from the island pierced the inky blackness of the sky, revealing the dark mass as it moved slowly down the river. The storm suddenly broke upon the scene, and mingled its wild grandeur with the lurid flash and roar of heavy artillery. It was useless longer to attempt to conceal herself; and in quick obedience to the sudden head of steam, which had been reserved for this emergency, the noble vessel sprang forward like a thing of life.

'She seemed to feel
The thrill of life along her keel.'

She was now abreast the batteries in Fort No. 2; before her lay the broad waters of the Mississippi, its narrow, deep channel hugging the shore of the island, lined with heavy guns. For thirty minutes the air was filled with hissing shells and immense cannon-balls hurled at the dark object, revealed ever and anon by the lightning's flash. But not a shot took effect. Then came the first shots from the boat, — signal-guns to announce to the waiting fleet that the gantlet had been run in safety."

It still seemed very desirable to have another boat on hand when the crossing of the river should be attempted; and on the 6th, Assistant-Secretary of War, Thomas A. Scott, then at New Madrid, telegraphed to Secretary Stanton, —

"General Pope is progressing well with his plans to execute the most difficult movement of the campaign, — that of crossing the Mississippi in face of the enemy. He needs another gun-boat, but we cannot prevail upon Commodore Foote to run the blockade. It can be done with comparative safety any night, and might save the lives of thousands of our soldiers.

The risk of the boat is trifling compared with that of Pope's army. Can you have it ordered by the Secretary of the Navy to-day, and thus relieve the flag officer from a responsibility he is not willing to assume?"

It has not been made public what orders, if any, were sent from Washington; but the next morning the "Pittsburg" was also at the upper landing, — having made the passage without harm, — and the two gun-boats started without delay to silence the batteries along the shore. It was in accordance with Pope's plan that the gun-boats should precede the transports, and pay especial attention to the enemy's guns at Watson's Landing, where he wished to cross his troops. Commander Walke entered with zeal upon his part in the day's work, and soon had silenced and spiked the three sixty-four-pounder guns stationed at intervals of half a mile along the river. At Watson's, where he found a battery of three sixty-four-pounders, he had a sharp engagement, which continued until the last piece had been either dismounted or disabled. The four transports, which in the mean time had been moved out of the bayou and loaded with General Paine's division of four regiments and Houghtaling's battery, now moved rapidly down and across the river, and the troops landed without molestation.

At this time the Confederate forces were under the command of General W. W. Mackall, selected by General Beauregard to relieve McCown, whose evacuation of New Madrid had caused him to be disgraced. These forces numbered, on the island and mainland together, less than four thousand, — sufficient, it was thought, to hold their position. They did not believe that the gun-boats would have the boldness to attempt to pass their batteries, or that they could succeed in any such attempts; and they doubted if the canal (of which they had heard from time to time) could be put to much use. When, therefore, on the morning of April 7th, they found that another

boat had passed below, that the two boats under Walke had made quick work of the heavy siege-guns along the shore, and that the transports were large and numerous enough to cross thirty-five hundred men at a trip, they abandoned the contest and sought safety in flight. General Mackall left a force of a few hundred men on the island, but without specific instruction, and with the bulk of his troops moved toward Tiptonville, in the hope of escaping by the road and ferry which led to Union City.

The landing of Paine's division was effected a little after noon, and the troops immediately began moving toward Tiptonville, Colonel J. D. Morgan's brigade in advance, closely followed by the brigade of Colonel G. W. Cummings. The march was pushed as rapidly as possible, advance-guards being thrown out, and the flanks well protected. It was expected that at any moment the enemy would be found ready to dispute the way. After advancing a few miles, Mackall's force was discovered well posted and drawn up in line; but before Colonel Morgan could form his line of attack and reach them, they had fled. Twice this was repeated, causing delays; so that darkness came on just before Paine's division reached Tiptonville.

General Pope had directed Commander Walke to proceed to Tiptonville, to prevent the escape of the enemy by the only route left open to them, as soon as Stanley's division, which was to follow Paine's, should make a successful landing at Watson's.

General Mackall endeavored to have his retreat an orderly one, but many of his men scattered and escaped through the swamps and in dug-outs or on rafts across the lake. On his arrival below Tiptonville, he found the gun-boats confronting him. After dark, Paine's division closed in on his north and west; the swamp and lake were on his east and south; and, hemmed in, with no chance for escape, — as both Stanley's and Hamilton's

divisions were following Paine's, — General Mackall, at two o'clock on the morning of the 8th, sent his adjutant-general to General Paine, with an offer of unconditional surrender. The commanding officer on the island (who seems to have been abandoned by Mackall), on learning what had taken place, sent two officers to Commodore Foote, offering to surrender.

There have been conflicting reports as to the number of prisoners taken on this occasion, but the lowest estimate — based on the reports of the Confederate officers — shows the surrender of over three thousand men. The most valuable part of the spoils, and that of which the enemy felt the loss most keenly, was the one hundred and twenty-three pieces of heavy artillery, the thirty-five field-guns, and the large quantities of small arms, ammunition, and stores of every description. The loss to the South was a severe one. A Southern writer likened the fall of the island to that of a thunder-bolt in Richmond, and said, —

"We have saved none of our cannon or munitions; we have lost our boats; our sick have been abandoned; there can be no excuse for the wretched mismanagement and infamous scenes that attended the evacuation; our transports have been scattered; the floating battery, formerly the Pelican dock at New Orleans, with sixteen heavy guns, has been set adrift. No single battlefield has yet afforded to the North such visible fruits of victory as have been gathered at Island No. 10."

Jefferson Davis' sentiments were expressed briefly but significantly by his indorsement on General Mackall's official report: —

"Read. Unsatisfactory. — J. D."

At the scene of the victory, the excitement during the 7th was intense, and was felt not only by the division in close pursuit of the enemy, but also by the divisions of Stanley and Hamilton, which followed. The next day the

joy over the surrender was unbounded. A great result had been achieved, and all shared in the general enthusiasm. When the operations of this brief campaign are fully understood, it will be difficult to find an enterprise "of equal importance carried forward to successful completion with greater despatch and as little loss in men and material."

The thanks of the War Department were tendered to Major-General Pope and his officers and soldiers, for their bravery, skill, and diligent prosecution of movements; and in "General Orders" it was directed that "the regiments and battalions of this command will inscribe on their flags, *New Madrid and Island 10.*"

SHILOH.

By GEORGE MASON.

[Read May 5, 1880.]

QUICKLY following the events of Donelson, in the memorable spring of 1862, came the occupation of Clarksville. But a few days here, and the energy of a great commander pushed us on to Nashville. Here no resistance was encountered. The thoroughly demoralized enemy was straining every nerve to get away, and to save as much as possible of his stores and ammunition. His rear-guard saw our advance enter Nashville.

It was on a bright Sunday morning that the command to which I belonged landed here, and were permitted to wander for a time through the streets of one of the most beautiful capital cities of America, and only two days before, one of the strongholds of secession. Everywhere our hearts were gladdened by seeing our old flag waving over some prominent building. But hardly a day were our feet allowed to tread the streets ere we were again pushed forward to our unknown destination.

On the 6th of March we embarked on steamers, and the early morning of the 7th saw full seventy transports ascending what to most of us was an unknown river. Up and down as far as the eye could see were steamers crowded with blue coats; and still farther, hidden by the bends of the river, we could hear the puffing and snorting and see the smoke curling upward from still other steamers. It was a glorious sight, made the more so by the knowledge that we were thirty thousand strong, and, in our own not very humble opinion, invincible. On the 12th we were at Savannah, Tennessee, where we remained three days. It was here we got the news of the fight be-

tween our gun-boats and a Rebel battery somewhere up the river, and rumor soon told us we were to go there and take possession. And we did. On a bright afternoon after a shower of rain, our transport ran her nose into the bank, and we climbed the bluff, going into camp half a mile back of the Landing. We had reached Pittsburg Landing, and there was yet to be seen the bare arm and hand of a Rebel soldier poorly buried by his comrades in their hurry to get out of the way of our gun-boats. One may hardly realize at this late day the terror these boats inspired in the minds of the enemy, and the corresponding confidence we reposed in their protecting power. It was in that desperate effort to force the fighting, and drive us from their protection, that the enemy lost the able, and possibly, had he lived, victorious leader, Albert Sidney Johnston.

To the right and left of Pittsburg Landing, far up and down the river, there was a heavy growth of timber, the great trees in many places leaning out over the water, almost ready to fall. Immediately in front of us appeared a low level stretch of hard bottom-land, a half-mile or more long, and perhaps two hundred yards wide; back of this, the bank, seventy or eighty feet high, and thickly overgrown with underbrush, with an occasional tree or stump, rose precipitately. Just above us, where a gully brought the surface water to the river, the road wound up from the Landing. Once on the bank, one could see, a little way back, a log-house, with a clearing about it of perhaps forty acres. This was, during a part of Sunday, General Grant's headquarters. Winding along in a westerly direction, the road led to Corinth. About a mile from the river a road branched off to the north, to Crump's Landing, crossing Snake Creek by a bridge about a mile from its intersection with the Corinth road. On the left, two or three roads wound their way through the timber, one going nearly due south leading to Hamburg Landing.

The ground was undulating, cut up in many places by sharp ravines, and except where an occasional clearing presented itself, was everywhere covered with dense timber, in many places so thickly grown with underbrush and young trees as to make an almost impenetrable thicket. Snake and Owl Creeks had their origin about three miles back of, and a little south of west from, the Landing; these creeks flowed north, then, bending to the northeast and east, finally emptied into the river about a mile north of the Landing. On either side of Snake Creek were low marshy lands, affording a very complete protection to our camp on the north and northwest. On the south, Lick Creek and its tributaries gave us a like protection.

The spot was well chosen. Nature had done her share in the making of an almost impregnable position. The skill and labor of man, in the erection of a few earthworks, was all that was needed. But lulled into fancied security by our numerical strength, and by the fact that Sherman had made a reconnoissance as far as Monterey, halfway to Corinth, without meeting any opposition, no special plan of defence seems to have been adopted, or even thought of, by our leaders. With a scattered and straggling front, reaching from Lick Creek on the left to Owl Creek on the right, each command seemed to have but one thought or purpose, — to get a suitable place for a camp. The result was that large gaps occurred in Sherman's command, a still larger gap between Sherman and Prentiss, and in Prentiss' division there seemed to an unpractised eye no effort at regularity. Still farther to the left, Stuart held the Hamburg road, isolated from all the rest by deep ravines and heavy timber. Behind Sherman at some little distance was camped McClernand; while near the Landing, Smith's and Hurlbut's divisions formed the reserve. Such was the position of the Union troops on the morning of April 6.

While these camps were being formed, and regiments and brigades were being assigned to place, there came to

us tidings of impending disaster. Beauregard at Corinth, twenty-three miles away, had ordered us to vacate that consecrated ground, or he would drive us into the Tennessee. Such at least, was the story Dame Rumor brought us, but it seems to have made little impression, and at our headquarters was for several days bandied about as a joke. On Friday, April 4, some of our forces had a smart skirmish with the enemy, — an accident, as it proved. A brigade of Prentiss' division was drilling in an open field with a section of artillery, when, coming a little too close to a body of Rebels, who were really the advance-guard, they could not resist the temptation to send a few shots into our ranks. Even this warning passed by unnoticed. We in the rear heard that the enemy had made a reconnoissance and retreated. It is easy to conjecture how much better able we would have been to meet them on that next Sunday morning, had even the ordinary precautions of war been taken.

But Sunday came, — one of those beautiful soft spring mornings that seem to come far too seldom in a lifetime. The trees were all in leaf, and the apple-blossoms filled the air with fragrance. Almost with the first glimmer of dawn came the rattle of musketry, and the yells of a multitude making their first attack upon Prentiss, and breaking into the sleeping camp of Sherman's men. So precipitate was the onslaught that many of the pickets failed even to fire their pieces, but broke on a run for the camp. Men and officers, as they tumbled half-dressed from their tents, found themselves fired upon in their company streets. The searching bullet found many an unfortunate in his bed, and there he slumbered on, — sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. The firing had, however, roused the camps to the left, and soon the fugitives brought the news of disaster. The long-roll was beaten in the different camps, and the sharp rattle of musketry had awakened the troops as far back as the Landing. At the headquarters of the Second Brigade of the Second

Division, the rattle of musketry, as the light breeze came and went, sounded like the escape of steam from one of the river boats.

It was now half-past five. By six o'clock we were nervously walking about, questioning every one who came along for particulars of the only news we had got, — "heavy fighting in front." I remember the anxiety with which I asked the question, "Do you think it will last long enough for us to get in?" I had not yet become satiated with war, nor had I seen much of its horrors.

By this time Sherman had succeeded in forming a line in front of the camp. Hildebrand was particularly active, and rode to and fro encouraging the men. Sherman too was everywhere. Inspired by his presence, his quickness and resource, our line was maintained for a time; the advance of the enemy was checked, and seemed to glance off and fall more heavily upon Prentiss. Pitted against him in this struggle was Hindman's division, urged on by Sidney Johnston in person, who at one moment confronted Sherman almost within pistol-shot. The check was only momentary, however. Fresh troops were poured in upon Sherman, and pushing their way into the gaps in his command, charged on his flanks and rapidly crowded him back toward the Landing. Meantime Prentiss was suffering heavily; the large gap that existed between him and Sherman had been occupied by a heavy body of the enemy, while his front was being hammered by Bragg, who had just received orders to go into action. Pushed from his position, Prentiss attempted to move to the left, and fell into the arms of Chalmers. By eight o'clock this entire division was disorganized, and had fallen back in confusion on its supports, its position being occupied by the Confederates.

By this time, McClernand had got well into the fight, and backing up the remnants of Sherman's division, was making a desperate stand. In vain Hindman's com-

mand, flushed with their victory over Sherman, hurled themselves upon him. In front of him was one of those low patches of morass which the enemy attempted to cross, and thus were exposed to a terrible fire. Charge after charge was made, only to meet a pitiless storm of shot that sent them, reeling and routed, back on their supports. The position seemed well-nigh impregnable; but Cleburne, finding better ground to our left, and supported by two brigades that had been sent to his assistance by Beauregard, pushed in across our flank and rendered the place untenable. Our artillery here seems to have been sadly deficient. The loss of many pieces, and the confused condition of what remained, was just at this time a serious misfortune.

Meantime the fighting was being carried more and more to our left, and heavy masses of the enemy were being hurled upon the extreme left of our line. Stuart was sorely pressed, and was begging for help. Our division — W. H. L. Wallace's — was divided, a portion of it having already been sent to Sherman; and now McArthur, with the Second Brigade, was ordered to Stuart's assistance. About this time an order came, "Send a regiment out on the Purdy road, to hold a bridge for Lew Wallace, who is expected from Crump's Landing." The Thirteenth Missouri was assigned to this duty, and an officer of McArthur's staff saw the regiment take the road to its position, which was supposed to be on the extreme right of our line. The remainder of our brigade — the Ninth and Twelfth Illinois, the Eighty-first Ohio, and Willard's battery — was hurried off to the left of the line, expecting to join Stuart and give him a helping hand; but taking a wrong road, we came directly upon Wither's division of the enemy. For a time it seemed as though this was providential; the enemy, finding fresh troops thundering at them, hesitated, came to a stand, then slowly gave way. But the hope was short-lived.

" It was but the rest of the fire, from which the air had been taken !
It was but the rest of the sand, when the hour-glass is not shaken !
It was but the rest of the tide, between the ebb and the flow !
It was but the rest of the wind, between the flaws that blow ! "

With fresh numbers and renewed impetuosity, they bore down upon us and compelled McArthur to fall back. In this struggle the General was wounded. One of his aids, who was riding a favorite horse, a Kentucky thoroughbred, lost him by the explosion of a shell; when the intelligence was conveyed to the General, he was concerned to know if the aid had saved the saddle. " Tell him to save the saddle; " but he did not. The neighborhood of that horse was extremely uncomfortable by this time, and the aid helped to swell the crowd that was making a break for a better place in the rear. Coming upon an Indiana regiment, — the Thirty-first, I believe, under Major Arne, — together with some other troops of Hurlbut's command, we formed a new line, on the crest of what might be called a hogback. The line had scarcely been formed when the skirmishers were again engaged, and almost immediately the firing became continuous, and told fearfully upon our ranks. Major Arne was killed while urging his regiment to recover some lost ground; and General Wallace gave up his life in this the most determined and fearful struggle of the fight. Though McArthur missed his aim in reaching Stuart, yet so vigorously did he fight that Stuart's force was saved from capture. In this second line he formed the extreme left. Between us and Stuart was Hurlbut's body of fresh troops, and to the right of us were portions of Prentiss' command, and the confused but undaunted commands of Sherman and McClernand. This line was shorter and more compact, and presented a continuous front to the enemy. Although our troops were in some places badly mixed, commands being formed of companies from different regiments, that were utterly routed as a whole, yet in their stubborn and self-reliant courage, and possibly

in their ignorance of war, oblivious of the fact that they had already been whipped, they persisted in fighting under any leader that would take them in. It was this pure grit of the Western soldier that made it possible for our commander to say, "I have not despaired of whipping them yet."

To our position (W. H. L. Wallace's) the enemy seemed to devote all his energy. Brigade after brigade was hurled at us; but protected by the nature of the ground, and to some extent by logs and felled trees, with batteries advanced a little on either flank, we poured into their ranks such a terrible storm as no living thing could withstand. Four times our position was charged, but without avail. Meantime some impression had been made on Stuart, and his line had given way, but slowly and in good order, turning, as it were, upon a pivot, the extreme left falling back until almost at right angles with the river, and not far from the Landing, while Hurlbut's right stood firm as a rock, except as he moved from time to time to correct his alignment. Every attempt of the enemy to dislodge him was met by a storm of shot and shell and sheets of musketry-fire that covered the ground with the dead and dying. At length Sidney Johnston in person led the charge that broke this line, and compelled us once more to fall back to the last line we could have made to save Pittsburg Landing. Colonel Webster had brought the Illinois battery of thirty-two-pounders to bear upon the enemy, together with many light field-pieces. Some infantry had been got together from the fragments of regiments, and swelled the number that had fallen back from the second line, until we still presented a bold and determined front, if not a very coherent one. Nothing daunted, two brigades of the enemy, under Chalmers and Jackson, desperately charged up the hill, but were checked and held at bay. Tenaciously clinging to everything that furnished shelter, they held their own for a time, hoping for assistance; but none came. Already

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orders had been carried to the commands along the line to withdraw from the fight, and they were left apparently to shift for themselves. At last, finding that they were being mercilessly slaughtered, they broke up, retiring in confusion.

It was now nearly six o'clock, and the fighting had assumed a desultory character, the enemy contenting themselves with shelling our camps. All parties anxiously prayed for nightfall. But ere the sun went down, a glad sight cheered us. The head of Buell's army came trudging up the bluff, and filling the road, moved out and took their places in front. Lew Wallace came in on the Crump's Landing road, bringing eight thousand fresh troops, eager for the fray. Then we, tired, thirsty, and hungry, began looking about for something to eat. Our own camps, the Second Brigade, Second Division, were still intact; and the Ninth and Twelfth Illinois regiments went to their camps and began to prepare some coffee, and snatch a mouthful of food, — the first since early morning. Yet we were still in imminent danger. In Company K's quarters of the Twelfth Illinois, a number of the boys were gathered around a barrel of hard-tack, when a shell from the enemy's guns exploded in their midst, instantly killing three men. In the Ninth Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips, who had been under heavy fire all day without receiving a scratch, had his hand and arm shattered in one of the company streets. The loss of the Ninth and Twelfth Illinois, which fought side by side all day, was 82 killed, 373 wounded, and 16 missing, in this first day's battle.

Our gun-boats rendered great assistance during the latter part of the day, and all night they kept up at regular intervals the heavy boom of their big guns. The scream of the shell, and the crash as it went through the branches of the great forest, gave us its direction. Huge limbs were lopped at times, and fell with a crash that boded no good to those who slept beneath. The heavy

missiles still sped on over our heads and into the camp beyond, carrying terror to our foes, but a glad, exultant feeling to our own tired and anxious hearts. To add to the discomforts of the night, it rained; and the wind, with a sough so solemn that it filled the heart with dire foreboding, shook from the leaves and branches great showers of rain.

But the night passed away, and the morning of the 7th found us ready to take the aggressive. A new line had been formed, and a new army was ready to take the lead in an effort to recover the ground lost the day before. The main battle began about nine o'clock in the morning, and ended about four o'clock in the afternoon. On this field was to be seen the most splendid fighting ever seen on this continent. Our artillery was admirably worked, and the infantry ably supported the artillery. The manœuvring was splendid. The enemy were driven inch by inch. They seldom regained anything they had lost; still, they fought desperately at times, until by four o'clock they were in full retreat and the victory was ours. It was my good-fortune to serve immediately on the left of the Eighteenth United States Regulars, and their perfect discipline and regular movements lifted a load from our breasts, and filled us with a confidence we had well-nigh lost the day before. Every advance was stubbornly resisted; every charge was met by a counter-charge; and though the lines shifted forward and back, yet every returning charge carried us farther along toward the camps we had lost, then through them and beyond, until McCook's division, that had marched twenty-two miles the day before, and stood in the streets of Savannah all night of the 6th, was at nightfall beyond our farthest camp of Saturday night.

Aside from the geographical position of Shiloh, and its importance as a strategical point, two things conspired to make this battle one of the most desperate contests of this or any other war. General Grant's victory at Donel-

son had put his name on every lip in no mean stint of praise. A new and enlarged field of operations had been given him, and he had fixed his eyes on Corinth, and begun the movement in that direction, when an order from Halleck directed him to turn over his forces to General Charles F. Smith, his junior in rank. Grant's mortification caused him to ask that he be relieved entirely; but the clamor of the people and the press, and outspoken condemnation from the soldiers, caused Halleck to restore him to command. It was necessary, under these circumstances, that he should again win, or his star would suddenly go out forever. On the other hand, these very victories of General Grant were reverses to Sidney Johnston, and he was censured on all sides. Charged with the loss of Donelson, Nashville, Bowling Green, and Columbus, derided on the floor of the Confederate Congress, accused by the press of incompetency, distrusted by the soldiers of his command to such an extent that the volunteer made it a point that no service should be required of him under General Johnston, *he* knew, if any man did, that his vindication lay in either victory or death on the first field of battle that should command his presence. We can speculate on what might have been had he lived yet another day.

Singularly, the losses in the two armies were very nearly equal. Our killed were 1,735; the Confederate killed, 1,728. Our wounded were 7,882; the Rebel wounded, 8,012. We lost about 3,000 more prisoners than they. The total casualties were 24,272.

Our division commander was Charles F. Smith. Beloved by his whole command, a graduate of and instructor at West Point, he rivalled the commanding general himself in the confidence of his men. It was even said that Grant relied on him for advice and counsel; but he lay sick unto death at the Landing, and W. H. L. Wallace assumed command. Brave, determined, anxious to do honor to the trust confided him,

he lost his life. The next in rank was General John McArthur; but ere he could assume command of the division, he fell, sorely wounded. The command then devolved on Colonel J. W. Tuttle, who retained his position throughout the rest of the battle. Colonel Crafts J. Wright, of the Thirteenth Missouri, was his senior in rank; but, as we have seen, he had been detached and was bravely doing his part under Sherman. After General McArthur's fall, our brigade was commanded by Colonel August Mersey, of the Ninth Illinois. He too was wounded on Sunday, but remained on the field all day. Colonel Chetlain commanded the Twelfth Illinois until disabled by a fall from his horse, when Major Hugunin took command and kept it during the rest of the engagement.

We were under arms all day Tuesday, but no fighting was done. Burial parties were organized, however, and all this day and Wednesday, and for several days after, the work of burying the dead absorbed our almost entire attention.

"HERE HE LIES"

was all that remained to tell of the ambition and the glory of many a man whose heart had throbbed and bounded with pride but a few days before.

> "When all is past, it is humbling to tread
> O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
> And see worms of the earth and fowls of the air,
> Ants from the hills, all gathering there, —
> All regarding man as their prey,
> All rejoicing in his decay."

THE "IFS AND BUTS" OF SHILOH.

By ALFRED T. ANDREAS.

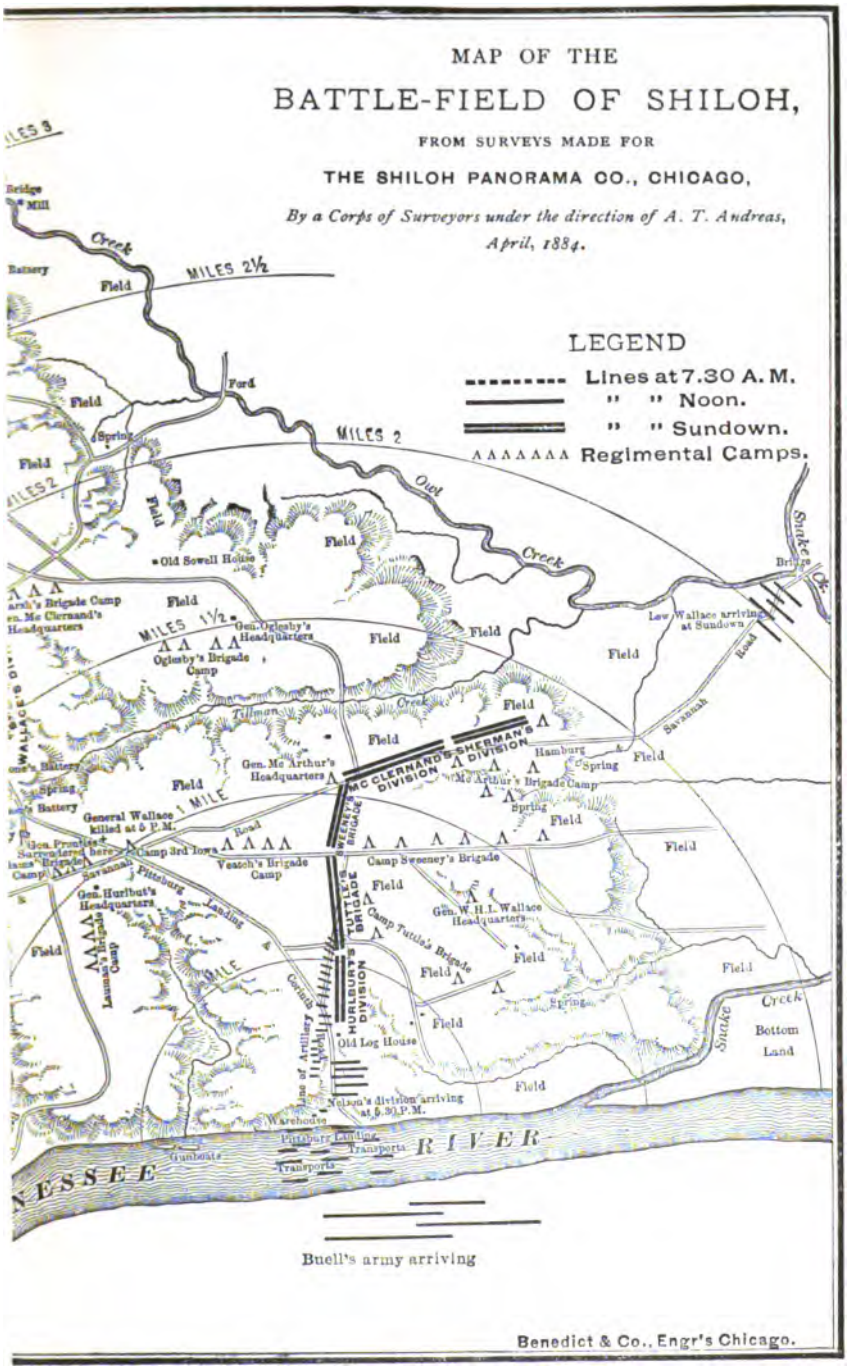
[Read May 12, 1887.]

ONE year after the firing of the first gun of the Rebellion, and more than a quarter of a century ago, in the wilds of Tennessee was fought one of the decisive battles of our Civil War, and one of the bloodiest in all history, — the battle of Shiloh.

The Union Army, flushed with the victories of a few weeks before at Forts Henry and Donelson, and by the fall of Nashville, had ascended the Tennessee River, and encamped, nearly fifty thousand strong, on its banks at Pittsburg Landing, in the very heart of the enemy's country, in a semi-wilderness, there to recuperate, to organize, and to concentrate a large army, intending, when ready, to move on Corinth, Mississippi, twenty-one miles distant, where the Confederates were known to be rapidly massing their forces.

The battle of Shiloh began Sunday morning, April 5, 1862. Nineteen days before that date General Sherman's division of raw troops, fresh from Northern camps, disembarked at Pittsburg Landing, and pitched their camp nearly three miles out, on the main road to Corinth. Immediately following were the older divisions of McClernand, Hurlbut, and Smith (Smith's division was then under command of General W. H. L. Wallace), which selected their camping-grounds nearer the Landing. Stuart's brigade of Sherman's division was sent up the river about three miles, to cover the extreme left. General Grant's headquarters were at Savannah down the river about eleven miles, on the opposite or eastern side. General Lew Wallace's division was at Crump's Landing, about

N
MILES 3½
MILES 3
MILES 2½
Wininghams
Hospital
Howell Farm
Field
Cotton Gin
Battle commenced here at 5.14 A.M.
Pittsburg Landing
Corinth
Shiloh Church
Shiloh Spring
Gen. McDowell's Headquarters
Gen. Sherman's Headquarters
Sherman's Division
McClernand's Division
Hildebrand's Brigade
Stuart's Brigade
Sweeny's Brigade
Taylor's Battery
Waterhouse's Battery
Appler's Camp
Munch's Battery
Hickenlooper's Battery
Prentiss' Division
Prentiss' Headquarters
Hawk's Nest
Rose Field
Walker's Battery
Hornet's Nest
Myers' Battery abandoned
Peach Orchard Field
Mann's Battery
Willard's Battery
General Johnston killed at 2.30 P.M.
Hamburg
Gen Stuart's Headquarters
Stuart's Brigade Camp
Hamburg
McArthur's Brigade
Duncan Field
Review Field
Timbered
Dill's Bayou
Lick Creek
Crock
Field
TEN
Bark Road
Pittsburg Landing
Line of Battle formed at 4.30 o'clock P. M. April 6th.
Gladden's Confederate line of Battle formed at 8 o'clock P. M. April 6th.
Harder's Confederate line of Battle formed at 7 P.M. April 6th.


MAP OF THE
BATTLE-FIELD OF SHILOH,
FROM SURVEYS MADE FOR
THE SHILOH PANORAMA CO., CHICAGO,
By a Corps of Surveyors under the direction of A. T. Andreas,
April, 1884.
LEGEND
Lines at 7.30 A.M.
" " Noon.
" " Sundown.
Regimental Camps.
MILES 2½
MILES 2
MILES 1½
1 MILE
Creek
Field
Ford
Spring
Old Sowell House
Gen. Oglesby's Headquarters
Oglesby's Brigade Camp
Tillman
Gen. Mc Arthur's Headquarters
McCLERNAND'S DIVISION
SHERMAN'S DIVISION
Mc Arthur's Brigade Camp
Hamburg
General Wallace killed at 5 P.M.
Camp 3rd Iowa
Veatch's Brigade Camp
Camp Sweeney's Brigade
Gen. Hurlbut's Headquarters
Lauman's Brigade Camp
Pittsburg Landing
Gen. W. H. L. Wallace Headquarters
Camp Tuttle's Brigade
HURLBUT'S DIVISION
Old Log House
Line of Artillery
Nelson's division arriving at 5.30 P.M.
Warehouse
Pittsburg Landing
Transports
Gunboats
RIVER
Lew Wallace arriving at Sundown
Savannah Road
Snake Creek
Bottom Land
Buell's army arriving
Benedict & Co., Engr's Chicago.

midway between Savannah and Pittsburg Landing, in order to protect communications between the headquarters of the general of the army and his command.

General Prentiss was given the new troops that were to arrive, which he was to form into a division for himself. Eight days before the battle, he selected a camping-ground about three miles out, and nearly a mile to the left of Sherman's division; and so little was the enemy feared, that Prentiss that night slept out there in the woods, alone and unguarded, attended only by his orderly and negro cook.

I think I can say, without much exaggeration, taking everything into consideration, that our army at Pittsburg Landing was camped, distributed, and guarded with as little thought of danger from the enemy as though that great camping-ground had been situated in the State of Illinois. At that very time, the commander of this army was almost daily informing his superiors that the Rebels were pouring into Corinth until they greatly outnumbered him. Yet only eighteen miles — a day's march, over almost unguarded roads, through a sparsely settled region, every inhabitant a Rebel and a spy — was the distance between that large army of desperate Confederates and two divisions of our men who could hardly as yet be called soldiers.

It is my duty to give the facts as I find them; and while space will not permit me, in this paper, to produce all my proofs, yet I will not make one assertion that cannot be proved by the best of evidence; and I hold myself ready at any and all times to substantiate every statement I may here make.

The most unpleasant part of my task is that I am compelled to point out what are now universally conceded to have been oversights and errors in judgment on the part of generals we have since learned to idolize. So near our hearts have they ingratiated themselves, by deeds of valor and good generalship and good fellowship since

their mistakes of Shiloh, that we have shut our eyes and deafened our ears to everything they ever may have done that could cast a reflection on any part of their career, and have made ourselves believe that every act of their lives was as it should have been, and all for the best. We cannot find infallibility in mortal man. "To err is human," and we know that those who have attained the top of the ladder of fame did not reach it at a single bound, but made many falls while struggling on the lower rounds, and those who have found the ascent the most difficult have been the most certain to remain at its summit when reached.

Our generals were struggling with the theories of war; and it was necessary, as it now seems, that they should at Shiloh go through the red-hot, boiling, seething caldron of disaster, which should be such a bitter experience that forever after no enemy caught them napping or found them unprepared for any emergency; but they pushed the war vigorously day and night, summer and winter, until those two generals who in 1862 were surprised at Shiloh dictated the terms of the surrender of the Confederate armies in Virginia and North Carolina in 1865.

It would be much pleasanter for me to endeavor to win applause by praising to the very skies the many great things those heroes did, than to invite censure for myself by pointing out, for the sake of truthful history, the instances in which they disregarded the simplest laws of warfare, and thus came within a hair's-breadth of causing us to lose a great battle, a great army, and the Valley of the Mississippi. We cannot to-day comprehend how near Beauregard came to fulfilling his prediction that he would that night water his horse in the Tennessee River. Had he been able to do so, what could have prevented, within a month, his watering his horse in the Ohio River?

Let us for a moment turn our attention to the Confederate side of the field.

Their repeated disasters in the West had caused them to concentrate at Corinth every available force, to secure, if possible, one decided victory, in order to inspire confidence, encourage enlistments, and stop the clamor that was raised all over the South against their generals (especially Albert Sidney Johnston), who were held responsible for their many, and, as was claimed, unnecessary defeats. On Wednesday, four days before the battle, we find an army at Corinth of 49,444 present for duty. General Albert Sidney Johnston was in command, and General Beauregard second in command, with Generals Polk, Bragg, Hardee, and Breckenridge each commanding a corps. Van Dorn was on his way from Arkansas with about fifteen thousand men; but high water had delayed him from reaching Corinth, as expected. On Wednesday evening, the 2d, about nine o'clock, General Johnston learned that Buell's army was marching from Nashville toward Pittsburg Landing. He determined to advance immediately on Grant's army, and crush it before Buell could join him. The next morning the Confederate Army awakened to find orders to be ready to move, and that afternoon most of them were marching in the direction of the Tennessee River. They had reliable information that Grant's army was scattered over an area of three miles square, and that not more than one mile of the three miles' front was covered by our troops. No earthworks had been thrown up, — in fact, nothing done beyond the usual throwing out of pickets about a mile, to give warning in case of danger. Owing to these facts, it was decided to march stealthily, and if possible to surprise the unprepared army. Orders were given to do nothing that would apprise the Union Army of this movement. The Confederates expected to consume Thursday and Friday in making the sixteen miles to the place where their line of battle was to be formed. But heavy rains, bad roads, and confusion in moving such a large army so delayed them that their advance

did not reach the place designed until Saturday, about 10 A. M. Their line of battle, more than two miles long and covering almost our entire front, was formed one and one half miles from Sherman's and Prentiss' divisions, at 3 P. M. The attack would have commenced about 4 P. M. had not a road been blockaded, so that a part of Bragg's corps did not get into position until six o'clock, and Breckenridge's reserves were not even at that hour within supporting distance. They therefore reluctantly abandoned the thought of beginning the battle that night.

Let us now for another moment imagine the time to be sunset Saturday night, and take a view of the scene in the Union camp. We find the usual humdrum monotony, the duties and pastimes of a soldier's life. Until the rank of commander of a regiment is obtained, the soldier is necessarily a machine. It is specified when he shall move and when he shall not move, when he can speak and when he cannot speak, when he shall eat and what he shall eat, when to go to his bed and when to get up from it. He is penned up in a little sphere, and knows scarcely anything beyond it. He has signed away, in blank, to his country, his services for years; and his life, if called for, at any moment. He is nothing, knows nothing. The generals are all, and are expected to know all.

Thus, General Grant as commander of that army, and General Sherman as commander of the advance camps, and of the country between them and the enemy, had 49,232 of those soldiers present for duty at that hour. Having in their keeping the lives of such a great body of self-sacrificing men, with no voice as to their own security, it was the simple and imperative duty of these generals to allow no enemy to steal upon them in a night, as it would be the duty of a mother to guard and protect her helpless children.

Yet about this hour General Sherman was sending to General Grant this despatch,—

"All is quiet along my lines. The enemy has cavalry in our front. I think there are also two regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery about two miles out. Will send you ten prisoners. I have no doubt that nothing will occur more than picket firing. The enemy is saucy, but we got the best of them yesterday, and they will not press our pickets far. I will not be drawn out far unless with certainty of advantage, and I do not apprehend anything like an attack upon our position."

At this very moment, when General Sherman was resting in such easy security, the whole Confederate Army was formed in line of battle just a mile and a half in his front. General Sherman and every other officer and enlisted man in that camp closed their eyes in sleep that night with as little sense of danger from the Rebel hordes as they would have had at their homes in the North, behind bolted doors, from the midnight assassin.

The Confederate generals held a council of war an hour before, within a trifle less than two miles from General Sherman's tent. General Johnston explained the situation, and asked the judgment of his officers. It seems that all were rather non-committal, excepting Polk, who said he was out of provisions; but none advised a retrograde movement, until it came to Beauregard's turn, — which, on account of his rank, was the last. He vigorously proposed withdrawal, because, as he said, "This whole movement is based on surprising the enemy and destroying such a portion of them before they can recover themselves, or get assistance, as will allow us to easily cope with the balance. But we captured two scouting parties, and brought on yesterday quite an engagement; and now when we reach there in the morning we will find them intrenched to their eyes, and success will be almost hopeless." General Johnston very abruptly ended the conference by saying that "defeat is preferable to retreat; the rations are over there [pointing toward our camp]; we will fight them in the morning."

General Prentiss, on his return from captivity, made his official report. In it he says, —

"Saturday evening, pursuant to instructions received when I was assigned to duty with the Army of the Tennessee, the usual advance-guard was posted; and in view of information received from the commandant thereof I sent forward five companies of the Twenty-fifth Missouri and five companies of the Twenty-first Missouri, under command of Colonel David Moore of the Twenty-first. I also, after consultation with Colonel Stuart, sent to the left one company of the Eighteenth Wisconsin. At about seven o'clock the same evening, Colonel Moore returned, reported some activity in the front, an evident reconnoissance of cavalry. This information received, I proceeded to strengthen the guard stationed on the Corinth road, extending the picket lines to the front, a distance of a mile and a half, at the same time extending and doubling the lines of the grand guard. At three o'clock on the morning of Sunday, April 6, Colonel Moore, with five companies of his regiment, proceeded to the front, and at break of day the advance pickets were driven in, whereupon Colonel Moore pushed forward and engaged the enemies' advance."

This movement to discover marauding parties of the enemy struck their pickets at 5.14 A. M., less than two miles in advance of Sherman's front, and brought on the battle. Colonel Moore then sent for the remainder of his regiment, which went to him. Prentiss soon had out his whole command, and marching in line of battle, encountered the enemy a quarter of a mile in front of his camp. Here he made a desperate stand of nearly an hour, when, being overpowered and flanked, he retreated to his color line, on which he made another stand, but soon had to give way again, on account of the same reasons, and the loss of one fourth of his command. With what he could collect of his disorganized forces, he fell back a mile and joined Hurlbut's right, at what is known as the "Hornet's Nest," and there he stood like a stone wall until 5 P. M., when he was surrounded,

and, with those who had remained about him, was made prisoner.

Sherman's advance brigade under Hildebrand was not reached until 7 A. M., because Moore's fight had drawn the enemy toward Prentiss' camp; but when they were struck, as General Sherman himself says, "They broke at the first fire, and disappeared from the field for the day." McClernand came into the breach. Hurlbut had taken position in the peach-orchard field, half a mile to the left of McClernand. Tuttle's brigade of Wallace's division, with Prentiss, partially filled the gap. There was then three quarters of a mile between Hurlbut's left and Stuart. McArthur took two of his regiments in there; he sent two regiments to guard fords on Snake Creek, and one straggled out to Sherman. Hurlbut sent Veitche's brigade to fill the gap between McClernand and Sherman. Sweeny's brigade was scattered all over the field. One regiment was sent off to the left of McArthur, another was placed between Prentiss and Tuttle, another was sent to the right of Tuttle, one was kept in reserve protecting heavy artillery, and two went to the right of McClernand. Wallace's division was scattered from the right to the left; the most he had in any one place was four regiments. Sherman had two brigades, Hurlbut two, Prentiss fragments of six regiments (about twelve hundred men), and McClernand was the only commander who had his division together.

I fear this description lacks clearness, but I want to give an idea how little our army was prepared for a battle, and what confusion there was in forming a line when attacked, in order that full credit may be given to the bravery of those regiments that achieved a victory under such adverse circumstances. There is more truth than wit in Colonel Shaw's remark that "they outgeneralled us, but we outcolonelled them." This scattering of divisions and brigades was caused by those in front sending back for support to their flanks. When General Grant

arrived at Pittsburg Landing, at nine o'clock, his whole army was in a single line of battle two miles long, with several gaps, and one regiment in reserve. I saw him when he was about half a mile from the Landing. He was riding along leisurely toward the front, and the road was lined with fleeing and frightened men from Sherman's and Prentiss' divisions, who were running away that they might "live to fight some other day," — which they did. General Sherman says in his "Memoirs" that those regiments that showed such cowardice at Shiloh were among his best regiments in after battles.

It is not my purpose here to go into the details of the battle. Most persons are familiar with the general facts. Suffice it to say that our regiments fought wherever and whenever attacked, and, fighting from behind logs and trees and from ridge to ridge, sunset found them clustered around Pittsburg Landing, with thirty per cent of their number killed, wounded, or prisoners. The enemy gave up the struggle for the day from sheer exhaustion. Prentiss and about three thousand men were at Shiloh Church, prisoners of war. General W. H. L. Wallace was killed in the last retreat at five o'clock. Buell's advance arrived just before sundown, but not in time to render any assistance, for the order to stop the fight had been given by Beauregard just about the moment they were disembarking. General Lew Wallace's division arrived just as the battle ceased.

No great battle was ever fought under such peculiar circumstances; no battle ever had so much history, and of no battle was so little truth known after it was over. No one man knew much more of the battle of Shiloh than what was going on within the reach of his vision. All was ignorance before the battle; all was confusion during the battle; all was conjecture and rumor after the battle. It was fought in the woods; and when the carnage ceased, attention was given exclusively to getting back to our pillaged camps, replacing what the enemy

had carried off or destroyed, and to burying the thirty-two hundred killed, and caring for the fourteen thousand six hundred wounded.

The newspaper reporters were in the rear, — the most of them two hundred miles; and it was there they gathered the details of the fight. When wounded men and nurses and steamboat men reached the Ohio River, they became food for reporters, each of whom wanted the biggest yarn. The more magnified the incidents, the better the items. And in that way the history of Shiloh, through the press, went out to the world.

It was at Shiloh as at most of our battles. We waited until the arrival of newspapers from the North to learn what we had ourselves done.

When we read that the divisions of Sherman and Prentiss had been pounced upon in their beds; that General Sherman's horses were shot, tied in front of his tent, before he could mount one of them; that he had been driven into the woods, shoeless, hatless, coatless; that Prentiss was captured before breakfast; that Wallace was killed in the forenoon, and thousands of such absurd stories, — we believed them. I know that I accepted most of them, without question, for nearly twenty years. Several papers on the battle of Shiloh have been read before military organizations, by officers who had commands or were on staff duty; and, as I remember, they all repeat, more or less, these false statements.

Officers having commands were required by army regulations to make reports of the part their commands took in an action. Three hundred and thirty of these reports of the battle of Shiloh, mostly made immediately after the battle, were published by the Government, in Volume X. of "Rebellion Records of Union and Confederate Armies," 1882, only seven years ago. Since these reports have appeared, and one can combine the knowledge there given by three hundred and thirty officers having commands, the battle has been fought

over again; its fury has raged all along the line; but the voice has been substituted for the roar of artillery, the pen for bullets, ink for blood.

I now come to my subject proper, — The "Ifs and Buts" of Shiloh.

If our army had not been delayed by bad roads and rains, and we could have begun the battle on Saturday morning according to our plans, we should have driven Grant's army into the Tennessee River before Buell could have gotten to his relief — say the Confederates.

But the answer to that is, General Johnston undertook an almost impossible task when he expected to awaken on Thursday morning such a large army of mostly new troops, not well organized, and to take them such a distance, over such a country and such roads, and have them in line of battle the next night. He did not count upon one of the many emergencies which might, and almost surely would, arise to defeat his plans. Of course Grant and Sherman were aware of all these obstacles, and thus felt secure. They knew the composition of Johnston's army, and that he could not be in condition for an offensive movement, especially while the roads were bad and rains falling.

But if the battle had begun Saturday morning, it is fair to presume that the situation would have been the same on Saturday night that it was on the next night. With General Lew Wallace's division of seven thousand veterans, Grant would have had more men in action the next day than Beauregard. Beauregard's army was hungry and badly clothed; so a large per cent of them stuffed their stomachs with the good things they found in our five captured camps, loaded themselves with plunder, and protected by the woods, started for Corinth, not to return for that battle. Our stragglers, when they reached the river, found no transportation; they could not get out of our lines in that direction, and dared not in the other. If their presence had been necessary, that night

would have been consumed in getting them back to their places for the next day's battle, in which case our army would have outnumbered Beauregard's by at least ten thousand.

If, the Confederates assert, Johnston had not been killed, victory would have been theirs; for after his death the battle practically ceased for nearly two hours.

But from the reports on both sides one can see that by one o'clock their onslaughts had lost force, — that the Southern dash was giving way to Northern firmness. For an hour before Johnston was killed, there was a lull all along the line, caused by their exhaustion and by their generally disorganized condition and lack of cohesion. At the hour General Johnston was killed, he had lost control of the battle. It had reached a stage when every officer having a command acted on his own responsibility.

But, had Johnston not been killed, he would undoubtedly have made another attempt to take Pittsburg Landing about sundown. It is doubtful if he could have mustered a sufficient force for any very formidable charge, but if he had been able to do so, one discharge from the line of artillery, placed there by General Webster, would have turned back any force he could have mustered. From their reports one can read between the lines that the fight was "knocked out of them." Every man wanted to rest, and let the other fellows do the fighting.

The greatest mistake they made was that their plan of battle was to crush our left, which was well protected by deep ravines and back water. Our left was held by Hurlbut with his two brigades, McArthur with three regiments, and Stuart with two regiments; and never was a better fight made against vastly superior numbers. Those thirteen regiments held their ground until 12.30 o'clock, when Stuart and McArthur were swept from

the field. Hurlbut then sent his right brigade to his left, extending it as far as he could, and fell back, fighting over every inch of the ground. At 2.30 General Albert Sidney Johnston, the commander of the Confederate Army, fell in front of the Thirty-second Illinois Infantry of Hurlbut's division, on the very ground where the Ninth Illinois Infantry of McArthur's brigade had fought all the forenoon, and had lost sixty-one killed and two hundred and eighty-seven wounded out of less than six hundred engaged, — fifty-eight per cent. Of twenty-six officers, only five came off unharmed. Those thirteen regiments lost thirty-seven killed and wounded out of every one hundred engaged, and four of them bore the heaviest losses of the day on the Union side. These figures from the official reports, which cannot be disputed, are taken to correct the error in General Grant's article on Shiloh in the "Century Magazine," and in his book, where it is stated that the heaviest losses were in General Sherman's command.

If General Sherman, when, on Friday, his (Buckland's) brigade encountered such a formidable force three miles out, composed, as Sherman said in his report that night to General Grant, "of cavalry, artillery, and infantry," had kept that brigade out there, and developed the magnitude of the movement, or had "pumped" some of those prisoners he had captured, what would have been the result? He would have found that the whole Rebel Army was coming down on him like an avalanche. By Sunday morning, defences would have been thrown up, our troops would have been in line prepared for an attack, and it is doubtful if the battle would have lasted until noon. General Sherman, in his evidence before the Worthington Court-martial, said, —

"We knew we had the elements of an army in our front, but did not know its strength or destination. The guard was strengthened, and as night came on we returned to camp, and not a man in camp but knew we had an enemy to the front

before we slept that night. But even I had to guess its purpose."

In his "Memoirs," he says, —

"I always acted on the supposition that we were an invading army. We did not fortify our camps against an attack, because we had no orders to do so, and because such a course would have made raw men timid. At a later period of the war we would have rendered that position impregnable in a night; but at this time we did not do it, and maybe it is well we did not."

In his evidence in the Worthington Court-martial, again he says, —

"The fact is, I regarded the campaign we were engaged in as an offensive one, and had no idea that the enemy would leave their strong intrenchments to take the initiative, when he knew he would be attacked where he was if he remained."

And again, in his official report, —

"About eight o'clock [he should have said seven], I saw the glistening bayonets of heavy masses of infantry to our left front in the woods beyond the little stream alluded to, and became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack on our whole camp."

This is not all the evidence of this kind that General Sherman has given to the world; yet he allows the impression to prevail universally that he contends he was not surprised. It seems to me the facts show that he was either surprised, which was a mistake in judgment, or that he knew of the enemy coming, and did not make the usual military preparations for defence, and thus placed in jeopardy a great army.

General Grant at Savannah, hearing the sounds of battle, proceeded on his boat to Pittsburg Landing. Some of General Buell's forces had arrived at Savannah the night before. So little had General Halleck, at St. Louis, expected an attack, from the information he had

received from General Grant, that he had ordered General Buell not to go to Savannah, but to stop at Waynesboro, about fifty miles back. *But* luckily Buell did not get that order.

General Grant, on his way to Pittsburg Landing, stopped at Crump's Landing long enough to order General Wallace to be ready to move; for at this time he did not think he had a great battle on his hands. But on arriving he was met by hundreds of fleeing, panic-stricken soldiers from Sherman's division. He then sent an aid back to Lew Wallace, with orders to move up his division.

General Grant arrived on the field too late to have any voice in the distribution of the troops. They were out in the woods in line of battle, pretty much as chance placed them. Twice that day he saw Sherman, and once Hurlbut and Prentiss. He did not see McClernand. He spent about all the day at the Landing, waiting for Lew Wallace and Buell. General Wallace was six miles away, with three veteran brigades. He marched out toward the sound of battle, intending to cross at a ford on Sherman's right. When at 2.30 he had not arrived, General Grant sent Colonels McPherson and Rawlins (afterward generals) to hurry him up with all haste to Pittsburg Landing. General Wallace, having marched six miles in the wrong direction, had to retrace his steps, and by the time he arrived in sight of the battlefield, the engagement was over for the day.

In my judgment no greater opportunity ever presented itself to any man to mount the topmost pinnacle of fame at one bound, than was given to General Lew Wallace on that day. Had he reached that battlefield in time to have made one charge, to him would have been given the credit of snatching victory out of the very jaws of defeat, of saving that army, and to him would have been given the crown. At this time the nation was looking for a hero; and he, a man of fine presence, of rare ability, a

born gentleman, a natural soldier, within a month would have been in command of that army. He would have been the soldier of the Rebellion. He would have been "the man of destiny."

If General Lew Wallace had arrived, the whole tide of battle must have been changed. It was General Grant's purpose to have moved him out on the main Corinth road. If that large division of veteran troops had entered the contest at that point, which we now know to have been the enemy's weakest, it would have broken his line, thus relieving the pressure on McClernand and Sherman, preventing the capture of Prentiss with 2,200 men, and saving the life of General W. H. L. Wallace.

I think it is now generally conceded by students of this battle that *but* for the foresight of General Prentiss in sending out Colonel Moore on Sunday morning so very early, the Rebels would have reached Sherman's and Prentiss' camp before six o'clock, their approach would hardly have been known, and the results must have been far more disastrous. It is also conceded that the heroic fight made by Prentiss at six o'clock, in advance of his camps, was the most important event in the battle. He checked the enemy for more than an hour, and their heavy infantry and artillery firing made it so plain to the rest of the army that a battle was unexpectedly upon them that they moved to the sound of it, without orders.

If Buell had not arrived that day, it would have made no difference in the situation, because Beauregard's order had gone out to cease fighting.

But if Buell had reached the field in time to have checked the enemy's advance, he would have prevented the capture of Prentiss and have changed more or less the results of the day.

It has been necessary for me to seem a little severe on my favorite general of the war, "Old Tecumseh," as his boys call him. But to write of Shiloh without criticising the "old war-horse" would be like giving the play

of "'Hamlet,' with Hamlet left out." We can comfort ourselves with the thought that he has enjoyed these criticisms, and has struck back vigorously, always getting in the last blow. Sherman was one of the few geniuses of the war. A great thinker, always planning, never idle, he gave his enemy no rest. Clear-headed, with great foresight, always grasping the situation, he dealt telling blows. He took many hazards. When he cast the die, he boldly took the consequences. His idea of war was *strategy*. He counted every life in his keeping as though it was of his own kindred. There will never be another "Sherman's March to the Sea." No one man put as much vitality and exertion into the war as did our old commander. And in the long course of time few men's acts will cover more pages of history than his. *But* it remains true that he was outgeneralled before Shiloh. His opponent planned his destruction almost within his hearing, and without arousing him from his slumbers. There is one cloud on his horizon, one blot on his escutcheon, — he was surprised at Shiloh.

As to that other great general, he whom we so much reverence that when his name is mentioned we almost instinctively bow the head, — GRANT, — born with us, raised with us, entering the war with us, he graduated in our Western army, won his stars under our banners, and only left us to take the greatest command that ever fell to the lot of man. When there was no more war, he received civil distinction as great as ever fell to mortal man. *But* he made the great mistake of his military life at Shiloh. He had no idea there was going to be a battle, and he was not prepared for a battle. I have often wondered what could have been his thoughts when, on that fatal afternoon, his magnificent army came retreating back to Pittsburg Landing, shattered, decimated, and demoralized. He could almost hear the victorious Rebel yell. The air was filled with the missiles of death. Chaos reigned! All was anxiety; all was uncertainty.

No tidings from Wallace. Methinks his thought must have been, "Would to God that night, or Buell, would come!"

Grant was the general in command at Shiloh; but he did not give an order that moved a division, a brigade, or a regiment that day.

This battle was fought by the Army of the Tennessee, composed of the hardy, intelligent, determined sons of the great West, who, when their country was in peril dropped the avocations of peace, leaving behind all that was near and dear to them, — the pleasures of home, the comforts that plenty brings, the companionship of their families and dear ones, — and volunteered to become soldiers, with all the privations, hardships, and dangers that step implies. That army has a record such as the world has never seen. Fighting the victorious battle of Wilson's Creek in Missouri at the very beginning of the war, it fought at its very close the battle of Bentonville in North Carolina, with more than a hundred between, and every one a victory. After the many battles, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, from the Ohio to the Gulf, when the smoke of the conflict cleared away, the battlefield was theirs; they buried, not only their own dead, but also those of the enemy.

THE MERRIMAC AND THE MONITOR.

By ISRAEL N. STILES.

[Read April 5, 1885.]

THE great battle between the two iron-clads — the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" — was fought in Hampton Roads Sunday, March 9, 1862. It was witnessed by the Union troops at Newport News, and by the Confederates across the bay at Ragged Island. Several accounts of this great contest have been lately printed, written by actual participants in the fight. My own narrative will be confined to such incidents as came under my own observation from on shore at Newport News.

I was at that time an officer of the Twentieth Indiana Volunteer Infantry. On the 8th of March, at about one o'clock P. M., the long-roll sounded, and the cry ran through the camp, "The 'Merrimac' is coming." She was now about five or six miles away, and looked very like a house submerged to the eaves, borne onward by a flood. We had been expecting her for some weeks. Our position was strongly fortified; we had heavy guns commanding our front; and we thought we were ready to receive her becomingly should she come within our range. Near by and at anchor were two of our largest sailing frigates, the "Congress" and "Cumberland," carrying fifty and thirty guns respectively. They also were ready, prepared as well as wooden ships could be to contend with an iron-clad. A few miles away were also the Union frigates "Minnesota," "Roanoke," and "St. Lawrence," and several gun-boats.

The "Merrimac" moved very slowly, accompanied by the "Beaufort" and "Raleigh," two small boats carrying

one gun each. Not until she fired her first gun was there any outward sign of life on board, or of any armament, although she bore a crew of three hundred, and carried ten heavy guns. She had practically no visible deck; her crew were somewhere under her roof, but out of sight; her gun-ports were covered by hinged lids, which were raised only when her guns were brought forward for firing, and closed when they were withdrawn. She moved directly for the "Cumberland," which had cleared for action when the enemy was first sighted, and for the last half-hour had been ready with every man at his post. On her way she passed the "Congress" on her starboard side, and within easy range. The latter greeted her with a terrific broadside, to which the "Merrimac" responded, but kept on her course. Soon she came within range of the shore batteries, which opened upon her, and a minute or two later the thirty guns of the "Cumberland" were doing their duty. Many of the shots struck her, but they rebounded from her sides like marbles thrown by boys against a brick wall. Approaching the "Cumberland," she fired her bow gun, and struck her at full speed on her port bow, delivering another shot at the same time. The blow opened an immense hole in the frigate, and the force of it was so great that the "Merrimac's" iron prow, or beak, was wrenched off as she withdrew, and was left sticking in the side of the ship. The two shots which had been delivered from her bow gun had been terribly destructive. One entered the "Cumberland's" port, killing or wounding every man at one of her guns; the other raked her gun-deck from one end to the other. Withdrawing from the frigate, the "Merrimac" steamed slowly up the river, and turning, chose her own position, from which she delivered broadside after broadside into the now sinking ship, and then, changing her position, raked her fore and aft with shell and grape.

Meantime the shore batteries had kept up their fire, while the "Congress" had been towed up into position,

and with her thirty guns pounded away at the iron monster. It was plain to us on shore that all combined were not a match for her. This must have been plain to the officers and men of the "Cumberland" as well; yet with their ship sinking under them, they continued the fight with a courage and desperation which is recorded of no other naval battle. It was stated at the time that while her bow guns were under water, those in the after part of the ship were made to do double duty. Her commander was called upon to surrender; he refused, and his men cheered him. Still she sank, and the men were ordered to save themselves by swimming ashore. The water closed over her with her flag still flying. In the month of August following, as I came down the James River on my return from Libby Prison, we passed near the place where she sank. Her topmast was still visible, and at its head still waved the old flag.

While the "Merrimac" was occupied with the "Cumberland," three Confederate steamers — the "Patrick Henry," "Jamestown," and "Teaser" — had come down the James River, and with the two gun-boats "Beaufort" and "Raleigh" had already engaged the "Congress." On our side, the screw frigate "Minnesota" had worked her way from the fort, but had grounded a mile and a half away. The "Roanoke," which was disabled by a broken shaft, was towed up by a couple of tugs, but from her great draught failed to get into position; and the "St. Lawrence" was unable to use her fifty guns, for like reasons. For half an hour or more the "Merrimac" alternated her attentions between the "Congress" and the "Minnesota." Owing to her great draught of water, she could not get near enough to the latter to do much damage, although the other gun-boats worried her exceedingly. She chose her own position with regard to the "Congress," and the utter destruction of the frigate became only a question of time. She had repeatedly been set on fire; her decks were covered with the dead and wounded; and the

loss of life (including that of her commander) had been very great. She was run ashore, head on, and not long after hoisted the white flag. Two tugs were sent by the enemy alongside the "Congress" to take possession and to remove the prisoners, but a sharp fire of artillery and small arms from the shore drove them off. General Mansfield had directed the Twentieth Indiana to deploy along the beach and behind a sand ridge; and a couple of field-guns under command of Lieutenant Sanger were also wheeled into position to prevent the enemy from hauling away their prize. Captain Reed, of the Twentieth, — who had been as good a lawyer as he was now a good soldier, — raised a question of military law: "Since the ship has surrendered, has not the enemy the right to take possession of her?" The question was answered by General Mansfield (Judge Mansfield in this instance), in one of the shortest and most conclusive opinions on record. "I know the d — d ship has surrendered," said he, "but *we* have n't." That settled it. During the fireing which was kept up by the infantry, Commander Buchanan, of the "Merrimac," received a wound which disabled him from further participation in the fight. Being unable to take possession of the frigate, the ironclad again opened fire upon her, — this time with incendiary shot, — and the ship was soon on fire in several places.

It was now nearly dark, and the "Merrimac" hauled off, and anchored under the guns at Sewell's Point. She had received no substantial injury, and had demonstrated her ability to sink any wooden ship which might dare cope with her. Indeed, it looked that night as if the entire fleet would be wholly at her mercy on the morrow. The crew of the "Congress," such as were able, had escaped, and during the early hours of the evening the wounded had been brought ashore. They and those of the "Cumberland" filled the little hospital. Officers and men gathered around those brave fellows and listened with

moistened eyes to their accounts of the fight. Some of them were very touching. One gunner, who had had both legs shot away just before the "Cumberland" sunk, hobbled several steps on his bloody stumps and seized the lanyard, that he might fire one more shot. An officer of the "Congress," who had both arms shot away, on being offered assistance, cried out: "Back to your guns, boys! give 'em hell! hurrah for the old flag!" The surgeons were kept busy. "Are you going to cut my leg off?" said a wounded man from the "Congress." "It's not much use," said the surgeon; "it would have to be taken off at the hip-joint, and not one in seventy of such cases ever recover; however, if you say so, we will take it off." "Go ahead, sir," said the sailor. He refused stubbornly to be placed under the influence of an anæsthetic, seemingly because to do so would be to admit that he lacked courage. He insisted upon having his head propped up, that he might observe the surgeon's work, which he did. Old Nature stood by him, and during the whole operation he did not apparently move a muscle. But she deserted him soon afterward, for he fainted dead away, and died two days later.

I found one poor fellow who bore the same name as my own, the surface of whose body was burned from head to heel. "I am all right," said he, "I have no pain. I shall get along." "His sensory nerves are destroyed," said the surgeon to me; "he will not live five hours." And so it proved.

The "Congress" continued to burn, her loaded guns discharging as the fire reached them, until about one o'clock A. M., when the fire reached her magazine, and she blew up with a tremendous noise, and with a shock so great that many of us on shore were prostrated, although we had retired to what we considered a perfectly safe distance. We were not sleepy that night, and before morning we heard of the arrival at the fort of "Ericsson's Battery." The surgeon of our regiment gave us a pretty good idea

of what it was. "It is a floating battery," said he, "lying very low in the water, with its guns enclosed in a revolving turret which will, by its motion, cause shots striking it to glance off, and there's very little else of the thing above water to be struck." He was well up in the details of the construction, and had great confidence in the thing. "I believe the Doctor knows what he is talking about," said our colonel.

Morning came, and with it a hazy condition of the atmosphere, which for some time after daylight obscured everything from view in front but the charred wreck of the "Congress." After a while there came into view the great hull of the "Minnesota," and looking beyond and toward Sewell's Point, there appeared also the "Merrimac" and her attendants, the "Yorktown" and the "Patrick Henry." Alongside the "Minnesota" lay "Ericsson's Battery," — a most insignificant-looking thing, a "cheese-box on a raft." The "Merrimac" and her companions were stationary, and seemed to be in consultation. At seven o'clock a plan seemed to have been adopted, and the "Merrimac" steamed in the direction of the "Minnesota." She was followed in the distance by the "Yorktown" and the "Patrick Henry," which were crowded with troops. The "Minnesota" was still hard aground, and the "Merrimac" evidently counted upon choosing her own position and disposing of her as she had done with the "Cumberland" and "Congress" the day before; but now a lion was in her path. The "Monitor" had steamed around the bow of the "Minnesota," and like another David, marched out to meet this Goliath. At 8.10 o'clock the fire opened, and the first shot was fired by the "Merrimac" at the "Minnesota." The next shot was from the "Monitor," which struck the "Merrimac" near her water-line, but with little effect. The iron-clads now came very near together — as it seemed to us on shore, less than one hundred feet apart, — and the firing was very rapid.

Occasionally the "Merrimac" varied the entertainment by a few shots at the "Minnesota," and as often as the position would enable her to do so, the frigate would give her a broadside. Frequently the "Merrimac" would try to ram her little antagonist; but the ease with which the latter was handled enabled her to avoid a direct shock. In turn, the "Monitor" attempted to disable her enemy's screw, but without success. In vain the "Merrimac" tried to work her way up to close quarters with the "Minnesota;" the "Monitor" would not consent. Occasionally we could see the shots rebound from the sides of the "Merrimac," and every now and then one of the shells aimed at the "Minnesota" would pass over her and greet the quartermasters in the rear of our camp. One of them passed through the headquarters of General Mansfield. The shores, which were but a few miles apart, were lined with Union and Confederate soldiers, and the ramparts of the fort and the rigging of the ships at anchor were also crowded with witnesses of the fight.

At ten o'clock no perceptible damage had been sustained by either of the contestants. At about this time a dense smoke concealed both from view for several minutes, and when it lifted, the "Monitor" was observed moving off, whereat some of us concluded that she was disabled. "She's gone off to get her wind," said a soldier, who all along had been comparing the contest to a cock-fight. "She has but two guns," said our surgeon, "and has probably gone out of range to cool them." One of her officers told us later that she steamed off while she was hoisting shot into her turret. She returned within half an hour, and the fight was renewed, and at very close quarters. With her ten guns the "Merrimac" was able to return two or three shots for every one she received. She had no solid shot, as she expected to meet only wooden ships. Twenty-one in all of her shells struck the "Monitor," but without doing any injury that needed repairing. The "Merrimac"

presented a large mark, and during the last two hours of the fight nearly every shot from the "Monitor" struck her. Her armor was broken in several places, and in three instances, when two or more shots had struck the same place, the wood backing was badly shattered. As the fight continued, nearly all of the smaller craft ventured near enough to fire a few shots, and when at one time the batteries at Sewell's Point joined in, the soldiers declared that there was "music by the entire band." The fight continued till 12.15, when the "Merrimac" quit, and steamed toward Norfolk. The commander of the "Monitor" wanted to follow her, but was prevented by orders from the flag officer, who thought the risk too great. The official report of the "Merrimac" says: "Our loss is two killed and nineteen wounded. The stern is twisted, and the ship leaks. We have lost the prow, starboard anchor, all the boats; the armor is somewhat damaged, the steam-pipe and smoke-stack both riddled, and the muzzles of two guns shot away. It was not easy to keep a flag flying; the flagstaffs were repeatedly shot away, the colors were hoisted to the smoke-stack, and several times cut down from it." She was placed in the dry dock at Norfolk, and every effort was made to put her in complete repair. Jones, who took command of her after Buchanan was wounded, says of the forty-five days during which Commodore Tatnell was in command of her: "There were only thirteen days that she was not in dock or in the hands of the navy-yard. Yet we succeeded in impressing the enemy that we were ready for active service. It was evident that the enemy very much overrated our power and efficiency."

So it seemed to us on shore. The "Merrimac" came down to the old fighting-ground on two or three occasions afterward, and dared the "Monitor" to fight her single-handed. The "Monitor" refused to meet her except in waters where the whole Union fleet could have

pounced upon her. "We on our side," said Commodore Greene, "had received particular orders not to attack in the comparatively shoal waters above Hampton Roads, where the Union fleet could not manœuvre." These orders were obeyed; and although the "Merrimac" sent her consorts "Jamestown" and "Raleigh," and hauled off two brigs and a schooner from right under the very noses of our fleet, the "Monitor" refused to budge. Our surgeon guessed rightly the reason that the "Merrimac's" challenge was refused. The "Monitor" was the only vessel that could possibly cope with her, and should some mishap befall her, the rest of the fleet would be wholly at the "Merrimac's" mercy. So the position taken by the flag officer must have been a wise one; but that did not prevent us land-lubbers from thinking that we saw a big white feather.

On the 10th of May the enemy abandoned Norfolk, on the 11th blew up the "Merrimac," and on the 12th we marched in. On visiting the navy-yard we saw the two guns of the "Merrimac" the muzzles of which had been knocked off in the fight. We talked with one of the engineers who had charge of the repairs made upon the "Merrimac." He stated to us that a shot from the "Monitor" entered one of her ports, lodged in the backing of the opposite side, and so "shivered her timbers that she never afterward could be made seaworthy. . . . She could not have been kept afloat for twelve hours, and her officers knew it when they went out and dared the 'Monitor' to fight her. It was a case of pure bluff; we did n't hold a single pair." Let me quote again the remark of her commander, Jones: "It was evident that the enemy very much overrated our power and efficiency."

WHAT I SAW UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE.

By HORACE H. THOMAS.

[Read January 6, 1886.]

I HAD seen nothing of war but its pageantry, as exhibited in the dress-parades of well-drilled regiments, with the stirring music of their fine bands, which used to delight the loyal population of Washington in the winter of 1861 and 1862; and one grand review of the then inchoate Army of the Potomac, in December, 1861, by General McClellan, assisted by President Lincoln and a gorgeous staff, among whom the French princes and other foreign magnates shone resplendent. A year's experience in the Adjutant-General's office had made me familiar with the official literature of the service, from "general orders" to the daily returns of each army in the field. Hence it was that when, on the afternoon of Saturday, August 30, 1862, it was whispered through the various bureaus of the War Department that despatches had been received from General Pope, announcing a grand victory over the Rebels on the historic field of Bull Run, and that he needed assistance in taking care of the wounded, it occurred to me that here was a good opportunity for enlarging my experience and making the acquaintance of grim-visaged war in its more practical and realistic aspects.

I lost no time in applying for leave of absence, which was rather reluctantly granted; and at nine o'clock that evening I found myself at Alexandria, on board a freight train of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, together with a promiscuous crowd of Washington people — officers, soldiers, and citizens — to the number of four or

five hundred, *en route* for Fairfax Station, some fifteen miles distant, as I remember. We made haste slowly, after the fashion of military railway trains; and soon after daylight the next morning we reached our destination in the midst of a drizzling rain. We ascertained that General Pope and his victorious (as we then supposed) army were at Centreville, some seven miles away. There was a solitary ambulance at the station; and the question staring us in the face was how that vehicle could furnish transportation for three or four hundred gentlemen, quite unaccustomed to a seven-mile ante-breakfast walk in the rain, without umbrellas or gum-coats. An enterprising New Yorker, a prominent worker in the Christian Commission, who carried a basket of relief goods as his credentials, solved the problem so far as I was concerned. With the blandness of an Ah Sin and the seeming truthfulness of a George Washington, he confidentially assured the driver of the ambulance that I was from the War Department, and was the bearer of important despatches to General Pope, which required immediate delivery. Thereupon the Christian Commissioner and myself were given good seats, and our Jehu drove off rapidly, turning a deaf ear to the orders of officers, and patriotically spurning offers of large sums of money from wealthy citizens. We finally persuaded him to take along a couple of surgeons, who were returning to their commands; but he declined any further passengers, in order that those despatches should not be delayed.

Arrived at Centreville, we found the army drawn up in what seemed to us battle array; but we saw no enemy, and it appeared to us that our army was not hunting for one. We were soon among old friends in the stanch Green Mountain Brigade,—the brigade which made such an illustrious record in the Army of the Potomac; and our illusions were quickly dispelled. We found that we were miles distant from the battlefield, from which the army had retreated the previous night, and that the Rebels

had refused to permit our relief train to enter their lines on that day; so we could do nothing but visit friends, most of mine being in the Vermont brigade and among the regulars. I never met a more demoralized set of men. They seemed to have lost all confidence in the management of affairs, and looked forward to the next attack with the most dismal forebodings; inevitable defeat seemed to stare them in the face, and the only question that appeared to interest them was how many more killings they could stand. Many of them, who had been through the terrible vicissitudes of the Peninsula campaign only a few weeks before, apparently forgetting that that campaign had not been altogether a success, were clamoring for McClellan, claiming that with him in command they would be able to roll back the tide of defeat. General Pope's strategy was mercilessly criticised. "We are outgeneralled," was the almost unanimous verdict of the hundreds with whom I conversed. In the afternoon I went to General Pope's headquarters, to call on Colonel Ruggles, his chief-of-staff, who had been my old bureau chief in the Adjutant-General's office before he had taken the field under General Pope. I found Pope's headquarters in one of the old-style Virginia frame houses, with the usual veranda attachment. While chatting with Colonel Ruggles on the veranda, Pope's leading generals assembled to hold a council of war. I looked through the open window, — most windows in that vicinity were permanently open in those days, — and I shall never forget the striking appearance of the Commander-in-chief. He sat with his chair tipped back against the wall, his hands clasped behind his head, which bent forward, his chin touching his breast, — seeming to pay no attention to the generals as they arrived, but to be wholly wrapped in his own gloomy reflections. I pitied him then. I pity him now. General Pope seems to me the most unfortunate if not the most abused officer who ever wore the American uniform.

That night I shared the blanket of my dearest friend,

an old college chum, who was an officer of the Fifth Vermont Infantry, and whom I was never to meet again, as he was killed while gallantly leading his command into the deadly Wilderness. The next morning, September 1, we set out, bright and early, with a flag of truce, which had been granted as soon as the Rebels had buried their dead and taken care of their wounded. Our force was under the direction of Dr. McParlin, Pope's Medical Director, and a large medical staff. There were over fifty ambulances, and all the citizens that could ride. Our spirits were not as buoyant as they had been on the railroad train, for we now knew the real situation; but the morning was bright, the air balmy, and we looked forward with interest to the novel scenes we were about entering upon. After a few miles' ride we saw the stars and bars floating over a mass of gray coats, which, on crossing Bull Run, we found to be a body of Rebel cavalry drawn up on either side of the road, who received our white flag with respectful silence, though they regarded us with a very complacent expression as we rode past.

The Medical Director established headquarters near the stone house which figures so conspicuously in the reports of the first Bull Run battle, and divided us civilians into squads of eight, with two stretchers to each ambulance; and we at once entered upon the mournful task of gathering up our poor wounded fellows from the wide battlefield. This work we pursued night and day, with unflagging energy, for the next twenty-four hours. How patient and uncomplaining they were! Some of them had lain forty-eight hours where they had fallen, without any attention, or anything to eat or drink, unless they were fortunate enough to have a haversack or canteen not quite empty, suffering all that human endurance is capable of; yet frequently they asked that some neighboring sufferer should be relieved first. The dead were unburied, and presented a study of ghastly interest. Contrary to my anticipations, most of their faces wore

a peaceful expression, as if their deaths had been from natural causes; but, contrary to Kinglake's observation in his "Invasion of the Crimea," that in modern warfare among civilized nations it is not usual to despoil the bodies of the dead of the defeated army, I saw hardly a decent pair of pantaloons, a blouse, or a pair of shoes, on a dead man. If any of these articles of clothing were too shabby to be worth stealing, and were left on the body, the pockets were invariably turned inside out. Indeed, I saw in remote parts of the field, screened from general observation, Rebel thugs rifling the pockets of some poor fellow who had crawled into an obscure thicket to die. Everywhere these stragglers thronged, most of them boyish-appearing fellows, apparently not more than eighteen or twenty years old. They were bountifully supplied with greenbacks, which they offered to exchange for specie at a liberal discount. Occasionally a neighboring planter would come up and drag off an ambulance driver, claiming him as his "runaway nigger," the darky protesting vociferously that he never saw the man before. We lost ten or a dozen drivers in this way, and of course were greatly disgusted; but remembering the old maxim, "Inter arma silent leges," we held our peace, and supplied their places with our prisoners who were slightly wounded and had been paroled by the Rebels. Some disagreeable and some ridiculous incidents varied the painful monotony of our work. I recollect seeing on an elevation where it was said Hatch's brigade had fought, and where the dead lay thick, most of them stark naked, a party of well-dressed men and women — I could not call them gentlemen and ladies — who rode up, halted, and sat on their horses, chatting gayly for half an hour or more, while we plied our work in their vicinity.

Among the amusing incidents was a visit from a Rev. Dr. Burroughs, a somewhat celebrated Baptist clergyman, who had been a shining light in the denomination

in Philadelphia when I lived there a few years before the war, and was now seemingly a kind of chaplain-in-chief to the Confederacy. He came swelling out to us, with the air of a man standing high in the councils of the Creator, and began to lecture us generally, and in particular a bright young minister of the same denomination who was pastor of a church in Washington. He stated to us that God was clearly on the Southern side, and that it was unavailing and wicked for us to fight *Him* any longer. He advised the young dominie to go home and have this unholy conflict stopped. The young man was silent for a time; but finally a divine wrath kindled in his breast, and he poured out an indignant torrent of denunciation that nearly took the breath away from the self-appointed oracle of the Most High, who retired amid a chorus of hootings from the unregenerate Unionists, who made the hills echo with cheers for our young Boanerges.

Before noon of September 2, having filled all our ambulances and other available vehicles with wounded officers and soldiers, many of whom had undergone the amputation of an arm or leg, we started on our return trip to Washington, accompanied by four or five hundred slightly wounded soldiers who had been paroled. Reaching Centreville, we found our forces had fallen back, and the Rebels were in possession. Through some neglect on the part of the paroling officers, we had not been furnished with papers that were satisfactory to the Rebel authorities; and some budding Vattel among them had added this startling amendment to the generally accepted military code of nations; to wit, that a flag of truce only protected its beneficiaries to the point at which they entered the enemy's lines. Thus, by a fair logical deduction, we were prisoners of war; and they refused to allow us to proceed till they could communicate with General Jackson. The surgeon in charge of our train was a stupid sort of foreigner, who could n't speak the

English language very well, and we resolved to depose him; and so, in the American fashion, we held a mass meeting by the roadside, and I was honored with the unanimous suffrages of my fellow-citizens for the position of manager. The Rebels presently offered us the alternative of being sent under guard to Jackson's headquarters, eight or ten miles distant on the Manchester pike, — or in that direction; and on being put to a vote, the proposition was accepted, as we supposed we should thereby be nearing Washington. Accordingly we set out, under an escort of a lieutenant and a squad of Ashby's cavalry. We reached Jackson's headquarters at dusk, and found his soldiers just lighting their camp-fires in some open woods which came down to the highway, the illuminated forest presenting a weird aspect. As our long caravan came in sight, thousands of the Rebels, seeing our escort, and naturally supposing us to be a captured train, came running down to the road to welcome us, which they did very boisterously if not cordially, — saluting us with, "How are you, Yanks?" "On to Richmond, Yanks!" "You 'll get there a d—d sight before we shall, Yanks!" and a variety of similarly hearty greetings. The lieutenant commanding our escort, who had been very social and good-natured during the march, seeming to think this a good opportunity to show his little brief authority, began to assume lofty airs, and thundered out an order to "fall in by fours." The old soldiers fell in expeditiously enough; but we civilians did not understand that we were included in the order, and we huddled together in groups, just as it happened. Apparently incensed at what he imagined was a resistance to his authority, he rode up and cursed us right and left; pulling a pistol from his holster which looked as large as a twelve-pounder, he thrust it in our faces, threatening to blow our brains out on the spot if we persisted in disobedience. We were tired with our long march, and rather demoralized by the yarns the Rebels

had told us of their victory the day before, where Kearney and Stevens were slain, and according to their accounts, most of our other leading generals. Life did not look so sweet just then as it has sometimes since, and I presume an ambition to impress my comrades with the fact that they had made no mistake in conferring on me the leadership of the expedition, induced me to make the strikingly conciliatory response that we might be prisoners of war, but we claimed to be gentlemen, and did not propose to be addressed as scoundrels and blackguards, and that he might blow away! Just then out stepped a slender, gentlemanly-looking young officer, and said to the lieutenant sternly, "Who are you, sir?" He replied very meekly, "I am Lieutenant So-and-so, of Ashby's regiment." "You will report to your quarters in arrest, sir," rejoined the other; then turning to us, he said, "I am Captain Randolph, of General Jackson's staff. I apologize for this officer's conduct. He has been drinking too much captured commissary whiskey." Captain Randolph invited us to his quarters, saying that General Jackson had gone to visit General Lee, but was expected back at any moment. During the hour we were waiting, he entertained us in the most hospitable manner. He told us he had left Yale College to defend his native State, etc. Other officers called, and we discussed the war, and Pope, Jackson, Lee, and McClellan, with great unction. Sometimes the debate waxed warm, but nobody lost his temper. Of course they were all bitter against Pope, and tore his strategy all to pieces. McClellan was our great general in their eyes, and they lauded him as extravagantly as they disparaged Pope, declaring that if Lee and McClellan were in supreme control on either side, they would settle all the questions at issue in two hours. Curiously enough, they all took the same cheerful view of our status as prisoners of war that the Centreville authorities had taken. One of Jackson's staff summed it up thus: "You came out to see a

great victory, gentlemen. You have seen it — in a horn. By the fortunes of war, you have become prisoners. I congratulate you, gentlemen." Finally a cavalcade of horsemen came sweeping past us into camp. In the gathering darkness I could make out that one of the riders wore an arm in a sling. Captain Randolph assured me that this was no other than General Jackson, explaining that he had fallen from his horse recently, and was slightly injured, so that it was necessary to support his arm when riding. I felt rather anxious when ushered into the presence of the famous Stonewall, in view of the striking unanimity of opinion which prevailed among his subordinate officers touching our status; and I thought there was a kind of far-away "on to Richmond" expression in his piercing gray eyes, as he lifted them from his order-book, — I presumed it was, — in which he was writing by the light of a camp-fire, as I made my salute. He was very plainly dressed, and I thought Captain Randolph had spoken truthfully when he informed me that the General wore the oldest cap in the army. He reminded me of General Grant as I afterward knew him, — quiet, stoop-shouldered, and a good listener. He simply asked what I wanted, and I stated our case as briefly as possible. He said we could go to Washington by way of Centreville, starting then or at three o'clock in the morning, as we preferred. Thinking we should all enjoy the rest, and remembering what a rough road we had to travel, I told him I thought we would wait till morning; and he ordered an officer to write a pass through their lines *via* Centreville, with which I returned to my companions in excellent spirits. What was my disgust to have them nearly all find fault because I had not decided to start at once. So much was said that I returned to General Jackson and apologized for troubling him, but told him that on consulting with my associates, I found it was their wish to start at once. "Very well," he said; "you can do so." Then I remarked that his

videttes were rather thick on the road we were to travel, and if it were not asking too much, we should be greatly obliged if he would send an orderly with us, as I feared it might trouble the sentinels to read the pass in the dark. He replied that he did not think we needed an orderly; but if we thought we did, he would detail one, which he did, — the cavalry escort that came with us having disappeared with the lieutenant who was in arrest. I doubt if we should have ever reached Centreville without our orderly.

Before starting, a staff officer went with me through the train and reparoled all the inmates of the ambulances. It was done in the following manner: He asked each one if he belonged to Pope's or McClellan's army. If he said Pope's, he was paroled to report at Richmond as soon as he was able to travel; if he said McClellan's, he was paroled not to take up arms till he was duly exchanged. No reason was given for this discrimination; and I felt a natural delicacy about asking questions on the subject. In the first two or three ambulances, one or two men took the first parole; but somehow the news seemed to have got ahead of us, and all the rest of the ambulances contained only McClellan's men.

We reached Centreville by two or three o'clock in the morning. There we borrowed some of our nice hospital blankets which the Rebels had captured, to cover our poor fellows, for the night was very cool. We rested till sunrise, then made coffee and distributed it, returned the blankets, which were carefully counted by our hosts, and resumed our march. Arrived at Fairfax Court House, we made the acquaintance of Fitz-Hugh Lee, who was in command. He was a youthful-appearing officer, — I should not have taken him for more than twenty-four, — rough, brusque in manner, and were it not for speaking lightly of Virginia's governor, I should say he appeared not unlike a "bummer." He seemed out of humor, inquiring gruffly who was in charge of this "menagerie."

I answered, "I, as much as anybody." "Who the h—l are you?" said he. I replied meekly that I was a citizen placed in the position of leader by the suffrages of my accompanying fellow-citizens. He declared that he was not transacting business with that kind of persons, and demanded some officer clad with proper authority. We brought out our surgeon. Lee spent but a moment with him, then rudely dismissed him, and summoned me into his august presence. He said we must remain till he could parol some fifteen hundred prisoners whom he wished to send along with us. I protested, showing General Jackson's pass, and declaring that it was of the utmost importance that the wounded should receive treatment in the hospitals as soon as they could get there. He refused permission in language which will hardly bear quoting. I then tried another tack, and remarked that I considered myself fortunate in meeting him, as after Stonewall Jackson, he was the Rebel officer (I rather think I used "Confederate" instead of "Rebel") whom I most wished to see. He said, "I presume you mean my uncle, General Robert E. Lee." I said, "No, I mean Fitz-Hugh Lee the Raider. I 've often heard Colonel Ruggles speak of you as a gallant and dashing cavalry leader." His swarthy features lighted up with a grim smile, as he said, "The h—l! do you know Ruggles?" (They had been at West Point together, and I think were classmates.) "Why, I captured his togs the other night. You can go ahead as soon as you like. Give my compliments to Ruggles, and tell him I will dine with him in a few days at Washington;" and drawing from his pocket an official envelope, he wrote on it with a lead pencil, in a bold, clear hand, the following:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND CAVALRY BRIGADE,
September 3, 1862.

Pass these paroled prisoners and citizens who accompany them on their way *rejoicing* to Washington.

FITZ-HUGH LEE,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

We stayed not upon the order of our going, but started at once. We were not halfway through the straggling village, when an aid came dashing up, with General Lee's compliments, and desired to know if we had not got some "stolen niggers" among our ambulance drivers, as somebody had charged. I replied that we had no colored drivers that had not come from Washington with us, but that if he wanted to investigate any particular driver, I wished he would allow some prisoner to take his place and permit us to proceed. The aid reported to the General, and returned with the information that the explanation was satisfactory to General Lee; and we proceeded without further interruption. We entered our lines by way of Falls Church. The chaplain, who bore our flag of truce, had carelessly fallen back from the front, and as we approached our pickets, a friendly bullet whizzing over our heads reminded us that eternal vigilance was the price of safety. We soon came in sight of the old flag waving over General Doubleday's headquarters, and its stars and stripes never looked lovelier. The General kindly furnished me a horse, for which, in my footsore condition, I would cheerfully have given a kingdom; and turning over my charge to the surgeon whom I have before referred to, I soon found myself at my old quarters, — a sadder and in some respects a wiser man for my brief sojourn in the Southern Confederacy.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

By HUNTINGTON W. JACKSON.

[Read April 5, 1882.]

GENERAL FITZ-HUGH LEE has said that "the Confederates at Gettysburg were within a stone's throw of peace; and a little more marching, perhaps a little more fighting, on the first day would have given them the coveted position on Cemetery Hill, and in such an event the battle of Gettysburg would have had another name, and possibly another result." With equal confidence might Halleck, then the General-in-chief of the army, — whose vigorous and spirited telegram to Meade reads, "You are strong enough to attack and defeat the enemy before he can effect a crossing; act upon your own judgment; make your generals execute your orders; call no council of war, it is proverbial that councils of war never fight; do not let the enemy escape," — have said, when, with but slight loss, and after the council had been held, Lee on the following morning placed the Potomac River between his weary and defeated army and his victorious pursuers, that a golden opportunity, rarely presented to man, to make a great name in history had been lost, and the Confederate States had barely escaped being blotted from the face of the earth. So often does the success of a battle depend upon accident, chance, inspiration, or genius if you please, as well as upon the carefully matured plans, the untiring zeal and energy, of the ever-watchful commander.

At the present time, when almost nineteen years have passed by since the smoke of battle rolled away from the green fields and valleys and hills of Gettysburg, and the bald truths of history are laid before us, it is not difficult to detect the errors and mistakes of that

momentous struggle, — by many considered the turning-point, the crisis, of the war. One cannot but feel that with a little more boldness, a little more of the spirit which characterized Stonewall Jackson, on the one side, perchance two governments would have been established where to-day one, powerful, respected, and honored, exists; and that on the other side, with a little more self-reliance, activity, and decision of character, the carnival of death, which continued thereafter for two long years, would have been unknown.

The invasion of the North by General Lee was undertaken at a most favorable time, and under the most favorable auspices. In the North a large party was proclaiming that the two years' struggle was a failure. In many homes affliction and mourning had entered. Money and blood had been poured out most lavishly. And for all the losses and sacrifices, what had been accomplished? With many, the draft and the Emancipation Proclamation were unpopular, and denounced, and riots had occurred in consequence. Many thought the nation not worth saving. At no time during the Rebellion was the weariness of the war more pronounced and evident. The Army of the Potomac — that grand body of veterans, educated, intelligent, and possessed of as fine fighting qualities as were ever exhibited in any army — had been the victim of political ambition, incompetency, and unseemly jealousies, almost from its organization. We can see it now, — that noble body of men on its onward, patient, and persistent march, keeping step to the music of the Union. Though led by many commanders, it was always obedient, brave, and true. Realizing the magnitude and formidable character of the Rebellion, it only asked for a *man* to lead it.

In December of 1862 the army was before Fredericksburg. "Orders they heard, and the river they crossed; orders arrived, and they scaled the heights," but under a murderous fire and with terrible slaughter. For the four

succeeding months the opposing armies encamped in view of each other on the heights on either side of the Rappahannock. The winter was cheerless; the camp was dull; the roads were muddy; and, what was unusual in that latitude, snow frequently covered the ground.

In the early part of May, Hooker essayed another crossing of the Rappahannock. His preliminary manœuvres were bold; but he too, like Burnside, was compelled to seek safety by recrossing the river. With the exception of the swift and victorious charge of the stanch old Sixth Corps under Sedgwick, on that bright and beautiful Sabbath morning in May, upon Marey's Heights, there is nothing in the battle of Chancellorsville to recall with pleasure. The killed and wounded were left upon the field.

> "Their swords are rust; their good steeds dust;
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Again, the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, dispirited, saddened, and discouraged, occupied their old camps, from which but a few days before they had marched to victory, as they confidently believed, and which they had left, as they thought, for the last time.

Lee's army had unbounded confidence in its leader. The officers, like the men, were obedient, united, and controlled by one impulse, — success for their cause. In the State of Virginia, there was scarcely a foot of ground which had not been the scene of bloodshed and strife. Suffering so long from the horrors of war, it was but natural that the South should wish the North too might experience the attendant evils of a hostile army in its midst. Sherman was right when he said, "War should be carried on without gloves." In his report of the battle of Gettysburg, General Lee mentions, as some of the reasons why the invasion was decided upon, the difficulty of attacking Hooker upon the banks of the Rappahannock, and his desire to relieve the Shenandoah Valley

from the Union forces which had so long occupied it. In addition to these advantages, he adds the suggestive remark: "It was hoped that other valuable results might be attained by military success." Is it too much to say that he possibly contemplated the capture of Washington, Baltimore, Harrisburg, or even Philadelphia? I think not.

In the early part of June a new interest was aroused in the Federal camp by the report that a movement was about to be made in Lee's army. Scouts were sent across the river to ascertain the truth of the rumor, although great precautions were taken by Lee to prevent disclosures. Hooker was alert and active, and adopted every available means to gain information and prevent surprise.

One afternoon the writer, in company with two officers from army headquarters, made a balloon ascension from the north bank of the river, for the purpose of reporting whether any movement could be detected. The first sensation, as the balloon arose, was that of being rapidly carried through the air; this was quickly followed by the feeling that the balloon was stationary and the earth receding. The view from the height attained was grand and extensive. The atmosphere was mild and cloudless. Immediately below was the Rappahannock River, looking like a silver thread, as it wound its way among the green fields; in the distance were the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay. The hills and valleys seemed as if rolled out into a beautiful and carefully kept lawn; the camps of our army were seen extending along the banks of the river far into the woods. The men holding the ropes to which the balloon was attached were dwarfed in size to Liliputians. Beyond the river was the city of Fredericksburg, looking as if constructed of toy houses and churches. A mile or more back from the river, the intrenchments of the enemy could be plainly distinguished; and one glance in this direction through the powerful field-glass told the whole story. Marching to-

ward the left flank were seen long columns of infantry, artillery, and wagon trains. The rumor of a movement had become a demonstrated fact.

At about the same time, Pleasanton's cavalry crossed the river on the extreme right of the line, and after an engagement with the Rebel cavalry, uncovered Ewell's and Longstreet's forces at Culpepper. To further discover the designs of the enemy, the Sixth (Sedgwick's) Corps crossed the river to the left of Fredericksburg, and remained on the south bank for several days.

General Hooker desired to bring on an engagement with that portion of the Rebel Army south of the river; but the suggestion was not favorably received by President Lincoln, who thought the undertaking too hazardous, and wrote in his characteristic style: "If Lee should leave a rear force at Fredericksburg tempting you to fall upon it, it would fight in intrenchments, having you at a disadvantage, and so man for man would worst you at that point, while his main forces would be getting the advantage of you northward. In one word, I would not take the risk of being entangled upon the river like an ox jumped half over the fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other. If Lee would come to my side of the river, I would keep on the same side and fight him, or act on the defensive, according as might be my estimate of his strength relatively to my own."

The advance of the Sixth Corps found Hill's command stretched out in a long line, occupying the abandoned works of Ewell and Longstreet. It is needless to say that after the receipt of Lincoln's views, no attack was made upon the army on the south bank. From these reconnoissances, however, Hooker was convinced that a general movement of the Rebel Army was in progress; and on the 12th of June orders were given to the Army of the Potomac to strike tents, to right about face, and forward march to the north.

At about midnight of June 13, Newton's division of the Sixth Army Corps had recrossed the river, and both pontoon bridges were taken up behind it. The pickets of the division, however, were still on the south side of the river. To bring them back it was necessary to send pontoon boats across; and as General Benham, commanding the engineer brigade, was unwilling to send an officer to take charge of the boats, — each one of which would hold from forty to fifty men, — the writer was directed to perform that duty. The night was dark and rainy. It was understood that the officer in command of the picket line would be found, in accordance with the orders he had received, at the mouth of Deep Run, — a point on the river to the right of where the bridges had been laid, and in the direction of Fredericksburg. The officer was, however, nowhere to be found; and as a matter of fact, he had abandoned his post and crossed the river some time before. Deep Run, as its name signifies, was a deep winding ravine, not very wide, full of underbrush and trees, with high banks on either side; and through it a rapid water-course ran. Calling for volunteers, all the boatmen at once offered their services. Two were selected; and after great difficulty, more or less danger, and a search of an hour or more, the picket line was found, the men were gathered together and marched by single file as quietly as possible to the boats, and by four o'clock all were again on the north side of the river. Our long absence had alarmed our friends, and their shouts to us could be plainly heard, but were not answered for fear of discovering ourselves to the enemy. Soon the entire corps was on the march to overtake the rest of the army. The same morning, Hill, finding Sedgwick's command had left his front, at once started to unite his corps with Longstreet's and Ewell's.

In the Sixth Army Corps nothing of special interest occurred until the evening of July 1, when it reached Manchester, Pennsylvania. The soldiers keenly enjoyed

the change from the routine of camp life. They were in good spirits, and on the march would jest with one another; and almost every evening before the tattoo, delightful music would be heard from manly voices or from one or more of the many regimental bands. Some of the marches were long, dusty, and hot; and some, forced and important, were made at night. The great columns of cavalry, infantry, artillery, and immense wagon trains, a most interesting and imposing spectacle, kept steadily pushing on toward and across the Potomac. At noon, the soldiers would rest for a brief space in the fields on either side of the road; and old John Sedgwick, — of grand character, and in appearance resembling George H. Thomas, the hero of Chickamauga, — sitting under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, would take from his pocket a well-worn pack of cards and enjoy a quiet game of solitaire.

North of the Potomac, the reception and welcome of the army was in pleasing contrast to that experienced south of the river. In Maryland and Pennsylvania, the inhabitants received the army with cheers, waving of flags, open houses, and the best of their generous and bountiful larders. In the Army of the Potomac they saw the defenders of their homes and their government, and in every way encouraged them to success.

The line of march of the Rebel Army from Culpepper was west of the Blue Ridge through the Shenandoah Valley. At Winchester, situated directly on the road of their march, was Milroy, with a force of seventy-five hundred Union soldiers. "Some one had blundered;" and on the evening of the 13th of June the enemy came upon them suddenly, found them unprepared, and this large command was substantially lost. The cavalry division of Lee's army crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and Shepardstown on the 15th of June, and was soon followed by the infantry. On the evening of the 26th of June, Early's division of Ewell's corps,

having passed through Chambersburg, entered Gettysburg. It was preceded by a small body of cavalry, riding into the town with great speed, and uttering fierce yells. Never before had the little hamlet been so startled. Demand was made for 1,200 pounds of sugar, 6,000 pounds of coffee, 60 barrels of flour, 100 pounds of salt, 7,000 pounds of bacon, 10 barrels of whiskey, 10 barrels of onions, 1,000 pairs of boots, and 500 hats; or in lieu of these articles, $5,000 in cash. Representatives of the town council reported to Early the inability of the inhabitants to comply with the requisition, and much to the joy of the citizens, nothing further was done.

On the 28th of June, Early's division entered the town of York, destroying railroads and bridges on the way. Here they demanded and collected a large sum of money and supplies of various kinds. In the mean time, the cavalry which had crossed on the 15th of June had scoured the country from Chambersburg to Carlisle, collected vast stores of material and great numbers of horses, wagons, and cattle, and had sent them back across the Potomac. Harrisburg was threatened by Rhodes' division of Early's corps; and so near did the enemy approach the city that the wooden bridge over the Susquehanna was set on fire to prevent their crossing into the city.

While these and other operations were taking place, Lee, it is said, was ignorant of what was going on in the Army of the Potomac. He had a comparatively small body of cavalry with him, and the greater part of this was engaged in making raids into the surrounding country. The main portion of the cavalry was with Stuart, upon whom Lee relied for information as to the operations of the Army of the Potomac. But in this he was doomed to disappointment; Stuart found it impossible to delay the Army of the Potomac, but was himself delayed by subsequent engagements with the cavalry of Kilpatrick and Gregg. Neither could he join

Lee's army, except by a wide détour around the right flank of the Army of the Potomac. This was done, — a dangerous movement, and one alarming the citizens of Baltimore, — but at a time when it was too late to be of any considerable advantage or assistance to Lee. The first day's battle had been fought before Stuart reached the field; and his absence was greatly deplored. On the 30th of June, Stuart, marching in an opposite direction, was within seven miles of Ewell on his way toward Gettysburg, but both were ignorant of the movement of the other. Had it been known, the fruitless march might have been avoided, and Stuart would have had opportunity in the first day's fight to follow up the First and Eleventh corps, as they fell back through the town.

It was not until the 28th of June that Lee, while at Chambersburg, heard that the Army of the Potomac had crossed the river. Lee at once changed his plans. He saw that his own communications were in danger of being cut. The movement against Harrisburg was abandoned; and to checkmate the Army of the Potomac, and prevent its advancing up the Potomac River toward his communications, he determined to concentrate his three corps toward the east of the Blue Ridge, as if threatening Baltimore or Philadelphia. Orders were accordingly issued to Longstreet and Hill to march from Chambersburg toward Gettysburg. Ewell was also ordered to march to the same place from Carlisle, which point he had reached on his march from York. Lee states that the march toward Gettysburg was conducted more slowly than it would have been had the movements of the Federal army been known.

Important events were also taking place in the Army of the Potomac. Among other operations, Hooker proposed to cut the enemy's communications at Williamsport; and being of the opinion that Harper's Ferry and Maryland Heights were of no strategic importance, he was in favor of abandoning both these places and em-

ploying in his own army the ten thousand men stationed there. Halleck, at Washington, refused his consent; and in consequence Hooker asked to be at once relieved from his command. The request was acceded to, and General Meade accepted the command of the army.

On the Peninsula and at Antietam, Hooker had won distinction as a brave soldier, and was well known by the sobriquet of "Fighting Joe Hooker." In person he was handsome, dashing, and gallant; and until the memorable and miserable failure at Chancellorsville, he possessed the confidence of the army. The incompetency there exhibited had caused some distrust; still the soldiers felt he was truly loyal, and were inclined to believe in him.

Upon General Meade were suddenly imposed responsibilities of the highest and gravest character; but like the patriotic and honorable man he had always shown himself to be, he determined not to shrink from them. He had always performed well and faithfully whatever duties had been intrusted to him. He was known to be a brave fighter, conscientious, loyal, and earnest. He was always vigilant, zealous, and untiring in his devotion to his country's cause.

In his farewell to his army, General Hooker used these tender and patriotic words: —

"Impressed with the belief that my usefulness as the commander of the Army of the Potomac is impaired, I part with it, but not without the deepest emotions. The sorrow of parting with comrades of so many battles is relieved by the conviction that the courage and devotion of this army will never cease or fail, and that it will yield to my successor, as it has to me, a willing and hearty support."

General Meade, on assuming command, issued the following order: —

"By direction of the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. As a soldier, in obeying this order, — an order totally unexpected and unso-

licited, — I have no promises or pledges to make. The country looks to this army to relieve it from the devastation and invasion of a hostile army. Whatever sacrifices we may be called upon to undergo, let us have in view constantly the magnitude of the interests involved, and let each man do his duty, leaving to an all-controlling Providence the decision of the contest. It is with great diffidence that I relieve in the command of this army an eminent and accomplished soldier, whose name must ever appear conspicuous in the history of its achievements; but I rely upon the hearty support of my companions in arms to assist me in the discharge of the duties of the important trust confided to me."

This address, modest and earnest, illustrates the character of the new commander.

On the 28th, 29th, and 30th of June, Meade was engaged in acquainting himself with the position of his own and the Rebel Army, ascertaining their respective strength, studying the topography of the country, and bringing his army toward a line which he intended to adopt, if practicable, for battle. On the 30th of June he requested that his corps commanders and all other commanding officers should address their troops previous to the engagement soon expected, explaining to them briefly the immense issues involved in the contest, and authorizing them to order the instant death of any soldier who failed to do his duty. The same day he announced that the enemy were advancing in strong force upon Gettysburg. He directed his commanders to hold their commands in readiness to move at a moment's notice. Ammunition wagons and ambulances were alone permitted to accompany the troops. The men were to be provided with three days' rations in haversacks, and with sixty pounds of ammunition in boxes and upon their persons.

On the evening of the same day, he ordered Doubleday's First Corps and Howard's Eleventh, both under Reynolds, to proceed the next day to Gettysburg, Sickles' Third Corps to Emmetsburg, Hancock's Second to

Taneytown, — which place was also selected as army headquarters, — Sykes' Fifth to Hanover, Slocum's Twelfth to Two Taverns, and Sedgwick's Sixth to Manchester, situated about thirty-five miles distant in a southeasterly direction from Gettysburg. The cavalry, "the eyes of the army," were to be well out in front and on the flank, to give timely notice of the operations and movements of the enemy.

In the same order Meade announced that Longstreet and Hill were at Chambersburg, and Ewell was at Carlisle, and that their movements indicated a disposition to advance from Chambersburg to Gettysburg. He added, —

"The commanding general believes he has relieved Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and now desires to look to his own army and assume position of offensive or defensive, as the case may require, and give rest to his troops. It is not his desire to wear the troops out by excessive fatigues and marches, and thus unfit them for the work they will be called upon to perform. Vigilance, energy, and prompt response to the orders from headquarters are necessary, and personal attention must be given to the reduction of impediments."

At half-past ten o'clock on the evening of June 30, General Buford, commanding a division of cavalry in advance upon Seminary Ridge, west of Gettysburg, reported to Reynolds, whose command was then four or five miles from Gettysburg, that the pickets of Hill's corps were within four miles of his (Buford's) front on the Cashtown road. (Cashtown is on the east side of the Blue Ridge, on the road from Chambersburg to Gettysburg.) He also reported that judging from what he could learn, Longstreet was behind Hill, and Ewell was approaching from Carlisle straight into Gettysburg. At half-past eleven on the same evening Stanton telegraphed from Washington substantially the same information, which he had received by telegram from Colonel Thomas A. Scott, then stationed at Harrisburg. From these orders and

telegrams, it is evident that Meade was active and diligent, and was fairly well advised of the enemy's movements. From subsequent orders issued, it is also apparent that it was not Meade's intention that a general engagement should be brought on at Gettysburg, otherwise he would not have directed the Sixth Corps to march to Manchester. He had selected a line along Pipe Creek, about fifteen or twenty miles southeast of Gettysburg. In his order issued on the morning of July 1, he said that if the enemy assumed the offensive, and attacked, it was his intention, after holding them in check sufficiently long to withdraw the trains and other impediments, to remove the army from its present position and form a line of battle with the left resting in the neighborhood of Middleburg, about twenty miles to the south of Gettysburg, and the right at Manchester. He urged upon the corps commanders incessant care and vigilance. Every precaution was taken, and every movement was well considered. On the morning of July 1, Meade wrote to Reynolds that he could not decide whether it was his best policy to move to attack, until he learned something more definite as to the point at which the enemy were concentrated. Again on the same day he wrote to Sedgwick that it was not improbable the enemy would reach Gettysburg before the command of Reynolds; and if such was the case, and Reynolds found himself in the presence of a superior force, he was instructed to hold the enemy in check and slowly fall back. If he was able to do this, the Pipe Creek line would be occupied that night.

The killing of Reynolds that same morning in the first hour of battle on Seminary Ridge, while marshalling his Pennsylvania regiments to repel the Rebel invasion, disarranged the carefully considered plans. The loss of Reynolds was a serious blow to the Army of the Potomac. Meade said: "Reynolds was the noblest as well as the bravest general in the army. When he fell at Gettysburg, the army lost its right arm."

The town of Gettysburg, which the two great armies were now approaching, was a quiet country town of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants. The country immediately to the north and south is open, and to the east and west is rolling and wooded. Looking west from Cemetery Hill, the town is seen nestling at its base, and beyond in the distance the beautiful Blue Ridge. Eleven roads, like the spokes of a wagon wheel, run out in every direction from the town. To the north lie Harrisburg and Carlisle; to the east, York and Hanover; to the south and southeast, Baltimore and Frederick; and to the west and southwest, Chambersburg and Hagerstown.

On Tuesday afternoon, June 30, a division of the Federal cavalry, under command of the gallant Buford, entered Gettysburg, and took position to the west of the town, facing in the direction of the Blue Ridge. As Buford's division approached the town from the south, a part of Heth's division of Hill's corps was marching toward it along the Chambersburg pike. The purpose of the Rebel troops was, it is said, to supply themselves with shoes at Gettysburg. Discovering, as they approached the town, the advance of Buford from the other side, they at once counter-marched and fell back upon the main body of the command; and that night the pickets of Hill's corps and Buford's cavalry were in view of one another.

The morning which ushered in the battle of Gettysburg was a beautiful one; while Nature was robed in her most attractive garb, man was putting on the armor of battle. During the day the weather became excessively hot. Buford was early deploying his cavalry to guard and cover the approaches from Chambersburg and Carlisle. This cavalry was stationed on what was known as Seminary Ridge, running north and south about a mile or a mile and a half west of Gettysburg. Heth's division of Hill's corps was also early on the march, cautiously feeling its way. The pickets of these opposing forces soon

became engaged, and at about nine o'clock Calef's battery, of Buford's command, fired the first gun, and the battle of Gettysburg was begun. The night before, Reynolds had summoned Howard to his tent, and both studied the maps of the country, compared notes, and carefully read Meade's despatches. Early on the morning of the 1st, Reynolds also saw Doubleday and showed him some of Meade's despatches; but whether he communicated to him Meade's plan of falling back to Pipe Creek after developing the strength of the enemy, does not appear. At about eight o'clock Wadsworth's division of the First Corps was on the march. As the sound of the artillery was borne on the morning air and reached the men, they quickened their step, marching nearer to one another, shoulder to shoulder, while perfect quiet pervaded the whole column. Reynolds at once put spurs to his horse, and accompanied by his staff, dashed on in advance, through the town, and up to and beyond Seminary Ridge. Here he found Buford actively engaged, and at the same time being slowly pushed back. He rode along the line, and at once despatched messengers to Sickles and Howard to "close up and come on," while to Meade he reported the advance of the enemy. Guided through the town by a shorter cut, — by old John Burns, who afterward did heroic service and distinguished himself as the only civilian engaged in the battle of Gettysburg, — he turned the head of Wadsworth's column to the left before it reached the town (the pioneer corps levelling the fences), then he rode on through the fields to the Ridge. Cutler's brigade followed, and was quickly deployed to the right of the Cashtown road and to the right of an unused railroad cut, parallel with the road. This brigade, under a heavy fire, advanced to a ridge beyond. On the left the enemy were advancing in steady lines, with nothing to obstruct or impede them, until the Wisconsin Iron Brigade came up on the double-quick, and without halting even to load their pieces, formed

line and charged upon a ravine in front, which the enemy had already reached, and with such impetus that about a thousand men of Archer's brigade threw down their arms, and as one of the Wisconsin officers expressed it, "ducked through the lines and passed to the rear." General Archer was captured at the same time. The brigade dashed on, hurrying across Willoughby Creek, and connected on the right with Cutler's brigade. About this time (a quarter after ten), General Reynolds fell, pierced by a minie-ball in the head, and never spoke again.

It is needless to speculate whether if Reynolds had not fallen, the battle of Gettysburg would have been fought; but we know from the despatch sent by him to Meade on that fatal morning — "While I am aware that it is not your desire to force an engagement at that point [Gettysburg], still I feel at liberty to advance and develop the strength of the enemy" — that he did not anticipate that a general engagement would occur at that time and place.

While the Iron Brigade had met with success in the first shock of battle, the same good-fortune did not attend Cutler. The enemy made a terrible onslaught on his line, and orders were issued for its withdrawal. All withdrew except the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York. The order had been received by its commanding officer, but almost simultaneously therewith he was severely wounded, and was unable to communicate it to his successor. The regiment was left in a perilous position, and was only relieved by promptness and boldness. Several regiments changed front, and without hesitation charged the enemy, who, unable to resist this advance, sought the railroad cut for protection. The charge was irresistible, and others joining in, two Rebel regiments with their flags were captured. The One Hundred and Forty-seventh was relieved, but not until in the few minutes during which it was exposed, 207 men were killed and wounded out of a total of 380.

Robinson's division of the First Corps, upon its arrival upon the field an hour or more later, was placed in the rear of Seminary Ridge, and at once threw up slight works, which proved to be a great protection in the final withdrawal. Rowley was placed on the left to hold the road toward Hagerstown, and farther to his left was one brigade of Buford's cavalry. Until twelve o'clock, the First Corps, composed of about 8,200 men, stood alone opposed to Heth's and Pender's division of Hill's corps, containing about twenty thousand men. Charge after charge was made, but the enemy were repulsed by volleys of minie-balls and showers of canister poured into their ranks. Heroism and gallantry were everywhere displayed. In the Twenty-fourth Michigan, three color-bearers were killed and four wounded. During the morning, one of the color-guard took the regimental colors, and was ordered to plant them in the position toward which the colonel of the regiment desired to rally his men. While doing so, he was wounded in the breast, and left on the field. Colonel Morrow at once took the flag from the ground where it had fallen, and was rallying the remnant of his regiment, when a soldier took the colors, saying as he did so, "The Colonel of the Twenty-fourth shall never carry the flag while I am alive," and was instantly killed. In another moment the Colonel was wounded, and again the flag fell. Afterward it was found in the dying grasp of a wounded soldier, who was lying on his right side, holding with his left hand the colors as high as his feeble strength permitted.

As the hours of the morning wore away, inquiries were made for the Eleventh Corps. Howard, its commander, reached the field about eleven o'clock, and directed Wadsworth to hold the ridge as long as possible. The head of this corps, delayed by wagon trains, did not arrive upon the field until twelve o'clock, and it was two o'clock before Schurz's and Barlow's divisions were in position. Schurz deployed first on the right of the

First Corps, but left a wide gap between it and his left. On the right of Schurz, Barlow extended out in a north-easterly direction. The line of the First and Eleventh corps was semi-circular in shape. Howard, in advance of his corps, had been well employed. From a cupola of a high building in town, he had examined the entire field, and directed Steinwehr's division and three batteries to take position on Cemetery Hill. From this point, the entire field of battle was seen. Works were at once thrown up here.

But while these movements were going on, Ewell was on the march from the north toward Gettysburg, and as he heard the dull boom of the cannonade, hurried both of his divisions in the direction from which the ominous sounds came. About half past two, Rhodes' and Early's divisions, connecting with Hill's left, were in front of Schurz and Barlow; and firing opened between them. The artillery upon Cemetery Hill joined in the contest, but on account of the distance it proved ineffectual. It was not long before the enemy discovered the gap between the right of the First and the left of the Eleventh corps; and as they advanced to turn and crush their exposed flanks on either side of the gap, Paul's brigade of Robinson's division was hurried to the point of danger, and made a desperate charge, capturing a large number of prisoners and several battle-flags. The loss in the Union ranks was great, and the success only a temporary one. In this attack, General Paul lost the sight of both his eyes. The lines of Hill and Ewell, being united, overlapped the long-drawn-out lines of the First and Eleventh corps, and folded around them like wings.

In the ranks of the enemy at this time were about forty thousand men; at no time was there in the First and Eleventh corps more than sixteen thousand. A little before four o'clock in the afternoon, the whole line of the enemy, extending between two and three miles,

in some places in double and triple lines, began to move, and steadily advanced. The right of the Eleventh Corps at first broke, followed by the centre and left along the entire line. The disorder increased; and as the troops hurried on toward the town, regimental organization was almost lost. Some of the regiments of the First Corps retired slowly, facing about and pouring a deadly fire into the advancing Rebels, and checking them for a moment; but on they came, in the rear and on either side, pouring a furious fire into the retreating troops. In the town, a portion of the two corps met, and the confusion was great. Streets and alleys were blockaded. Early's and Rhodes' divisions pushed on to the approaches of the town, and poured volley after volley into the compact mass, and captured about twenty-five hundred prisoners. The citizens were terrified, but did what they could to cheer our men, and brought out food and water. Colonel Dobke, of the Forty-fifth New York, in describing the retreat of his regiment, says, —

"In a short time all sorts of missiles found their way through houses, fences, and gardens; and it was evident that to stay much longer would be certain destruction, so the regiment was ordered to follow the column which had passed. When marching a few blocks, a sudden panic arose in a column on the street we were to gain, the soldiers throwing themselves into our column and into the houses. About the middle of the block, our column was received by the enemy's infantry fire, when the regiment headed into an alley. Unfortunately this alley led into a spacious yard, surrounded by large buildings, which only offered an entrance, but no way to pass out, except a very narrow doorway, to freedom and to heaven; but the enemy's sharp-shooters had already piled a barricade of dead Union soldiers in the street in front of this doorway. About one hundred of the Forty-fifth extricated themselves from this trap, ran the gantlet, and arrived safely at the graveyard. The remainder were taken prisoners, as meanwhile the whole town was surrounded, and the enemy in possession of Gettysburg; only one third of the

equipped men of the Forty-fifth assembled in the cemetery behind the stone wall, and two thirds of the regiment was lost."

As the troops reached the hill, Howard and Hancock — the latter having just arrived, and by direction of Meade, assumed command, although junior in rank to Howard — hastened to put the men in position. Hancock reports: "By a vigorous effort, a sufficiently formidable line was established to deter the enemy from any serious assault on the position." Wadsworth's division was placed on the right, near Culp's Hill, the Eleventh Corps in the centre on Cemetery Hill, and the rest of the First Corps on the left. A quiet witness of this flight from Seminary Ridge to Cemetery Hill was General Lee, commanding the Rebel forces. He hastened to the front and saw the successful advance of his army, and longed for the presence of Stuart's cavalry to follow up the routed columns. He probably felt with General Heth, who has said that the failure to crush the Federal army in Pennsylvania in 1863, in the opinion of almost all officers of the army of Northern Virginia, can be expressed in five words: "The absence of our cavalry." As Stuart was far away, Lee sent word to Ewell to press on and secure the heights. For some reason, the order was not obeyed; and the victory of the first day, instead of being complete, was only half won. Victor and vanquished lay down to rest; the one joyful and happy, the other sad and disheartened.

In the Eleventh Corps of 7,400 men, two divisions were engaged, but a little more than half that number gathered upon the hill. Out of 309 men in the Second Wisconsin, 69 came back; out of 288 in the Nineteenth Indiana, 78. In the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, consisting of about 400 men and 17 officers, 16 officers and 316 men were killed and wounded. It was while fighting in this regiment that John Burns, then over seventy years

old, received three wounds. In the four batteries of the First Corps, 87 officers and men were killed and wounded, and 80 horses lost.

At six o'clock on the evening of the first day, Hancock sent a communication to Meade informing him that the position at Gettysburg was very strong, although having for its disadvantage that it might be easily turned, and leaving to Meade the responsibility of determining whether the battle should be fought at Gettysburg or at the place first selected by him. But as Meade said it was then too late to withdraw, orders were issued to all the commanders to hasten to Gettysburg. Meade broke up his headquarters at ten o'clock, and reached Cemetery Hill about one in the morning of the 2d. As soon as it was light, he proceeded to examine the position established by Howard and Hancock.

During the engagement of the first day, the Sixth Corps was on the march in conformity with orders, and went into bivouac on the outskirts of Manchester about four o'clock in the afternoon. A few of us rode on to the town, and the citizens, desirous of showing their hospitality and loyalty, requested us to invite the officers of the corps to a reception which they proposed to give that evening. The invitation was accepted, but it was destined that there should be no sound of revelry that night at Manchester. The gathering of beauty and chivalry, with bright lamps shining o'er fair women and brave men, was a picture to be enjoyed only in imagination.

Between eight and nine o'clock that evening, Newton was hurriedly summoned to the headquarters of the Sixth Corps, and was there informed by Sedgwick that he had just received a despatch from Meade announcing that a battle had been fought at Gettysburg, in which our forces had been compelled to retire; that the conflict would in all probability be renewed the next day, and it was of the utmost importance that his command should

be upon the field, as the success of the day might depend upon its presence. The despatch also announced the death of Reynolds and the assignment of Newton to the command of the First Corps, and directed him to report at the front without delay. The men had laid down for the night, fatigued with the long march; but in a moment all was stir and activity, and the command to "Fall in!" was everywhere heard.

Before nine o'clock the head of the column was in motion. Sedgwick and Newton rode together for about an hour, and then, bidding each other good-night, Newton, accompanied by two aids, including the writer, and two orderlies, started on his ride of thirty-five miles to Cemetery Hill. Except to stop occasionally to inquire for the right road, arousing for this purpose the inmates of houses by striking upon the windows with our swords, and meeting several miles from Gettysburg a large body of prisoners wearily marching to the rear, nothing of special moment occurred on our ride. The roads were in excellent condition, and our good horses, on a steady trot, brought us to our destination just at the gray of morning. Meade was on the hill, dismounted, and peering through the still uncertain light to discover the lines of the enemy. The scene was impressive, and one long to be remembered. Meade — tall, slender, and nervous, his hair and whiskers tinged with gray — was pale and careworn. The sleepless and anxious night had left him with great black lines under his eyes. On the hill, lying by the side of the graves in the old country graveyard, were the tired soldiers, still asleep. Long black guns were pointed in the direction of the peaceful valleys, and all around were broken tombstones and artillery wheels and dead horses. This graveyard is now known as the National Cemetery. Here has been raised a bronze statue of the brave Reynolds, with one hand upon his sword, in the other a field-glass, looking toward the spot where he fell. It is also the consecrated place where

the soldiers of eighteen loyal States fought their last battle and sleep their last sleep.

As the sun rose and morning dawned, a most beautiful panorama greeted the eye. Woods, mountains, green fields, valleys, and thrifty farms were all embraced in the scene. Of the enemy there were no indications, except the smoke of their camp-fires curling gracefully through the thick foliage. Meade gave Newton a cordial welcome, and inquired when Sedgwick would be up, and when asked by Newton if he was aware that Doubleday outranked him, answered yes, but said he had authority from the President to make such changes as he desired, and he wanted him (Newton) to take command of the First Corps. Meade inquired whether we had passed any troops on the march; and when Newton replied that several miles back he had seen troops in camp, Meade expressed his surprise and directed an aid to order them to the front at once. In a few moments they separated, — Newton to find and become acquainted with his new command, and Meade to examine the country and determine upon the location of his line of battle.

The position of the Army of the Potomac, as ultimately established, was somewhat in the shape of a horseshoe — or perhaps it is more correctly and graphically described, as has been done by a number of writers, by comparing it to a fish-hook. Culp's Hill, the extreme right, upon which were the Twelfth Corps and Wadsworth's division of the First, is represented by the point of the hook; Cemetery Hill, upon which were the Eleventh and two divisions of the First Corps, the curve of the hook; and the rest of the line, fronting Emmetsburg road and extending to the Round Tops on the extreme left, upon which were Hancock's, Sickles', and Sykes' corps, is represented by the shank of the hook. The length of the infantry line was between four and five miles. The Taneytown and Baltimore pikes, from the southeast, run into this position. The cross-roads

afforded excellent facilities for moving the troops and artillery from one position of the field to another. Meade's headquarters were at a small farmhouse in the rear of the cemetery and of Hancock's line on the Taneytown road, a spot exposed to the artillery fire from any quarter. Lee's headquarters were on the Chambersburg road, not far from Seminary Ridge. The two armies were a little over a mile distant from each other, Lee's army being on the concave of the circle.

The hours passed quietly by, with the exception of occasional picket and artillery firing while the troops were coming on the field and filing into position. After a march of seventeen hours, with scarcely a straggler, and without a halt, except for a few moments each hour to breathe the men, and another halt of about half an hour to permit them to make coffee, the head of Sedgwick's corps reached the field about two o'clock, and massed on the left of the line in the rear. Tired, footsore, and exhausted, they unslung their knapsacks, threw off their accoutrements, and laid down to rest; but a portion of the command was almost immediately ordered to the front, to support a line which was falling back in front of the Round Tops. As the Third Corps came upon the field, Meade directed Sickles to place it on the left, in prolongation of Hancock's line, which, it will be remembered, was on the left of Cemetery Hill, and to extend it to Little Round Top. As the ground here was rather low, and Sickles, riding over the field, discovered what he deemed a stronger position upon higher ground in advance, he determined to occupy it. General Hunt, of Meade's staff, who was riding with Sickles, approved of this selection. Humphrey, of Sickles' corps, was accordingly advanced to the crest just back of the Emmetsburg road, about half a mile in advance of Hancock's left. A portion of Birney's division was on the left of Humphrey, and forming a right angle, the line ran through a peach-orchard and a wheat-field in the direction of Little Round

Top, but not so as to cover it. The corps, in taking this advanced position, provoked considerable firing from Longstreet's pickets. To stop this annoyance and compel them to retire, Birney about noon ordered a detachment of Berdan's sharp-shooters to the front. This command at once deployed, advanced quickly, and pushed the picket line back until the important discovery was made that three columns of the enemy were marching in the woods toward our left and parallel with the Emmetsburg road. Lee, in his report, explains the object of this movement, as well as the other proposed operations of the day. He says, —

"In front of General Longstreet, the enemy held a position from which, if he could be driven, it was thought that our army could be used to advantage in assailing the more elevated ground beyond, and thus enable us to reach the crest of the ridge. That officer was directed to carry this position, while General Ewell attacked directly the high ground on the enemy's right, which had already been partially fortified. General Hill was instructed to threaten the centre of the Federal line, in order to prevent reinforcements being sent to either wing, and to avail himself of any opportunity that might present itself to attack."

Before four o'clock, Longstreet had his men and artillery in position. That portion of Hill's corps in front of Sickles' right was also to aid in the movement, and fall upon Humphrey's exposed position after Longstreet was well into the fight. From want of co-operation, this part of the Rebel plan failed, although proving at one time very nearly successful.

The enemy soon opened with heavy artillery firing, enfilading both Birney and Humphrey. The council of corps commanders at Meade's headquarters, which was being held at that time, was at once broken up, each general hurrying to his command. Meade directed Sykes to bring up the Fifth Corps to his left, and mounting his horse, rode to the front, expressing his disapproval of

Sickles' position, but decided it would then be too hazardous to attempt a withdrawal. Under cover of the artillery fire, Hood's and McLaws' divisions of Longstreet's corps, and Anderson's division of Hill's corps, preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, advanced upon Birney, — Hood's divisions extending beyond the left of Birney, — and rapidly approached Round Top, the key to Meade's position, which, if once in the possession of the enemy and maintained, the Army of the Potomac would be compelled to retire; as, from that commanding point the entire line to Cemetery Hill could be enfiladed.

The wave of battle rolled to and fro in front of Birney. Charge and counter-charge were made. In the peach-orchard, in the wheat-field, and among the immense bowlders and rocks in front of Round Top, thrown up as if by some volcanic eruption, the fighting was desperate. In the One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania, out of two hundred officers and men, one hundred and fifty-one were killed and wounded. Near a house and barn, one hundred and twenty dead belonging to two South Carolina regiments were found; and not far from the wheat-field were buried in one grave, after the battle, four hundred Confederate dead. In the Seventeenth Maine, in a color-guard of ten, but three escaped uninjured. Reinforcements from Humphrey's division, a division from Hancock and another from Sykes, with Ayres' brigade, were sent to Birney; but the onward march of the enemy continued, with numbers exceeding that of Birney's command, including his reinforcements, reaching the artillery and killing the horses. In turn, they were driven off, and the artillery withdrawn by hand. In some instances, Birney's captured guns were turned upon his own forces; but before the battle closed, all had been recaptured and safely withdrawn. Ward reports that the enemy, yelling and shouting, came to within two hundred yards of his brigade, posted on the

left of Birney and partially in front of Little Round Top.

In the Southern Historical Society papers, the report of General Wright, commanding a brigade in Anderson's division of Hill's corps, gives an interesting account of the movement by his command that afternoon, and explains in a measure the causes and reasons of the Confederate failure. Orders were given that as the brigades on the right advanced, the others on the left were successively to follow. Wright's brigade charged upon the Union lines and drove them back from the Emmetsburg road, until he was within a short distance of the crest of the height, which was lined with artillery supported by a strong body of infantry under the protection of a stone fence. Wright says, —

"My men by a well-directed fire soon drove the cannoneers from their guns, and leaping over the fence, charged up to the top of the crest and drove the enemy's infantry into a rocky gorge on the eastern slope of the height, some eighty or one hundred yards in the rear of the enemy's last line. We were now complete masters of the field, having gained, as it were, the key to the enemy's whole line. Unfortunately, just as we had carried the enemy's last and strongest position, it was discovered that the brigade on our right had not only not advanced across the turnpike, but had actually given way and fallen back to the rear, while on our left we were entirely unprotected, the brigade ordered to our support having failed to advance."

He adds that, finding himself about to be surrounded, with painful heart he abandoned twenty-eight guns they had captured, and after a loss of six hundred and eighty-eight in killed and wounded, succeeded in reaching the lines which they had occupied before the attack.

Shortly after Birney became engaged, Warren, of Meade's staff, riding to the left, ascended Round Top and saw from the summit the enemy in double lines marching upon it. No event during the three days'

fight was of greater importance than this circumstance of Warren's discovery. It is startling to contemplate what otherwise might have happened. To Warren's surprise there were no troops to guard this all-important fastness. It was wholly unprotected. Not a moment was to be lost; and riding furiously down the hill, he met Barnes' division of Sykes' corps on its way to reinforce Birney. Equal to the emergency, he assumed authority, and detaching Vincent's brigade, hurried it round to the base of the hill just in time to meet the Rebel advance. The fighting here was even more fierce than that before Birney. The enemy seemed to realize the importance of the position, and made charge after charge. Hazlett's battery was dragged to the summit of the hill, and poured volleys of canister in rapid succession upon the foe. Along Vincent's front the bowlders were infinite in number and of immense size, and each one was converted into a fortress. The ammunition became exhausted, and the men replenished it from the cartridge-boxes of the dead lying around them. Before night closed, Crawford's division of the Fifth Corps charged, entering the woods in front of Vincent, and drove the enemy back, gaining considerable ground.

Later in the evening, the left of Vincent's brigade advanced upon Big Round Top, and after a slight contest, in which Chamberlain's Maine regiment captured a number of prisoners and three hundred stand of arms, the left of the army was established as firmly as the rock of Gibraltar upon the point which it was originally intended it should occupy. In the struggle before Round Top, over five hundred prisoners and one thousand stand of arms were captured. Here, too, many brave men fell. Here Vincent, Weed, Hazlitt, and O'Rourke, gallant, accomplished and distinguished soldiers, sealed their devotion to their country with their life's blood. During the fight they were everywhere, encouraging their men, by word and example, to the unequal contest. Vincent's

dying moments were made happy by the electric flash which announced that the Government had rewarded him for his gallantry, and had converted his eagle into a star.

When Birney's division was dispersed and fell back, a gap was made between his right and Humphrey's left. The latter was directed to change front and retire his left. He did so under destructive artillery and musketry fire. This movement left his right in the air. Hill at once advanced to attack Humphrey, and though forces from all parts of the field arrived to his aid, he was driven back, disputing the ground, until on a line with Hancock. In this division of 5,000 men, the loss in killed and wounded was 2,088, of whom 171 were officers and 1,917 enlisted men. Humphrey, in describing the battle, says, —

"I was attacked on my flanks as well as on my front. I have never been under a hotter artillery and musketry fire combined. I may have been under a hotter musketry fire. For a moment, I thought the day was lost. I did not order my troops to fall back rapidly, because, so far as I could see, the crest in my rear was vacant; and I knew when troops got to moving rapidly, it was exceedingly difficult to stop them just where you wanted to."

While the conflict was at its highest, and Humphrey's men were running back, and the air was filled with the hideous and hissing noise of shells and missiles of all kinds, word was received by Newton — a witness of the struggle on the left from Cemetery Hill — to bring Doubleday's and Robinson's divisions to the left of Hancock. As the two divisions, side by side in columns of fours, descended the hill upon the double-quick, and being called upon by Newton and his staff to cheer, to encourage our forces at the front and to create alarm in the ranks of the enemy, shouted at the top of their lungs, an amusing scene was witnessed. On the left, a short distance to the rear of Cemetery Hill, there was gathered

at Meade's headquarters a large number of officers and men, forming a part of the usual headquarters escort. Hearing the shouts, and seeing the men running, and the entire field covered with disorganized fugitives, they quickly concluded that the army was routed, and jumping upon their horses, — standing not upon the order of their going, but all going at once, — they rushed frantically down the Taneytown road as if Stuart's cavalry were directly at their heels. Where they stopped, it is not known. Not so, however, with Meade. As Newton's divisions came under fire, Meade, superbly mounted, was there, exposed perhaps more than was prudent, but not more than the exigencies of the critical hour demanded. To him, realizing the full danger of that afternoon, it seemed as if the conflict as conducted had been needless. With the lines established as originally designed, the enemy could have been repulsed more easily and with less loss, as they finally were on the following day.

A little before eight o'clock in the evening of the second day, Ewell's command assaulted simultaneously a portion of Wadsworth's division on the right of Cemetery Hill and Green's brigade of the Twelfth Corps farther to the right upon Culp's Hill. The position of these commands was upon high, thickly wooded ground. The approach from the position of the enemy was by a sharp ascent over loose stones and past large bowlders. The whole of the Twelfth Corps, with the exception of Green's brigade, had been hurried by cross-roads to the extreme left at Round Top, when the din of battle was loudest, and had not yet returned. Green had been ordered to extend his line to cover this defenceless and most important position. While he was in the act of executing this order, the enemy advanced and opened fire, striking first the right of the Eleventh Corps. Before nine o'clock they reached the intrenchment of the batteries at this point, and in Rickett's battery they captured and spiked

his left gun. Here the fight became hand-to-hand. Darkness increased the excitement, and it was almost impossible to distinguish the blue from the gray. The cannoneers fought with handspikes, rammers, pistols, and stones, and succeeded in checking the enemy for a moment, when Carroll's brigade, sent by Hancock, came up, charged in, and drove them back. Upon the right, Wadsworth and Green remained firm; but as there was nothing to interpose, the vacant works to the right fell into the enemy's hands. That portion of the Twelfth Corps which had been to the Round Tops, upon returning about ten o'clock to resume their original position, were startled, as they approached, by a volley of musketry fired into them, wounding a number. It was their first notice that the position was in hostile possession. The importance of regaining it was fully realized. But a short distance in the rear was the Baltimore pike; in possession of this, the enemy would be in the rear of our army, almost in the park of the reserve artillery, and the whole line endangered. Had Ewell known how far his men had advanced, he could have placed his entire command there, as did Stonewall Jackson on the right at Chancellorsville, and possibly with the same success.

But that night Slocum and Williams and Geary took counsel together, and it was determined that the enemy should be driven out, and the lines regained at all hazard. At half-past four in the morning the battle was opened, and continued until about ten o'clock, when the enemy, beaten and routed, fled, and the place was reoccupied. Feats of valor had been performed, and the victory was splendidly won. In this engagement five hundred prisoners were captured in addition to the wounded, also several thousand stand of arms and three stand of colors. Eighteen years afterward, the writer, in visiting that part of the battlefield, saw in the shrivelled trees and the broken rocks many evidences of the desperate nature of the contest.

Comparative stillness reigned during the morning of the third day along the rest of the lines. The men, however, were not idle, but actively engaged in throwing up intrenchments and strengthening the position for the final assault which all knew was sure to come, but where it would fall none could tell. Within the enemy's lines vigorous preparations were also taking place. Lee decided — against the opposition of Longstreet, it is said — to make another attack. In his report he writes: "The partial success of the second day determined me to continue the assault." Artillery was planted the whole length of Seminary Ridge; ammunition was brought up to within easy reach; and under cover of the woods, Pickett's division, with its supports, Wilcox's brigade on the right and Pettigrew's on the left, were massed. All were in readiness to advance when the command should be given.

That noon, Newton and his staff lunched upon the field, between Cemetery Hill and Round Top, with Hancock. When the simple repast was ended, Newton directed me to ride along Doubleday's front and report the progress which had been made in completing the intrenchments. Hancock also requested that I would ride along his front and make a similar report. In obedience to these directions I rode to the left of Doubleday's line and proceeded along his front to his right. The works were nearly finished, and would afford excellent protection under any attack. The ground in front was open, and fell away gently to the Emmetsburg road, where it began to rise toward the concealed position of the enemy. It was one o'clock when I had ridden the length of Doubleday's line and reached the left of Hancock's. At the same moment, one hundred and twenty-five guns from Seminary Ridge opened, and the air was filled with fire, smoke, and destruction. The noise was terrific. The effect of the firing was instantaneous. Many of our men were moving in rear of their

lines, going for water or hunting for rails with which to build fires to make their coffee; ambulances and wagons were being driven from place to place; officers and orderlies were carrying orders and despatches. In a moment all this ceased, — more suddenly than when a violent thunder-storm breaks over a city, the pedestrians seek shelter, and the streets are deserted. Every one sought his proper post, and not a moving object could be seen, except here and there a horseman passing over the fields with impetuous speed.

Thinking the contest would prove nothing more serious than an artillery duel, and would end shortly, when I could again resume my ride, I dismounted, threw the reins over my horse's head, lay down, and hugged the earth. No sooner had the enemy's guns opened, than eighty of our guns, planted from Cemetery Hill to Round Top, responded. Never before was such a contest witnessed, and never before was such a direful din heard; the very earth seemed to tremble and shake, and the air to be alive with death-dealing bolts. The ground was literally ploughed with shot and shell, throwing up dirt and stones in every direction. A number of men near by were killed and wounded. From my position, a few feet distant, a splendid opportunity was afforded to witness the bravery of Captain Rorty, commanding Battery B of the First New York Artillery, and his noble men. The battery was posted between the flanks of Doubleday and Hancock. The men, begrimed with powder and smoke, loaded with precision and speed, sighting and firing their guns as if the fate of the nation depended upon their exertions. The scene was more than dramatic. With guns dismounted, caissons blown up, and rapidly losing men and horses, the intrepid commander moved from gun to gun as coolly as if at a West Point review. While bringing up ammunition, some of the men, to lessen their exposure, dismounted before reaching the battery; but this the stern disciplinarian would not permit, and

ordered them to remount and ride into position. Rorty had taken command of the battery three days before, only to fall at his post that afternoon.

Remaining where the opening of the third day's struggle found me for twenty minutes or more, and the firing continuing with unabated vigor, I mounted my horse and hurried to Newton, immediately in rear of his command. In a moment, Bliss of the staff and several orderlies were wounded by the bursting of a shell. In the mean time the field was again alive with the wounded crawling to the rear and seeking surgeons, with caissons going for and bringing back ammunition, with fresh batteries rushing to the front to take the place of those disabled, and with the poor dumb beasts, many in number, some horribly mangled, and others hobbling along upon broken legs. The firing from the enemy's batteries continued for nearly two hours. The Union batteries, to prevent the exhaustion of their ammunition and to prepare for the climax of the day, ceased a short time before. It was as evident as if it had been announced by Lee himself, where the enemy intended to strike. Before the firing wholly ceased, and the smoke of battle which enveloped the field had wholly lifted, Pickett's division, with its supports, aggregating a force of eighteen thousand men, a solid phalanx, commenced to advance. Presenting a front of about half a mile in length, on they came, line upon line, in "battle's magnificently stern array." Crossing the Emmetsburg road, all but Wilcox's brigade being the support on the right, obliqued slightly to the left, then forwarding to the front, continued to march directly toward the front of Gibbons' and Hayes' divisions of Hancock's corps. The supreme moment of the battle had arrived, and the Union batteries, some double-shotted, from the cemetery to the Round Top, poured round after round of solid shot, shell, and canister into the compact ranks at the rate of four discharges a minute. The slaughter was fearful. Great gaps were torn through the columns, speedily to be

closed up; and still they pressed on. Hancock's men stood ready to receive them. In a moment his entire front was ablaze with the fire of musketry. Hundreds were mowed down. Afterward, in going over the field, in a space but a few feet square, ten of the enemy's dead were seen lying almost one upon another. The Vermont brigade of Doubleday's division, made famous by their superb conduct in this their first battle, immediately on the left of Gibbons, formed a line at right angles to the established line of the army, and opened a destructive and raking fire upon the enemy's right flank. Shrinking from this unexpected attack, many threw themselves upon the ground, surrendering themselves as prisoners, others fell to the rear. After a desperate fight of a few moments in front of Hayes' division, the whole command broke and rushed back, leaving the field covered with the dead, dying, and wounded. Once, as they reached our lines, the Rebel and the Union flags could be seen a short distance apart, flying over the same works, and being waved to and fro by their color-bearers as if imploring for assistance.

At one time, our men were falling back upon the Taneytown road, and Newton, who, after the wounding of Hancock, was placed in command of the entire line from the right of Sykes' corps to Cemetery Hill, prepared to change front with a portion of his command, and charge, should the enemy succeed in penetrating the lines. But the contest was soon ended. Over forty-five hundred prisoners and twenty-seven battle flags were brought in. Wilcox's brigade, which had diverged to the right, met with a similar repulse. Starting from the summit of Round Top and continuing along to Cemetery Ridge and Culp's Hill, there went up from the men, relieved from the terrible strain, anxiety and anticipation of death, cheer upon cheer. The wave of sound rolled from one end of the field to the other, and back again, for many minutes.

Space will not permit mention of the cavalry engagements upon the right and left flanks, or the failure to return the enemy's attack, respecting the advisability of which there is to-day no undivided opinion, though at that time brave and loyal men, loving their country, desiring peace, and weighing every consideration, thought that the tired and exhausted army had endured as much as could be demanded from human nature.

Crawford's division before the close of the evening made a charge in front of the Round Tops, capturing over two hundred prisoners, one stand of colors, one Napoleon gun, three caissons, and upward of seven thousand stand of arms, great piles of which were found in brush heaps ready to be burned.

With these movements terminated the battle of Gettysburg; and in a few days Lee's army was again upon the soil of Virginia.

The number of men engaged in the battle on the Federal side is estimated at 72,000; on the Confederate side, 76,000. The number of killed on the Federal side was 2,834; wounded, 13,709; prisoners, 6,643; a total of 23,186. On the Confederate side, Howard estimates the killed at 5,500, or a total of 29,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Upon the field were collected 24,978 small arms, three guns, and 41 flags; 881 horses were killed in the three days' fight.

In the battle of Austerlitz, the Allies, with an army of 84,000, lost in killed and wounded 30,000; and the French, with an army of 80,000, lost 12,000. In the battle of Waterloo, the Allies, with an army of 70,000, lost in killed and wounded 16,000. The French had an army of between 70,000 and 80,000, and lost 18,500 in killed and wounded, and 7,800 in prisoners.

Upon the same day and precisely at the same hour when Pickett's division was put to flight, and victory had crowned the Union arms, a thousand miles away upon the banks of the Mississippi, another act in the great

tragedy of the Civil War was being played. Sitting upon the grass under the shade of an old oak-tree were the commanders of two hostile armies; and at this time and place Grant received from Pemberton the unconditional surrender of Vicksburg; and on the following day, the 4th of July, throughout the North and the great West a doxology of praise went up from thousands of patriotic hearts, and again were renewed the pledges of devotion and loyalty.

On November 10 of the same year, there were gathered upon Cemetery Hill, for the purpose of dedicating as a National Cemetery the ground which had been whitened with the bones and enriched with the blood of thousands of unreturning braves, a distinguished body of men. In what more appropriate language can this paper be closed than by reading the address of President Lincoln delivered on that occasion, — a specimen of classics which will occupy a high place in the field of literature as long as the English language is spoken.

"Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that

from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

REMINISCENCES OF FORT SUMTER.

By HORATIO L. WAIT.

[Read December 1, 1880.]

ON the 12th day of April, 1861, Edmund Ruffin, a civilian from Richmond, Va., fired the first hostile shot of the Great Rebellion, at Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor; and the telegraphic reports of the fact, instantly flashed over the length and breadth of the land, kindled into a blaze the dormant fires of what had already been characterized as the "impending conflict."

Up to this time Fort Sumter had been but little known outside of army circles and travellers on the Charleston steamers, but it was destined soon to become as famous as any fortification that was ever erected. It stands at the entrance of Charleston Harbor, on the edge of the shoal forming the southern line of the main ship channel, and is built on an artificial foundation of rock, sunk there for that purpose. It was planned and erected before the invention of heavy ordnance, and was not calculated to resist anything heavier than the old-fashioned projectiles, being built of brick with stone trimmings. It was a pentagonal structure, having the gorge or rear wall toward the shoals and points of the nearest land; and curiously enough this, its weakest side, was the one called upon to bear the brunt of four years of intermittent assaults, as its constructors were chiefly intent upon preparations for an attack from the outer sides. The faces of the fort were about fifty feet high from the water, and the casemated walls were over thirty feet thick from face to rear. It was designed to mount two tiers of guns in casemates, and one tier *en barbette*. At the outbreak of the war the fort was still unfinished. Work upon it had

been suspended; no guns were mounted, and its only garrison was an old ordnance sergeant and his family. To show how neglected it was, notwithstanding its commanding position at the entrance of the bay, and its being in fact the key to the harbor of Charleston, the following incident may be related. A short time before the war the sergeant in charge was stricken down with yellow fever. His devoted wife, after vainly trying for two days to attract attention to the fort by the use of the flag and other signals in the intervals of her necessary attention to her husband, at last resorted to the desperate expedient of setting her two little children adrift in a boat with the flood tide, the oldest bearing a letter in its hand stating the critical nature of the case, and asking for immediate assistance. The boat with the children drifted ashore near the city, and assistance was sent; but it came too late to save the life of the sergeant.

It is impracticable on this occasion to go into the details of the curious social complications which surrounded the small United States force stationed in Charleston Harbor at the outbreak of the Rebellion, or to describe the ingenious and desperate expedients to which they had to resort in order to maintain themselves in the very jaws of the rampant lion of secession. These, as in the similar predicaments of Slemmer at Fort Pickens, in Pensacola Harbor, form a very curious and romantic part of the early history of the Rebellion.

When Major Robert Anderson, the commandant of the post, found it imprudent to remain longer at the old station at Fort Moultrie, he with great secrecy, during the night of December 26, 1860, transferred his entire command, and such stores as could then be transported, to Fort Sumter; and on the next day at noon he formally hoisted his garrison flag with religious ceremonies. The Confederates were greatly enraged when they discovered that Major Anderson had thus slipped through their fingers, for they had considered his little command as

their easy prey; and they at once began the writing of indignant epistolary remonstrances, offers of negotiations, and the erection of batteries on all the points of land surrounding and commanding Fort Sumter. They also constructed a fortification, called Fort Ripley, in the centre of the harbor, on the middle ground at the edge of the main ship channel, which was built on an artificial foundation something after the plan of Fort Sumter. The letter-writing, negotiating, and battery-building continued until the Confederates had completed all their preparations, and had erected nineteen batteries commanding Fort Sumter. One of the officers in charge of a part of the Confederate works, presuming on the forbearance of Major Anderson, actually had the assurance to ask if Anderson would interpose any objections to his mooring the Confederate floating battery within a hundred yards of the gorge wall of Fort Sumter. This floating battery was an experimental structure of heavy timber, mounting siege-guns, protected by a shield or sloping roof of timber plated with iron.

The firm and decided position of Anderson and the officers of his little garrison during these trying times is the more remarkable because they were all, with one exception, personally opposed to the election of Mr. Lincoln. Anderson had been a slaveholder, and his social relations were mostly with the slaveholding class. They were constantly importuned to accept commissions from the Confederate powers, by officers who had been trained in the old United States army and navy, and who had then taken up arms in the Confederate cause; and every possible influence was thrown around them to try and win them from their allegiance to the Federal Government. They had seen the United States revenue cutter that was stationed in Charleston Harbor turned over to the secession leaders by her commander; and she was at that very time anchored near the landing of the fort, as the Confederate States' guard-ship.

During the delay caused by the attempts at negotiation and the letter-writing of the Confederates, Anderson's command had been exerting themselves to the utmost to mount as many of the guns as possible. The fort was designed to mount one hundred and thirty-five heavy guns; but Anderson, with his limited resources, was only able to put in position fifty-two of the lighter ones. In order to complete the defences of the fort so that it might be held against an assault, they bricked up all of the embrasures where they were unable to mount guns, built a wall of masonry behind the sally port, and constructed galleries projecting over the parapets to command the several faces with a flanking musketry fire. They made as many cartridges as they could get materials to make the cartridge cylinders for, using even clothing and bedding for that purpose.

At this time the garrison consisted of nine officers, fifty-five men, fifteen musicians, and a civilian force of thirty masons and laborers, making one hundred and nine men, of whom but sixty-three were combatants. The Confederate force surrounding them was three thousand in the nineteen batteries and five thousand in reserve. The small garrison of Sumter was so inadequate for so large a fort that the men were soon worn out with the overwork of these necessary preparations and the vigilant watching made imperative by their precarious condition. They were without any proper supply of fuel, and had to split up gun-carriages and catch floating timber drifting past the fort to do their cooking with. Their supply of provisions, which consisted at first of pork, beans, and hard-tack, was finally reduced to pork alone; and on the morning when the bombardment began, their only articles of subsistence were pork and water. This low diet, and the necessity of living in the damp quarters without fires during the winter weather, proved a very trying ordeal to most of them, and some never recovered from the effects of it.

Soon after the transfer from Moultrie to Sumter, the wife of one of the officers still remaining at Moultrie persuaded some young men, sons of the old garrison sutler, to row her over to Sumter secretly at night. This they managed to do without being detected by the watchful Confederates; but it was so cold in Fort Sumter that they had to split up their tables for fuel to keep her warm, and she considerately returned.

While the beleaguered garrison were thus shivering through the long nights, and anxiously wondering what each day would bring forth, an attempt to reinforce them was made by the wooden passenger steamer, "Star of the West." She was quickly driven off by the Rebel batteries before she could communicate with Sumter. Many of the men and some officers in the fort were quite desirous of having Anderson open fire on that occasion; and the murmurings and dissatisfaction increased in the sorely tried little garrison in consequence of the forbearance shown by Anderson at that time. What the result would have been if he had opened fire, must now remain forever an open question.

At length a formal summons was sent by General Beauregard to Major Anderson, demanding a surrender of Fort Sumter. This was promptly refused. Thereupon the Confederates, on the morning of April 12, 1861, opened fire from all their works, and Sumter became the focus of the converging fire of fourteen batteries, many of them mounting ten-inch Columbiads and thirteen-inch mortars. When the shells from the latter buried themselves in the parade-ground of the fort and exploded, they shook the structure like the shock of an earthquake. This storm of shot and shell continued for two days, during which time between three and four thousand shot and shell were fired by the Rebels, and resulted in so far disabling the fort as to make it untenable by Anderson, with the inadequate resources at his command. On the 14th of April he surrendered the fort, saluted the

garrison flag, hauled it down, and marched out with the honors of war. His official report says, —

S. S. BALTIC, April 18, 1861.

Having defended Fort Sumter for thirty-six hours, until the quarters were entirely burned, the main gate destroyed by fire, the gorge wall seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its door closed from the effects of the heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions but pork remaining, I accepted terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard, and marched out of the fort Sunday afternoon, the 14th inst., with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns.

ROBERT ANDERSON,
Major, First Artillery.

The culminating scene of this stirring drama was not without its ludicrous incidents. The evening before the evacuation, the irrepressible Senator Wigfall, acting as a volunteer aid on the staff of General Beauregard, and desirous of stealing a march on the regularly delegated emissaries from headquarters, watched his opportunity when the fire of Sumter had slackened from lack of ammunition, and started in a skiff rowed by two negroes, with a handkerchief tied on a sword for a flag of truce, and by good chance escaping the storm of shot and shell still directed at the now helpless fort, made his appearance at one of the embrasures of the fort, where a sturdy artilleryman quickly seized him, pulled him inside the fort, disarmed and made a prisoner of him in spite of his remonstrances. When the incident was reported to the officer on duty, and Wigfall was brought before Major Anderson, he represented himself as sent by Beauregard to demand the surrender of the fort, and made such a demand then and there; but even his blustering manner was not enough to overawe Anderson. Sometime afterward, when Beauregard's adjutant-general arrived to make

a formal demand for the surrender of the fort, and was informed that Wigfall had been carrying on negotiations in Beauregard's name, there was quite a scene between the self-constituted representative of the chivalry and the officially detailed representative of the besieging military force.

No sooner was this over than Roger A. Pryor, who had come over with the regular flag of truce from Beauregard, while sitting at the table in the hospital of the fort, which was then the least intolerable abiding-place, observed a black bottle and a tumbler standing near him, and at once poured out and quickly swallowed a liberal drink of what he supposed to be liquor, but which was in fact a poisonous compound of iodide of potassium. Of course he was thrown into a state of great consternation at learning what he had swallowed. He was quickly carried out to the parade, and the stomach-pump was so promptly applied by Dr. Crawford, the surgeon of the garrison, that he was soon relieved. When the party were assured that he was out of danger, and the comical aspect of the scene dawned upon them, there was considerable fun over the affair, in spite of the grim surroundings and the ominous significance of the service they were engaged in. Some of them took the position that if a Confederate leader chose to come over to Fort Sumter and poison himself, a Federal surgeon had no right to stop him; but the surgeon maintained that he was responsible to the United States for the medical stores in the hospital, and therefore he could not permit even Roger A. Pryor to carry any away.

Another matter, brought up with the utmost gravity and earnestness by some of the Confederate officers just at the time of the evacuation, caused Anderson's officers much merriment. It seems that at Fort Moultrie, where the regulation pyramids of shot stood near each gun, the shot had been well coated with the usual composition of coal-tar, to protect them from the weather. When Ander-

son evacuated Moultrie, he spiked the guns and burned the gun-carriages. The heat thus created melted the tar on the pyramids of shot, causing it to run down in streams and coagulate in lumps; in consequence, it was currently reported among the South Carolina officers that Anderson had tarred the balls to render them useless. And this became one of the Confederates' artillery problems, — to determine in what way cannon-balls were spoiled by tar. When the first opportunity occurred, at the time of the evacuation, one of these officers took Captain Truman Seymour aside and asked him confidentially if he had any objection to telling him why those balls were tarred, assuring him that they could scrape it all off.

As soon as the Confederates obtained possession of their much-coveted prize, Alfred Rhett, colonel of the First South Carolina Artillery, took command of Fort Sumter. They set to work with the greatest alacrity to repair damages and strengthen the work. The engines of the Charleston fire department were at once brought down on steamers to extinguish the smouldering fires. As the Rebels had as many enthusiastic and willing hands as could work together to advantage, they soon brought order out of the chaotic wreck inside the fort, and quickly strengthened the weak places in the work. They built protections of solid masonry outside the points where magazines were located, and covered them with palmetto logs; they filled the unused casemates and passages with bags of sand solidly packed in, and built a heavy facing of sand in bags along the gorge wall, thus putting the fort in better condition for resisting an attack than it ever had been before; and they held it in undisturbed possession for many months. The Rebel flag flying over Fort Sumter was the first that I had seen; and as I gazed at this novel emblem of the would-be Confederacy floating over the well-equipped stronghold, I realized more completely than ever before upon what a serious struggle we were entering.

There were then no available vessels with which to establish a sufficient blockade of the port, the vast fleet of improvised gun-boats not being ready for service. In December, 1861, an attempt was made to close the main ship channel over Charleston bar by sinking therein a large fleet of old condemned whale-ships laden with granite; but, strange to say, this had the effect of causing a new and better channel to be cut by the action of the current.

On May 29, 1862, the first available naval force that could be detailed for the purpose began operations against Charleston by capturing and holding the defences of Stono Inlet, and the Rebels retreated from Cole's Island. This was their great mistake, and led to our capture of Folly and Morris islands, and the demolition of Sumter. Soon after, a fleet of blockading vessels was stationed off Charleston, stretching in a curve from the north end of Sullivan's Island to the south end of Morris Island. Inside of this was a line of iron-clads; and every night a line of small picket-boats went close in to watch the movements of the Confederates, and to signal the running in or out of the blockade-runners. This blockade was maintained with more or less vigor until the fall of Charleston.

A trifling circumstance occurring about this time illustrates the sentiment that inspired some of the people of Charleston in the early part of the war. The officer commanding the vessel to which I was then attached was Commander Bankhead, a son of General Bankhead of the old army. He was born in the fort in Charleston Harbor known as Castle Pinckney. Up to the outbreak of the war he had been an especial favorite in Charleston society, and particularly so with a Miss ——. At the first opportunity after the blockading fleet appeared off Charleston, this lady gave one of her slaves his freedom, and sent him to Commander Bankhead with an elegant set of silver coffin-handles, and a grandiloquent message to the effect that the coffin to which they belonged was ready and waiting for him in Charleston. Bankhead had

the glistening handles put up on the dark walnut panels over the cabin transom, where they formed conspicuous objects, attracting attention and causing many inquiries, which the waggish recipient seemed to enjoy answering.

The hardships of that blockading service on the Atlantic coast during the fierce winter storms, the excitement resulting from the frequent engagements with the Confederate batteries, and the watching for and chasing after the innumerable blockade-runners, form a series of vivid and never-to-be-forgotten reminiscences to the men who participated in them.

As soon as the hastily constructed iron-clad monitors, and the broadside iron-clad called the "New Ironsides," were completed at the Northern ports, they were sent down to Charleston; and on the 7th of April, 1863, Admiral Dupont made the first Federal attack on Fort Sumter. It was a most interesting occasion, as it was the first thorough trial of the monitor system against heavy fortifications. The seven monitors with revolving turrets, designed after Ericsson's original monitor, the "Keokuk,"— an experimental thin-armored iron ship, built with curved sides, like a turtle, to deflect the shot, — and the massive "New Ironsides," carrying a battery of eighteen eleven-inch Dahlgren guns in broadside, moved slowly up the main channel to attack the forts. The line was led by the monitor "Weehawken." They moved on steadily under the storm of shot from Sumter and all the surrounding fortifications at about eight hundred yards' range, until the "Weehawken" reached the obstructions stretched between Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie, which stopped her further progress. These obstructions consisted of bars of iron shackled together and supported by a heavy boom of timber, in front of which were lines of rope obstructions, consisting of a nine-inch hawser with a network of smaller hawsers suspended under it. The "Weehawken" became entangled in the network of the obstructions; and when she tried to force her way through, they

fouled her propeller. She was obliged to extricate herself by cutting clear of them and dropping down with the ebb tide. The other vessels of the fleet tried to force a passage by the other channels, but found them similarly obstructed. Two of the monitors, having been disabled, fell afoul of the "New Ironsides," and it took some time to clear them.

It now became manifest that a passage could not be forced at that time. During all these efforts the storm of ten-inch chilled-faced shot was pouring upon the iron-clads at the rate of one hundred and sixty shots a minute, rattling against the iron plating as rapidly as the ticking of a watch. The plunging fire from the barbette guns of Sumter was particularly galling to the monitors, and quickly disabled the "Keokuk," the experimental thin-armored ship, so that she dropped down out of action and anchored near the shore of Morris Island, where she soon after sank.

In addition to the obstructions, the lines of piling, and the numerous submerged torpedoes, the Confederates had planted a large boiler-iron mine, filled with powder, in the main ship channel just off Fort Wagner, to be fired by an electric current. They were exceedingly anxious to blow up the "New Ironsides" with this, as she had been especially obnoxious to them on account of the execution done by the very rapid firing of her heavy shell-guns. The Rebels had established ranges to show when she was over the mine, and it was connected by wires with the batteries in the lookout stations at the ranges. During this attack the "New Ironsides" remained stationary for many minutes exactly over the mine, but as the wires had become deranged, the Rebels were unable to explode the mine, fortunately for the vessel and her crew.

The fire of the iron-clad fleet was directed mainly at Fort Sumter, and did great damage. The projectiles from the three hundred-pounder Parrott rifles penetrated through and through the casemated walls, and the fifteen-

inch shells on bursting would bring down and throw inward huge sections of the masonry. But it was an unequal contest. The guns of the monitors, though heavy, could be fired but slowly at the best. The turrets of some became jammed so they could not be revolved; others were disabled in various ways; and the fleet withdrew from action. The iron turrets of the monitors were so thickly indented with the marks of the ten-inch balls that they looked as if they had been pitted with very large small-pox.

On July 6, 1863, Admiral Dahlgren relieved Admiral Dupont at Charleston. Two days thereafter the army and navy, by a combined attack, obtained possession of the southern part of Morris Island, and the assault on Fort Wagner was repulsed by the Confederates. Then General Gillmore began his memorable siege of Wagner; and in the mean time heavy siege batteries were built to fire over Wagner at Sumter. One, called the naval battery, was served by men from the fleet, mounting the English Whitworth rifles, having hexagonal bores, which had been captured from the Confederates. When these batteries were completed, they, in conjunction with the iron-clads, began the first heavy Union bombardment of Fort Sumter, August 17, 1863, and kept it up day and night for a week. In the bombardment, all of the Union batteries and iron-clads and all of the Confederate batteries participated. At night it made the most wonderful display of pyrotechnics that I ever saw. The air was filled with the luminous curves and flashes of the projectiles. A fifteen-inch gun, when fired with a cored shot, produces such a concussion of the air as to make it unpleasant to the ears of those near it; and when this continues for a week, those firing are as glad of a cessation as those fired at. Hence all rejoiced when Dahlgren and Gillmore concluded that the masonry of the gorge wall of Sumter had been sufficiently pulverized. At this time it had lost all traces of its former face, and had

become an irregular mound of brickdust and mortar, in which the fifteen-inch shells would bury themselves, and on exploding throw up a vast red cloud of debris, which would mostly fall back in nearly the same place it came from. The two-hundred-pounder and three-hundred-pounder rifle-shells that struck near the crest of the heap would plough their way through, taking the opposite casemates in reverse, and come out at the further face of the fort.

During the latter part of July, General Gillmore desired a battery to mount a heavy two-hundred-pounder rifle, constructed in the swamp about a mile west from Morris Island, for the purpose of being within easy range of the city, and getting a line of fire more nearly perpendicular to the gorge face of Sumter than was afforded by the batteries on Morris Island; and he indicated the point upon the chart where it was to be constructed. Upon the inspection of this point by the engineer officers, they found it and the surrounding region to consist of soft mud; therefore they reported unfavorably upon the location. Nevertheless, they were ordered to construct the battery immediately upon that exact spot, and to make requisitions for whatever was necessary. Thereupon the droll requisition was made for twenty-five men eighteen feet high, to construct a battery in mud twelve feet deep. However, by many novel and ingenious expedients a well-constructed sand-bag battery was erected, and a two-hundred-pounder Parrott rifle actually transported to and mounted in it. The details of the construction of this battery are among the most curious of the many original methods and devices resorted to by our engineers. The gun burst at the thirty-sixth discharge, however, and landed itself on the parapet of its battery, where it remained imbedded; after which two ten-inch mortars were mounted in this battery, which was officially designated the Marsh Battery, but the soldiers called it the " Swamp Angel."

It was about this time that a manuscript poem appeared at headquarters, whence it found its way to the flag-ship, where I made a copy of it. It was at the time attributed to "Miles O'Reilly," who was just then becoming most pleasantly known; but I do not find it in Colonel Halpine's collected poems, and have never been able to learn the author's name.

THE SONG OF THE SHELL.

I.

SULLEN and strong, and thick and tall,
Rises the bastion's moated wall;
The glacis is smooth, and the ditch is deep.
And the weary sentry may never sleep.
Over the parapet, heavy and dun,
Peers the mouth of the barbette gun,
While lightnings flash and tempests blow
From the gloomier casemates down below.
Strong is the work and stout the wall,
But before my song they must crumble and fall, —
Crumble away to a heap of stones,
Mingled with fragments of dead men's bones;
And red with the blood that flowed as they fell,
Their requiem sung by the "howling shell."

II.

Flaunting and boasting and brisk and gay,
The streets of the city shine to-day;
Forts without, an army within,
To think of surrender were deadly sin,
For the foe far over the wave abide,
And no guns can reach o'er the flowing tide.
"They can't?" Through the air, with a rush and a yell,
Comes the screech and the roar of the howling shell;
And the populous city is all alive
With the bees that are leaving the ancient hive;
And the market-places are waste and bare;
And the smoke hangs thick in the poisoned air;
And ruins alone shall remain to tell
Where the hymn of destruction was sung by the shell.

III.

Traitorous and bloodthirsty, mad with wrath,
Charleston stands in the nation's path, —
Stands and flaunts a bloody rag,
Insulting the stars on the dear old flag.
But Sumter is crumbled and ground away,
And Wagner and Gregg are ours to-day;
And over the water, on furious wings,
The shell from the "Swamp Angel" flies and sings.
It sings of the death of the traitorous town;
It sings of red-handed rebellion crushed down.
Sharp are its cadences, harsh its song;
It shrieks for the right, and it crushes the wrong;
And never a blast shaking nethermost hell
Cried vengeance and wrath like the song of the shell.

In the great August bombardment of Fort Sumter, the iron-clad fleet expended most of their ammunition; and as the expected supplies failed to arrive seasonably, there ensued a long period of enforced inactivity on the part of the iron-clads just at the time when the most was expected of them by the newspaper warriors and the general public. And the spirit of competition and rivalry existing between the co-operating land and naval forces became at this time a little more pronounced than usual.

In looking over an old portfolio lately, I found this copy of one of Miles O'Reilly's productions, written at the time of this enforced inactivity on the part of the iron-clads, and which I know was composed by Colonel Halpine. It gives a very good idea of the kind of by-play that was running continuously through the tragic events of those momentous days.

THE ARMY TO THE IRON-CLADS.

Och, Admiral Dullgreen,
It is aisy to be seen
That ashore so long you 've been
You can never toe the mark.
Of your ships you seem as chary
As my black-eyed little Mary
Of her silver-winged canary
Or her crockery Noah's ark.

'T is no harm, you seem to think,
That upon destruction's brink
(He is not the boy to shrink)
  Our gallant Gillmore stands,
Holding hard his threatened lines,
Pushing far his works and mines,
While you, knowin' his designs,
  Sit with folded hands.

Give us back the brave Dupont;
Ramon Rogers, too, we want.
Send the say-dogs to the front
  Who have fought the fight before.
John Rogers, Drayton, Rhind,
Ammen, grim but always kind, —
Aye, and Worden, though half blind, —
  Give us these once more!

Woe 's me! George Rodgers lies
With dimmed and dreamless eyes;
He has early won the prize
  Of the striped and starry shroud.
While some fought shy away,
He pushed far into the fray,
As if eager thus to say:
  "All have not been cowed."

Stanch Fairfax and true Downs,
Born leaguerers of towns!
No chance now of laurel crowns.
  Thus it seems I hear you sighin';
"'T was not always so," you say,
"When Dupont in every fray
Led the line and cleared the way,
  With his broad pennon flyin'."

Oh, Gideon, king o' men!
Take Dullgreen home again,
And let Fulsome's glowing pen
  All his high achievements blazon;
For Fulsome, Gideon mine,
Can paint pictures, line by line,
All of that precise design
  Fox delights to gaze on.

Dear Uncle Gideon, oh,
Let Dullgreen homeward go!
He 's a smart man, as we know,
And the guns he makes are striking.
Keep him always " on the make," —
Do, Gid, for pity's sake,—
But the warrior lead to take,
Send Dupont the Viking!

Soon after the appearance of this squib the transports began to arrive with ammunition for the monitors; they at once resumed the attack vigorously, and perhaps poor Miles O'Reilly thought his squib had been effective and brought about the desired result.

After two weeks more of bombardment of Sumter by the iron-clads and the Union batteries, during which the shot from the monitors had penetrated all of the case-mates wherein guns were mounted, every gun in the fort was disabled except one, and that was in a casemate pointing toward the city. During this attack the monitors again suffered severely by the tremendous pounding from the chilled-faced bolts of the Brooke guns of the Rebels, and Commander Badger of the Admiral's staff, while inside the pilot-house of one of the monitors when it was struck by a shot, had his leg broken by the flying off inwardly of the head of one of the armor-plate bolts.

On September 7, 1863, Admiral Dahlgren sent a formal summons to Fort Sumter to surrender, which was refused. On the night of September 8, 1863, a boat attack was made upon Sumter by a force of over five hundred men from the blockading fleet, in forty boats, under direction of Commander E. P. Williams (the same officer who afterward went down in the United States sloop of war " Oneida," coming out of Yokohama, Japan). There was to have been a larger force of Gillmore's troops in boats, to make a similar assault; but they were detained by a very low tide in the creek back of Morris Island, and did not get out in time. The naval party made the assault gallantly,

but it was unsuccessful. All who succeeded in gaining a foothold on Sumter were either killed, wounded, or overpowered by numbers and captured; the rest of the party was repulsed by the unexpected intensity of the fire opened upon them. There were fifty killed and wounded, and as many more captured, including the leader and principal officers of the expedition.

The cause of the disaster was as follows: Just before dark, Admiral Dahlgren's flag-ship made a general signal, "Call away all armed boats." Now, many of the Confederate officers on duty in the defences of Charleston had served in the old navy and were quite familiar with our code of signals, therefore it was customary to change the numbers of the signal flags from time to time, so as to prevent the Confederates from deciphering our signals; but so great was their acuteness that they were sometimes able to divine their import. They did so on this occasion, and immediately hurried several steamer-loads of troops from Charleston down to Sumter, and made all possible preparations to resist the assault, so that the moment our party began to land on Sumter, they were pounced upon and overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers.

The Confederate report of the affair, as made at the time, was as follows: —

"Having expected the boat attack, I had one third of the garrison under arms on the parapet, and the remainder so posted as to reinforce with promptness. At one in the morning I saw a fleet of barges approaching from the eastward. I ordered the fire to be reserved until they should arrive within a few yards of the fort. The enemy attempted to land on the southeastern and southern faces. He was received by a well-directed fire of musketry, and by hand grenades, which were very effective in demoralizing him; fragments of the epaulment were also thrown down upon him. The crews near the shore sought refuge in the recesses of the foot of the scarp; those farther off, in flight. The repulse was decided, and the assault

was not renewed. His force is reported to have been four hundred men, but it is believed to have been much larger. One hundred and twenty-five officers and men were killed, wounded, or captured; we secured five stands of colors and five barges. The Charleston battalion behaved admirably, and all praise is due for their promptness and gallantry displayed in the defence."

It was a most curious coincidence that while the naval force was secretly preparing for this boat assault on Sumter on the night of September 8, the army on Morris Island was mysteriously preparing to do exactly the same thing on the same night, and neither arm of the service knew of the proposed action of the other until the morning before the attack; it was thereupon arranged that the assault by the two parties should be a simultaneous one, but the army party was detained by an unexpectedly low tide in the creek. When they learned how disastrously the naval attack had resulted, of course they did not feel quite as badly about that low tide as they had before, when they feared the navy would get the start of them and win all the glory.

I look upon this affair as one of my narrow escapes, as I was to go in charge of one of the boats of the assaulting party; and when "all armed boats" were called away, my boat was lowered and the crew were passing their arms down into her, and in a few seconds more we would have shoved off. But just then Commander Daniel Ammen, Dahlgren's chief of staff, came and said we were to go down to Port Royal instanter, to hurry up the monitor that was down there; and off we went accordingly, I with the feeling of one who had been wantonly deprived of a chance of winning some glory. But when, on my return next night to the flag-ship, the sad fate of the boat attack was learned, and also that my friend Preston's division, in which I should have been, and to whom I should have stuck as closely as possible, was the first to land and the first to be overwhelmed by numbers, I felt more than

ever impressed with the force of the expression that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

We sent up a flag of truce next day to the Confederates, with clothing supplies and money for the officers and men captured in the assault, a portion of which was delivered to them. They were confined in Charleston under fire — in Shelltown, as it was called — for a short time, and then sent to Columbia, where, after a year of annoyance and suffering, they were exchanged.

The Confederates having with great labor shovelled the gorge wall of Sumter into the form of a very good earthwork, and strengthened the other walls, the army and navy, on October 27, 1863, began another tremendous bombardment of the fort, keeping it up night and day for two weeks, at the end of which time the gorge wall was again pulverized and knocked into irregular heaps of debris, the sea-face also being reduced to the same condition. The fort was then merely a sort of infantry outpost. Soon after this, the Confederates mounted three heavy guns on the channel-face and protected them so well that we could not dismount them; the traverses which we would knock away by day they would shovel back every night. The combined efforts of the shore batteries and iron-clads had for some time been concentrated upon the points where the magazines of Sumter were securely buried under the mass of ruins; and finally, on December 12, 1863, a magazine was penetrated by a shell, causing a terrific explosion, throwing the fragments of masonry high in air, and creating a vast cloud which hung over the fort for a long time, the smoke of the ensuing conflagration continuing for several days. Fifty-two of the Rebel garrison were killed and wounded by the explosion. The Confederate official report made at the time reads as follows: —

"At 9.30 yesterday morning the magazine exploded. Owing to a want of space, the ammunition for small arms and

howitzers, amounting to one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, was stored in the inner room; the commissary stores were kept principally in an outer room, which was also used as an issuing office. The materials in those rooms were immediately ignited, their occupants killed, and those stationed in the adjoining passages either killed or burned with greater or less severity. The passages leading to the casemates were filled constantly with the most dense smoke and flame, introduced by a blast of great strength. The occupants rushed from the stifling smoke to the open embrasures, leaving their arms and blankets behind them. The continuance of the smoke prevented any prolonged attempt to obstruct the progress of the fire. Lieutenant Harper, Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers, showed great gallantry in rescuing burning bodies from the smoke and flames. Total killed and wounded, fifty-two."

During the bombardment of Sumter by the monitors they had been much annoyed by the fire from the heavy guns of Fort Wagner on Morris Island, as they were within very short range of that work in the positions which they frequently occupied. So the "New Ironsides," the largest of the iron-clads, thereafter devoted herself to the task of keeping down the fire of Fort Wagner. She would lie off that fort, and by ricochet firing keep such a steady shower of eleven-inch shells just bounding over the parapet and dropping inside the work that the garrison were obliged to keep in their bomb-proofs, and could not fire a gun. This was after many ineffectual attempts had been made to batter down the sand-bag sea-face of the works and penetrate the bomb-proofs; for the Confederates would shovel back by night all that we knocked away by day. This siege demonstrated in a most remarkable way the resisting powers of the common dry white quartz sand of the Southern sea-coast. They are greater than those of any other kind of soil, and, strange to say, greater when the sand is dry than when it is wet. This sand was so light as to be blown about by the winds, so that the hands and feet of poor fellows killed in action

and decently buried were sticking up above the surface of the sand in all directions, and in many cases were reburied as often as three times; yet this very sand on the sea-face of Wagner would so resist heavy projectiles that even eleven and fifteen-inch shells, which went through and through the masonry of Sumter, would penetrate only four or five feet, and on exploding throw up a cloud of sand, which would mostly fall back again and again in the same spot. A careful calculation revealed the fact that a pound of iron was expended for every three and a quarter pounds of sand displaced. The same heavy guns which could penetrate solid masonry and blow up the magazines of Sumter could not cut through the sand to the bomb-proof of Wagner. And what seemed equally surprising was its resistance to conical bullets. On looking at the front facing toward Wagner, of the sand thrown out of the trenches in Gillmore's approach to the fort, and within a few yards of it, the surface appeared perfectly smooth and lying at a natural slope. On running my fingers through this loose sand I could rake out — literally by the handful — the conical bullets of the Rebels, flattened into a button shape and lying just a few inches under this smooth and seemingly unresisting surface.

The great bugbear of the siege of Fort Sumter, and the chief obstacle to its capture by the monitors, was the torpedo system of the Confederates. They had a well-organized torpedo corps, having in it many ex-officers of the old army and navy. They devised many ingenious kinds of torpedoes and fuses. The most effective proved to be the simplest form of torpedo, made of a common beer-keg, with conical blocks of wood at each end, cut to the curves of the side of the keg. These were filled with powder, fitted with percussion fuses, coated with tar, and anchored just under the surface of the water. They were put down in the channels, and replaced by others as they chafed loose or were carried away by the storms.

This work was usually done during dark or foggy nights. The monitor "Patapsco" was blown up by one of these torpedoes, and sank immediately with nearly all on board, just a little while before our occupation of Charleston. This torpedo had just been put in place near Sumter, and the boat which put it down had not got back to Charleston when the "Patapsco" ran over the torpedo, and sank in seventeen seconds. After our occupation, Captain McBeth, of the First South Carolina Artillery, told me that he stood in one of the casemates of the channel face of Sumter, with the lanyard of the ten-inch Columbiad in his hand, keeping the gun trained on the "Patapsco," waiting till she should reach the nearest point, as she steamed up the main channel, before he fired at her, when suddenly he saw what in the darkness he supposed was the puff of smoke from her gun, and wondered that he did not hear the shot strike. When the supposed smoke cleared away, the monitor was nowhere to be seen. He could not account for the seeming mystery, and could only conjecture that she had fired at something else, and then dropped down the channel quickly; but at daylight next morning he saw the top of the monitor's flag-staff sticking up above the water, and the mystery was solved.

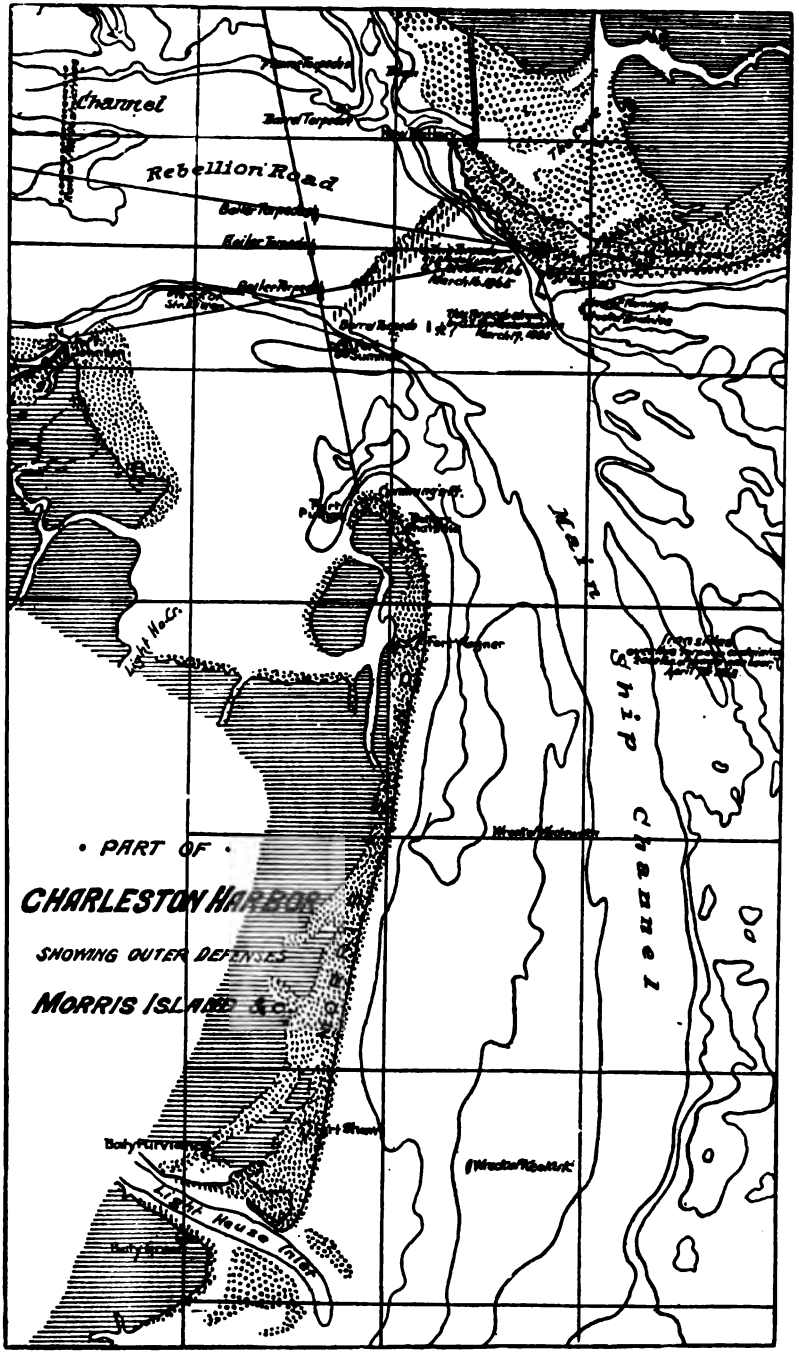
The number of Parrott rifles that burst during the siege of Sumter and Charleston was surprising. There was a continuous line of disabled guns going to the rear, and the siege trains were kept busy replacing them. They were collected in a park at the south end of Morris Island, and formed a curious study for the artillerist. Every form of fracture was seen there, but the most frequent was the blowing off of the muzzle or the blowing out of the breech. The smaller guns were the most enduring; one thirty-pounder was fired toward Sumter and Charleston, distant three miles, forty-six hundred and six times in sixty-nine days, at forty degrees elevation, before it burst. This was considered unprecedented endurance.

Many of the thirty-pounders at this extreme elevation threw shells to the centre of the city, three miles and a half; and this most enduring gun threw over two thousand shells into the city. It was a curious and interesting study, after the fall of Charleston, to observe and compare the damaging effects of the shelling upon the buildings in the city.

On February 18, 1865, the Federal forces occupied Charleston and the surrounding defences, the Confederates marching out as we marched in. It was a matter of much interest to the men of the blockading fleet to see the inside of Fort Sumter, after having watched the outside of it at intervals during so many months. It was certainly an interesting spot. The appearance presented by its interior, when we went inside, mutely and with more force than words could have done, told the story of the desperate defence and dire extremities of its late garrison. It was then simply an irregular curved pile of pulverized masonry, which had with enormous labor been industriously shovelled back into place as fast as we knocked it out of shape, and was held up on the inside by gabions and timber-work. So many tons of projectiles had been fired into it that the shot and shell seemed to be mixed through the mass as thick as plums in a pudding.

My last visit to Fort Sumter was on the 14th of April, 1865, when General Robert Anderson rehoisted over the fort the identical flag that he had been compelled to haul down just four years before. On this memorable anniversary two passenger steamers came down from New York, bringing a large party of the most public-spirited and patriotic citizens to witness the ceremony. There was quite a large gathering in the irregular space within the ruined walls that was formerly the parade of the fort, composed of the visitors and a large concourse of officers of the army and navy. A temporary platform, with a canopied frame over it and seats enough for a large audi-

ence, had been erected around the flag-staff in the centre of the parade. A stirring and patriotic address was read by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, which it is needless to say aroused the sympathetic hearers to a high pitch of loyal emotion. Many who remembered the arrogant confidence of the inaugurators of the secession movement, which found expression in the alleged boastful assertion of Robert Toombs that he would call the roll of his slaves from Bunker Hill, now rejoiced with heartfelt thankfulness at this peculiarly fitting restoration of the old flag. General Anderson then hoisted the flag with his own hands. An enthusiastic throng of old officers and gray-headed merchants from New York stood around and sang the "Star-spangled Banner," with uncovered heads and tears trickling down their cheeks. The scene was such an impressive one that even the most stolid natures seemed affected by it; men who had been enduring protracted hardships and facing death daily, with a feeling that the impelling principle was of a remote and abstract character, now seemed to catch a glimpse of the real glory of their cause, and to stand almost in the very presence of the spirit of purest patriotism. Every one of the batteries that had so lately been flying the Confederate ensign, and every vessel in the Federal fleet, promptly saluted the flag, each firing the national salute; and there was once again such a roar of heavy artillery as had not been heard since the great bombardment.



• PART OF •

CHARLESTON HARBOR

SHOWING OUTER DEFENCES

MORRIS ISLAND &c

THE SIEGE OF FORT WAGNER.

By WILLIAM ELIOT FURNESS.

[Read January 5, 1881.]

IN attempting to write an account of the siege of Fort Wagner, I have been compelled to depend largely on the official report of the general commanding the Union forces engaged in the work, a volume of several hundred pages, full in details of every kind. Hence this paper ought in no respect — except here and there, where I have written from memory of incidents and experiences touching my own army life on Morris Island — to be considered as more than a review of General Gillmore's report of the operations of the great siege of the Rebellion. I use this term, I think, with justice; for while the results of the siege and capture of Fort Wagner were small and insignificant compared with those which accrued to the national cause by the siege and capture of such strongholds as Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Fort Fisher, I do not understand that there was, in any of the operations carried on under the engineering skill of the United States Army, any work which especially added to the general science of military engineering to such an extent as was the case in the siege of Wagner and the bombardment of Fort Sumter from Morris Island.

Major-General Halleck, General-in-chief, in his report for the year 1863, asserts that difficulties almost unknown in modern sieges were overcome in the operations on Morris Island, and that these constitute a new era in the science of engineering and gunnery.

Previous to the summer of 1863, there had been but two demonstrations against Charleston, — one by the army under General Benham, in June, 1862, operating

especially against the works erected by the Rebels on James Island, which was simply a sort of reconnoissance in force, and demonstrated the strength of the Confederate positions; and one by the navy under Admiral Dupont, on April 7, 1863, which, however bold and brilliant an effort, was a failure in results.

The United States force operating near Charleston was small, and was fully occupied with holding the positions already gained on the Sea Islands south of Charleston Harbor, for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, to St. Augustine, Florida. The Confederate forces in and around Charleston, which alone was threatened by our little army, were numerous and very strongly fortified so far as our generals had been able to ascertain from reconnoissances, deserters, contrabands, and refugees; and these defences presumably extended on all sides, — for the blockade-running at Charleston was of great advantage to the Rebels, and made the defence of the city and of its sea approaches and interior communications of the utmost importance to the Confederate cause and government.

The city of Charleston lies at the confluence and mouths of the Cooper and Ashley rivers; the peninsula thus formed, on which the city is built, fronting toward the south, and having before it a harbor some seven miles long by two miles wide. At the lower end of the harbor and forming its southern boundary, lies James Island, which is of considerable extent, and is bounded on the north by Charleston Harbor; on the south and west by Stono River, which is connected in that direction with Ashley River by Wappoo Creek; and on the east and southeast by various lagoons and salt-water creeks, separating it from Morris and Folly islands, the former of which completes the southerly shores of the harbor. The northern shore is formed by Sullivan's Island, which fronts the open Atlantic, and by Hog Island, which forms the northerly bank of Cooper River at its mouth.

The entrance to Charleston Harbor is not over one and a half miles wide from shore to shore; but the main ship channel runs from the open sea northerly along and near the eastern front of Morris Island, and almost across this distance, before turning in toward the city, and the one or two subsidiary channels are all near and along the front of Sullivan's Island, so that the practical entrance for vessels of any size is under a mile in width.

Previous to the year 1861, all these channels were controlled by Forts Sumter and Moultrie, where they turn to the west, and by Fort Ripley and Castle Pinckney nearer the city; and after these forts had been captured by the Rebels, other batteries were erected on Sullivan's Island, and Fort Wagner was thrown up on Morris Island, as an outer defence to Fort Sumter, and with batteries south of it able to command the main ship channel. Fort Wagner was about one mile south of Cummings's Point, the northerly extremity of Morris Island, on which was placed a supporting battery, called by the Rebels Battery Gregg. James Island was thoroughly and strongly fortified from the point where Wappoo Creek joins Stono River east, and then north to a point east of old Fort Johnson, which was repaired and armed to aid in protecting the harbor and to command the approaches to Fort Wagner.

For the purpose of defending and controlling the sea approaches to the city, the three forts — Moultrie on the north, Wagner on the south with the batteries south of it, Gregg on the north, and Sumter midway between — might well have been deemed by General Beauregard, the Rebel commandant of Charleston, as all-sufficient; although the experience of the capture of Port Royal might have taught him, as the result here also proved, that the Rebel ordnance had been massed too much for effective resistance against combined bombardment by a naval force.

But the Confederate authorities committed a great

error, and one that proved irreparable, in practically returning their line of defences against land assaults along the east shore of James Island to Fort Wagner, and leaving the greater part of Morris Island comparatively exposed to a land assault from an enemy whom they knew also to be supported by a naval force superior to anything they could put afloat. Had they fortified the southern end of Morris Island in any way to compare with the defences of the northern end, and had they also maintained their positions on Cole's Island, west of Folly, the siege of Fort Wagner would probably never have been attempted, except in some way similar to that by which we captured Fort Fisher, for which the army of General Gillmore was far too small; and the question as to the ability of the navy to remove the obstructions, enter the harbor, and capture Charleston, after the demolition of Fort Sumter, which seems to have caused some difference of opinion between General Gillmore and Admiral Dahlgren, would then never have come up. Whether the General or the Admiral was right, is a question I do not wish to discuss. I have no doubt each believed himself correct, and I would not question the sincerity of either; but it does seem to me that General Gillmore comes out of the dispute with the advantage, since while he declined to undertake to occupy or attempt the holding of Fort Sumter, he offered distinctly to undertake the removal of the obstructions to the channel, that the gunboats might attempt the passage to the city, — although I think he should have suppressed his own opinions, and undertaken even to drive out the small force of infantry left in Sumter after its practical demolition as a battery, by continued bombardment.

In the month of May, 1863, General Quincy A. Gillmore, who had lately conducted the siege operations against Fort Pulaski, and was a military engineer of high reputation and admitted education and skill, was summoned to Washington to give his views as to the opera-

tions against the defences in Charleston Harbor which were practicable for the army without increasing the strength of the forces operating in the Department of the South.

General Gillmore is very explicit in his statements that the object to be accomplished by the army was never understood to be the capture of Charleston, but merely the capture of Fort Wagner, the demolition of Fort Sumter, and the occupation of positions from which the army might support the navy; after which, the latter branch of the service was to remove the obstructions and enter the harbor, supported by the heavy guns of the army from the positions occupied, and thus capture the "Cradle of Secession." In this statement he is fully substantiated by the General-in-chief; and Admiral Dahlgren, in his letters of September, 1863, seems to admit them by implication if not directly. To have attempted more than this would have required large reinforcements to the army, which then numbered only some eleven thousand men fit for service.

The naval authorities seem to have considered that Sumter was the great obstacle to their entering the harbor, — chiefly on account of its barbette batteries, which subjected the monitors to plunging fire, against which they were not constructed for defence, and thus protected the obstructions placed in the channel.

General Gillmore received no written instructions, but had full power given him; and on assuming command of the department, on June 12, 1863, he proposed three distinct objects to be accomplished by the land forces:

First. The capture of the southern end of Morris Island.

Second. The siege and capture of Fort Wagner, and the occupation of the northern end of Morris Island.

Third. The demolition of Fort Sumter, and the support of the navy, in its entrance to the harbor, by a heavy artillery fire.

At the date General Gillmore assumed command, the United States forces were scattered along the coast from Folly Island, South Carolina, to St. Augustine, Florida, in twelve detached positions. Folly Island, which lies immediately south of Morris Island, and is separated from it by Lighthouse Inlet, was occupied by a brigade under command of General Vogdes, who was strongly intrenched, with several heavy guns, mounted to control the waters of Stono Harbor and the approaches to James Island, and who practically held the whole island. Folly Island was thickly wooded except to the north, and even there the sand-hills bordering the inlet were covered with undergrowth.

The first step taken was to abandon two or three of the twelve positions occupied; and by so doing the General obtained an effective force of eleven thousand men, and ninety-six pieces of ordnance of various classes, from field-pieces to two-hundred-pound Parrotts and mortars, with liberal supplies of ammunition and engineering tools and material.

The capture of the lower end of Morris Island comprised three distinct moves: —

First. A demonstration on James Island in force, to prevent reinforcements to the Rebels on Morris Island, and perhaps draw off some from that point.

Second. A demonstration on the Savannah Railroad, to delay reinforcements from that quarter.

Third. The real attack to be, if possible, a surprise from Folly Island.

The first of these moves was conducted by General Terry, and was entirely successful, even to drawing off Rebel troops from Morris Island.

The second move was entirely a failure. It is one of those cases where "the colored troops fought nobly;" but inasmuch as it was conducted by a colored regiment that, so far as my experience went (and I had some opportunity of forming an opinion), was a perfect mob of

the most ignorant class of contrabands, who had had no proper chance given them to become soldiers, I do not think the failure proves anything as to the soldierly qualifications of negroes.

In effecting the third and real move, the General caused ten small batteries to be constructed behind the brush-covered sand-hills on the north end of Folly Island, mounting nearly fifty guns, and designed to cover the landing of our troops on Morris Island. These batteries were so skilfully constructed that the enemy remained in complete ignorance of them until unmasked at the beginning of the attack. On the 10th of July the attack was made, and the enemy driven from all that part of Morris Island south of Wagner, with a loss of several hundred men and eleven pieces of heavy ordnance. The next day a first attempt was made to carry Fort Wagner by assault, which, however, was repulsed by the Rebels with apparent ease.

Morris Island, the greater part of which our forces had thus become masters of, is an island, or more properly a sand-bank, resting on the marsh which extends eastward from James Island to low-water mark. It had been previously used for beacon-light stations, of which there were three upon it; it had also at one time served as a quarantine burial-place, which made it far from an agreeable location for our troops, and the water on it, though not so bad as that on Folly Island, was by no means healthful, and was often found to be nauseating to the taste and smell. There was but one tree on the place. The island is nearly four miles in length from north to south; while its width, considered as in any sense *terra firma*, varies from twenty-five feet to a thousand feet, being narrowest at the distance of a mile from its northern extremity, and widest at its southern end. Its western boundary is chiefly marsh, intersected by salt-water creeks, which are nearly if not absolutely impassable to man. The island proper contains some four hundred

acres, and its mean distance from Charleston is about five and a half miles. At its highest elevations it is only thirty-six feet above usual high-water mark, while at its narrowest part it rises only two feet above that limit, and is frequently completely overwashed by the sea. It seems to have been formed simply by an accumulation of sand upon the edge of the marsh. This sand, which composes the entire island, down to the substratum of the marsh which crops out at low-water mark in a sort of blue clay, if my memory serves me well, is a very fine white quartz; and it was with only this as a material that the batteries and trenches and approaches were constructed.

On the 18th of July, after considerable delay and obstruction from heavy rains, a second and more serious assault was made upon Fort Wagner, after a short and effective bombardment (effective, that is, to the extent of reducing the work assaulted to silence) by both the land and naval forces. This attack took place at sunset. It was made by two brigades, commanded by General Seymour, and is the attack rendered famous by the charge of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts negro regiment, which led the assault, and whose behavior that day has always satisfied me of the ability of the colored man to be a soldier if well commanded — as this regiment was, by such men as Shaw, who was killed, and Hallowell, whose death after the war was the direct result of his wounds. Both were personal friends and school or college mates of mine; and no men ever entered the service with purer motives, or did their duty more bravely and truly than they. Colonel Shaw was buried where he fell; his grave has never been found. General Hallowell was the bravest man I ever knew, both physically and morally.

As the head of the column issued from our defensive line, — afterward the first parallel, — it was opened upon by batteries in Wagner, Gregg, and Sumter, and by those

on Sullivan's and James islands, and, as it neared the fort, by a heavy musketry fire from the parapet. The southeast bastion was, however, carried and held two hours; but the darkness compelled the withdrawal of the troops, and the attack failed, with the loss of several officers of rank.

This failure modified the plans of the commanding general, and it was then determined to destroy Fort Sumter from the positions we held south of Wagner, and at the same time to press the siege of the latter by regular approaches; and it is at this point that the siege proper of Fort Wagner and the demolition of Fort Sumter begin.

Fort Wagner was an enclosed work extending across the whole island, from high-water on the east to Vincent's Creek and the marshes on the west. Provided with a bomb-proof capable of sheltering its entire garrison, and armed with some fifteen to twenty guns, mostly commanding the only approach to the fort on the south, — which was by a shallow beach not capable of allowing a full company front in width, and which was also exposed to guns from the batteries on James Island and Fort Sumter, — its garrison could with ease be kept at its full quota, since communication during the night-time with Charleston was entirely certain.

Fort Sumter was found to be able to deliver a destructive fire over Wagner, and hence it was determined to carry on the approaches against the latter, and at the same time to undertake to demolish Sumter from the parallels on Morris Island, without waiting for the reduction of Wagner.

On July 18, after the repulse at Fort Wagner, the positions occupied by the batteries on the right were ordered to be converted into a strong defensive line, and from that time were known as the first parallel. The average distance of this parallel from Fort Wagner was some four thousand feet. It extended from high-water mark

westward, following the dry or elevated formation of the island at that point, which shoots out toward the west, owing, it would seem, to a curve in Vincent's Creek, so that the front offered was about seven hundred feet; and this was defended by eight siege and field guns, ten siege mortars, and three Requa rifle batteries; while some six hundred feet in front of the parallel was placed a line of inclined palisading, with a return one hundred and fifty feet on the right, flanked by guns on the right of the parallel.

On the night of July 23 the second parallel was established, by means of the flying sap, eighteen hundred feet nearer to Fort Wagner on a line running across the island, and less than one thousand feet in extent; and this parallel was made as strong a defensive line as possible, as from the positions in the rear of it the General had determined to establish his breaching batteries against Fort Sumter. The creek on the left was obstructed with two booms; abatis, inclined palisading, and wire entanglements were placed in front, with the returns on the right flanked by six guns in the parallel; and the parallel itself was extended to low-water mark by a barricade ending in a crib where was established the so-called Surf Battery of Requa and field howitzers which swept the beach. The first and second parallels were connected by covered ways and approaches.

In the second parallel were placed seven heavy guns, in three batteries, destined to act against Sumter: namely, Battery Brown, with two eight-inch Parrott rifles; Battery Rosecrans, with three hundred-pound Parrott rifles; and Battery Meade, with two hundred-pound Parrott rifles.

In the first parallel were placed one battery to act against Sumter, the naval battery manned and commanded by that arm of the service, with two two-hundred-pound Parrott rifles and two eighty-pound Whitworth guns. Farther out on the left, and retired from a position some distance in the rear of the first parallel, a series

of batteries was established with seven heavy guns,—one three-hundred pound, two two-hundred pound, and four hundred-pound Parrotts. Still farther to the left, midway between Morris and James islands, was built the famous "Swamp Angel" battery.

The difficulties encountered in pushing the approaches to Fort Wagner arose from the very shifting nature of the material forming the island. It is easy to conceive how difficult it must have been to work under heavy fire from front and flank, in a soil which became water when dug two feet below the surface. Night after night, however, the flying sap was pushed forward, and slowly the works advanced toward the southeastern corner of the Rebel fort. During the daytime lookouts were kept posted under cover, who were to warn the working soldiers of the fort that fired. Off in the hazy distance toward Charleston, whose spires shone amid the tropical foliage, a puff of white smoke would curl upward, and then the warning voice of the watcher would cry, "Cover from Johnston!" and the fatigue party, dropping their shovels, would scatter for the splinter-proofs, whose openings looked seaward, disappearing like rabbits into their holes; and in another second or two the iron messenger would be bursting with hideous roar and scream over the place of work, or ploughing up the sand and debris; then at once the work would be hurried forward again, the party to be scattered next time in the opposite direction by the cry of "Cover Fort Sumter," "Gregg," or "Battery Bee!" Every angle of the approaches, every opening in the parapets, every loophole almost, was covered by the sharp-shooters, and the singing of the minie balls was like the music of immense mosquitoes. Though the missiles were invisible, raw soldiers soon learned the danger of the moment when the singing was heard,—though I have seen a lively negro soldier jump into the air with his hand up to try to catch the fragment of shell, on his first tour of fatigue duty. They soon learned that such

Rebel compliments were not to be trifled with; and then the officer in command of the detail had often to hunt those same fellows (who were generally the least courageous, after all) out of the bomb-proofs at the point of his sword. The only fleshing my steel ever had was the prodding I was at times driven by my impatience to inflict on shirking members of my fatigue parties. And I saw some instances — not so few, either — of perfect coolness and courage. I have in mind, very vividly, an old corporal of my own company whom the younger colored men all called Uncle, who was in great demand with the engineer details, and who never lost his presence of mind, but would continue coolly with his work under any fire.

In the night-time, while the sap was being pushed forward, the heavy guns for breaching Sumter had to be dragged up the long level beach in the clumsy high sling-carts, by some hundred or more soldiers, or hoisted on the carriages and into position in the batteries, by the gins; and if the night was bright such parties were sure to be assailed by heavy firing from Moultrie or the other forts, — the sling-carts or gins being conspicuous targets to aim at, — and in such cases chance alone seemed to preserve the soldiers. Yet we all became inured to the danger, and there was fascination in it throughout.

Out on the extreme left, well advanced toward Charleston, was the Swamp Angel. The construction of this battery was a triumph of military engineering. It was on the eastern side of a small creek, or arm of the sea, so built up with brush and sand-bags as to furnish a sure foundation; and in the centre, resting on piles sunk to the hard bottom beneath the marsh, and entirely separated from and independent of the parapets surrounding it, was the platform for the gun. The road to this battery was, to my mind, by no means the least "scary" part of the affair, if traversed at night when the tide was up; for as the water rose it floated the causeway, and the

detail marching in Indian file, or at most in twos, at the road turnings, was as likely as not to plunge into water of unknown depth. After the bursting of the Angel, a mortar battery was placed here; and I spent one whole night with a heavy detail getting this into position.

The work against Wagner had been advanced to a third parallel, some five hundred yards from the fort, on the 9th of August; but the fire from the besieged in Gregg, Sumter, and the James Island batteries, and especially from the sharp-shooters in Wagner, became so accurate and incessant as to cause a complete stopping of the advance on the 17th. The breaching batteries opened upon Fort Sumter, the navy also co-operating, and for seven days kept up a continuous firing. Some eighteen heavy ordnance pieces were trained upon Sumter, firing shot and percussion shell against the gorge wall (though the naval battery had discretion to fire against the barbettes), while two ten-inch sea-coast mortars exploded their shells over the fort. Three heavy guns were at the same time devoted to Battery Gregg, and thirteen mortars to Fort Wagner. At Sumter, 5,009 shot were fired during seven days; 2,479 struck the fort, and 1,668 struck the gorge wall.

At the end of this week of firing, Fort Sumter was reduced to a mere crumbling ruin; and it is evident that, in General Gillmore's opinion, the fleet might at that time have entered the harbor, and Charleston would have probably fallen. Only one gun was left in position in Sumter, and that pointed up the harbor, so that the fort could no longer annoy the besiegers of Wagner or injure the ironclads. The enemy promptly began to remove the dismounted guns that were still capable of use to new positions in other parts of the harbor; and the testimony of deserters and refugees showed that the fleet, without meeting any obstacles that were insurmountable, might have passed up to the city.

Meanwhile, on the 18th of August, after ten days of enforced inactivity, during which the tides had in many

places submerged the trenches and washed away the parapets, active operations were again opened in the trenches by starting the full sap forward from the third parallel. The enemy were at this point favored by a ridge some six hundred feet in front of Wagner, which was occupied by their sharp-shooters, and gave us great annoyance; and on the 21st of August the fourth parallel was opened, some three hundred feet from this ridge. From this parallel an attempt was made to dislodge the enemy from the ridge by mortar-firing; and this plan proving unsuccessful, General Terry was ordered to carry and hold the ridge at the point of the bayonet. This was done in brilliant style, on August 26, by the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment. The fifth parallel was now established, from the right of which, by a series of short zigzags, the approaches were pushed forward with the flying sap.

We had now reached the system of passive defences in front of Wagner; and these proved to be a zone of torpedoes thickly sowed, and so arranged as to be exploded by the step of a person upon them. The torpedoes were mostly kegs, with plungers fitted to them, and inclined boards resting on the plungers, the whole being buried. A corporal of my regiment, the Third U. S. C. T., was killed by the bursting of one of these machines, and thrown, stripped of all his clothes, fully twenty-five yards. His body fell with his arms resting on the board of another torpedo, giving rise to the report of his having been tied to it as a decoy.

But the torpedo zone aided as much as it hindered our advance, for it insured us against sorties; and by the morning of August 27, our sappers were within three hundred feet of Fort Wagner. Here, however, the converging fire from Wagner almost enveloped the head of our sap, while the batteries on James Island increased in power and accuracy every hour, and swept the space in front of Wagner by a flank fire. The moonlight was so bright that night work was as difficult as that by day.

The General here conceived the plan of massing all the light mortars in battery at the very front, and also had the rifled guns of the left breaching batteries trained upon the fort; calcium lights were also used to discover the enemy and conceal our own men. During the daytime the navy co-operated with the "New Ironsides."

By the 5th of September all was ready, and final operations were actively begun. For forty-two hours seventeen mortars dropped their exploding shells into the Rebel works, over the heads of our sappers and guards, and thirteen heavy Parrott rifles bombarded the southwest angle of the bomb-proof, while the "New Ironsides" kept a constant succession of shots skipping over the water and exploding in or over the fort. Wagner was silenced even to her sharp-shooters, the whole garrison being forced for shelter to the bomb-proof; and our sappers now pushed forward, troubled only by the flank fire from James Island, till they reached a point so near the Rebel works that these too had to cease their fire. On the 6th of September our sappers, silently pushed past the south face and crowned the crest of the counterscarp, masking all the guns of the fort.

The spectacle during this two days' mortar bombardment was exciting in the extreme. I remember going forward to the Coehorn battery during this time, and watching the fire on the fort. It seemed like tossing heavy balls into a great sand-hill, which the explosions after the dropping of each ball converted into a hell's mouth. The air was thick and murky with smoke, the gunners were grimed and dripping with sweat from excitement and work, and the shells as they left the mortars described the most beautiful curves. Beyond the flag on the Rebel stronghold, no sign of life appeared in Wagner. In the last hours of the sapping the men needlessly exposed themselves, and even crawled forward amid the torpedoes to examine the front of the fort.

And yet this heavy bombardment hardly damaged the

work; and when, on the 7th of September, the enemy evacuated and our forces took possession of Wagner and Gregg, they left us a substantial work, which we at once utilized by arming with heavy batteries, with which we bombarded Sumter from October 26 till November 10, and demolished the southeasterly face of that fort as we had already destroyed the gorge wall.

Our military engineers learned much from their experience against Fort Wagner; and first, as I think, they became impressed with the superiority of earthworks over brick and stone structures for military defences, and of sand over earth. Strange as it may at first appear, — and from the comments made it evidently surprised the educated engineer as much as the civilian, — the dry loose sand of our Atlantic sea-shore offers the greatest resistance to the fire of heavy breaching ordnance that is so far known, if we except iron or steel armor of requisite thickness. Sand-works, so built that the sand lies in its natural shape or in slopes even more near the horizontal plane, were after many hours' bombardment not materially injured. The great bomb-proof of Wagner was on the night of the evacuation substantially as safe as when the breaching-guns first opened on it, and a few hours' work would have put it in perfect repair. It was found that the projectiles striking in the sand-mounds of the fort ploughed up furrows, or threw up, in exploding, large quantities of sand, most of which fell back again to its place.

General Gillmore estimates that fully nine tenths of the resistance to breaching the bomb-proof of Wagner was due to portions of the covering which had already been several times displaced by previous shots. Fort Pulaski, a building constructed of brick and stone, was breached by 110,643 pounds of metal, so effectually as to cause its surrender; while 122,230 pounds of metal hurled at Fort Wagner failed to lay bare its bomb-proof and magazines, though only extemporized with the sand of the sea-shore. Fort Wagner demonstrated conclusively that the power

of resistance to breaching efforts of pure compact sand exceeds that of ordinary earth or mixed earths; and this peculiar property suggests most forcibly its use in preference to ordinary earth. General Gillmore lays down a rule, as axiomatic, that those portions of earthworks not covered from an enemy's artillery at effective ranges, and upon whose endurance or integrity depend the support and safety of valuable batteries, should be constructed of pure quartz sand with natural slopes.

While this may be admitted, the siege also showed, from the fact that our fire upon Wagner completely silenced her, that an accumulation of guns in open works, exposed to a concentrated fire, materially impairs the defence. Such guns should be distributed in batteries of but one, two, or three guns (always making provision to secure these batteries from capture by assault, so far as practicable).

Had the Rebels depended less upon Wagner, and constructed two or three batteries capable of resisting assaults of bodies of troops south of Wagner on Morris Island, their defence would have been more effectual. They depended too much on passive defences. When once they saw that our attack was to be made by regular approaches, their torpedoes should have been removed, that they might have annoyed our working parties by sorties of the garrison, which, as it was, were impossible, and liable to be as destructive to themselves as to the besieged.

Again, their armament was weak in mortars. They should have had more, and used those they had more constantly (curved fire would have helped them as it did us); and this is proved by the fact that when they used the two mortars in the fort, they caused great delay and annoyance, and a stoppage of our advance for ten full days.

One of the most interesting and instructive studies furnished by the siege was the study of the ordnance

used, the service necessary for the same, the effects produced by the projectiles, and their general manner of acting when discharged from the gun. This subject is, however, too special and scientific for me to hope to do more than just mention.

The heavy gun most used in the siege was the Parrott rifled gun; and of these General Gillmore gives the highest praise to the ten, twenty, and thirty pounders, as in all essentials good and reliable guns.

The thirty-pound Parrott used at Cummings's Point for sixty-nine days, and fired 4,606 times, of which 4,253 shots reached Charleston (some four miles distant), is the most remarkable instance of endurance afforded. This gun (No. 193) was *facile princeps*, — the champion; and its fragments ought to be preserved as relics of high value.

The want of endurance in the larger Parrott rifled guns would seem to be due to the lack of strength in the cast-iron, to undue compression, to lack of sufficient thickness, or failure of the reinforce band to extend far enough forward. In by far the greater number of cases, the gun failed between the muzzle end of the reinforce and the axis of the trunnions. General Gillmore suggests that the band be made to reach farther forward, and to taper gradually toward the muzzle.

The Parrott projectiles were made so that they received the rotary motion from a ring of wrought-iron or brass set round the base and flush with it. It was found that frequently in the heavy guns the projectile failed to take the rifled groove, received a wabbling motion, and often then capsized, in which case it failed to explode. The remedy of slightly separating the band of brass from the base, to allow the gas to penetrate, was effectual in such cases.

Shells frequently exploded in or just after leaving the gun; indeed, this was one of the greatest dangers the besieging force was exposed to, while on fatigue or guard

duty, in the advanced parallels and approaches, as no warning was possible, and many of our poor fellows lost their lives or were wounded by the fragments of our own prematurely exploding shells. The Whitworth guns, I remember, were, while in use, a terror to our men on this account. This, it seems to have been agreed, was owing to flaws and cracks which admitted the flame of the burning powder into the shell and ignited the charge; and it has resulted in changes in the mode of casting the shells, which it is hoped will remedy the evil.

Not the least surprising thing in the siege was the health of the troops, which was generally excellent. In a great measure this was due to the efforts of the Sanitary Commission. During the assault on Wagner the Sanitary agents were stationed in the very ditch of the fort, and cared for the wounded as they dropped from the parapets and rolled into the water. During the long days of the siege a decided tendency to scurvy showed itself, and fresh vegetables were only procured from the Commission and from them in profusion. The bad water was made endurable by ship-loads of ice, nearly four hundred tons being sent from New York. The efforts of and results accomplished by the Sanitary Commission were so great and so fully appreciated, that the commanding general issued an order testifying to the same, and the flag of the Commission was saluted regularly by the regiments as they passed to the intrenchments.

Finally, it may be interesting to know that during the fifty days of the siege an aggregate length of approaches was constructed of thirty-four hundred and forty yards. Forty-six thousand sand-bags were used in riveting parapets and embrasures, making loopholes for sharpshooters, filling gabions, making foundations for mortar platforms, coverings for splinter-proofs and magazines, etc. Indeed, the siege could hardly have been conducted without the sand-bags.

THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

By ARBA N. WATERMAN.

[Read June 4, 1884.]

AT the beginning of the movement which culminated in the battle of Chickamauga, the Union Army under command of General Rosecrans was, for practical offensive and defensive operations, at Bridgeport on the Tennessee River, to which point the railroad had been repaired, and where supplies had been accumulated. The Rebel forces under General Bragg were at Chattanooga. Between these two points the railroad had been destroyed.

Rosecrans determined to compel the evacuation of Chattanooga by advancing upon and threatening Bragg's line of supplies. To carry out this plan, the Twentieth Army Corps under General McCook, and the Fourteenth under General Thomas, crossed the river and the mountain ranges south of Chattanooga, thus bringing themselves within striking distance of the railroad on which the Rebel commander depended. It was thought that Bragg would thus be forced either to fight in open field for his communications, or to surrender Chattanooga.

He determined to do neither. He planned to march out of Chattanooga, concentrate his army near Lafayette, annihilate in detail the divisions of Thomas and McCook as they emerged from the mountain passes, and then reoccupy Chattanooga. The scheme was worthy of a greater general and a better cause. There were many chances for it to succeed; and that it did not, was due to the energy with which Rosecrans rescued his army from its perilous position, to the sagacity of McCook and Negley in discerning the peril in which the movements

they were ordered to make would have placed them, to the incapacity and want of courage of Bragg's lieutenants, and last, but not least, to the heroic qualities of General Thomas, and the valor of the officers and men who composed the army of the Cumberland.

On the 8th of September there were indications that the enemy was evacuating Chattanooga; and at half-past three on the morning of the 9th General Rosecrans received information that the city had been abandoned. Orders were at once given for a vigorous pursuit of what was supposed to be the fleeing enemy.

McCook was then at Alpine, more than fifty miles from Chattanooga; and between him and that place lay on one route the Rebel army, on the other the steep heights and wretched roads of Lookout Mountain. Crittenden with his corps was in the immediate vicinity of Chattanooga; while Thomas was in the mountains, midway between Crittenden and McCook, but within supporting distance of neither.

Unknown to Rosecrans, the Rebel forces were in the vicinity of Lafayette, ready to strike, as might seem best, either of the three Federal corps. McCook was the most isolated; and had he obeyed the instructions given in the despatch announcing the capture of Chattanooga, to move at once on Summerville, it is quite likely that he would have speedily found on his flank and rear a superior force from whose attack there would have been no escape. He, however, soon discovered that the enemy had not retreated, but were concentrated in heavy forces near Lafayette. Instead, therefore, of pressing on and attacking, he sent his wagon-train back to the summit of Lookout Mountain, there to await further developments.

Crittenden, who had been ordered to follow up vigorously the supposed line of retreat, on the 10th moved two divisions to Ringgold, encountering strong parties of the enemy on the way. Marken, of Wood's division, moved toward Gordon's Mills, driving squads of Rebels

before him; the Rebel camp-fires being in plain sight, on the evening of the 11th, from the position of Wood's division at Lee's and Gordon's Mills.

At half-past nine on the evening of the 10th, General Negley reported a heavy force in his front and on his flank. His position was really more perilous than he understood; and had the orders of Bragg been carried out, his division would have been annihilated. On the 11th, assisted by Baird's division, he fell back under a heavy fire, joining the remainder of the corps in front of Stevens' and Cooper's Gap.

General Rosecrans, who on the 10th had impliedly censured General Thomas for not having threatened Lafayette, was on the 11th convinced that the Rebel army was concentrated at that point, and that the concentration of his own force was a matter of the utmost importance. Palmer's and Van Cleve's divisions having been recalled from Ringgold on the 12th, Crittenden's corps was in position at Lee's and Gordon's Mills. Two corps of Rebel troops, under command of General Polk, were ordered to attack Crittenden at this point. Ignorant of this fact, on the morning of the 13th, Van Cleve was sent with one brigade on a reconnoissance toward Lafayette. This small force soon encountered the Rebel advance, and drove it some three miles. General Polk was completely disconcerted by this movement. Van Cleve had no idea how large was the force he had met, and Polk had no idea how small was the body that had driven back his advance. Instead of pressing forward and attacking as ordered, Polk secured a strong position, halted, and sent for reinforcements.

Again disappointed, Bragg gave orders for the concentration of his army on the right bank of the Chickamauga river, intending to deliver battle from his right flank.

General McCook, on the 12th, had been ordered to join General Thomas. The presence of the enemy on the east side of the mountain made it impossible for him

to do so by the valley route, and he was compelled to cross and recross the mountain, and not until the night of the 17th had he joined his forces to those of General Thomas.

Bragg had intended to attack on the 18th, but was unable to cross the river in time. There was a sharp contest at Alexander's Bridge, and some skirmishing at other points. The enemy made a feint of attacking at Gordon's Mills, but the day passed without other than movements preliminary to the coming battle.

During the night preceding the 19th there was but little slumber within the Federal lines. Thomas's corps moved steadily to the left, so that at daylight the head of his column was at Kelly's farm. Hilder's cavalry brigade was upon our extreme left, occupying the heights east of Widow Glenn's house. Baird's and Brannan's divisions were formed so as to cover the roads leading to Reed's Bridge and Alexander's Bridge.

At this time each of the commanding generals was ignorant of the position of his opponent. Bragg, believing the Union left to be at Lee's and Gordon's Mills, had directed Walker's corps to cross at Reed's Bridge and Alexander's Bridge, and, wheeling to the left, move toward the Mills, thus securing possession of the Lafayette road to Chattanooga; and this done, to crush the Federal left before Thomas and McCook could come to its aid.

Rosecrans was not aware that more than a brigade of Rebel infantry had crossed the river. He had, however, divined that the enemy would endeavor to move his right so as to overlap and hold the Lafayette road; and to meet this expected movement, Thomas's corps had been moved during the night of the 18th. The entire country, with the exception of a few small fields, was broken and covered with heavy timber. Movements of large forces could therefore be made without observation; indeed, it was many times impossible for a brigade commander to see the formation of brigades adjacent to him.

Colonel McCook, who commanded a brigade of the reserve in Granger's corps, informed General Thomas, upon his arrival at Kelly's, that a brigade of the enemy had crossed the evening previous at Reed's Bridge, and might, he thought, be captured. With this purpose in view, and also to determine the position of the enemy, General Thomas ordered General Brannan to make a reconnoissance with two of his brigades. Baird's and Brannan's divisions advanced, encountering the enemy's cavalry under Forrest, with strong infantry supports. These forces were pressed steadily back, until Baird learned that a large force was advancing upon his right, under cover of thick woods. Preparations to meet this force were speedily made; but before they could be completed, Liddell's division assaulted with the accustomed vigor and fierceness of Rebel attacks, throwing Baird's right into disorder and capturing ten pieces of artillery. Reinforcements were, however, at hand; the Ninth Ohio made a brilliant charge, recapturing Gunther's battery of the Fifth Artillery, while other portions of Vandeveer's and Connell's brigades assisted in restoring the broken lines.

The battle was thus begun in a manner and at a time and place not intended by either commander. Rosecrans was not aware that the greater portion of the Rebel army had already crossed the Chickamauga; while Bragg was surprised to find that the Federal left, no longer at Gordon's Mills, extended beyond his right, and, without waiting to be assaulted, had attacked and driven back his divisions *en route* to another point.

Walker's corps, moving up the stream on its way to attack Crittenden, was hastily recalled and hurled against the brigades of Baird and Brannan. To their assistance, at the call of General Thomas, speedily came the divisions commanded by Palmer, Johnson, and Reynolds. These troops, moving forward and pressing the enemy steadily back, encountered Cheatham's division of the

Rebel reserve, which, in the unexpected contest at this point, Bragg had summoned to aid in maintaining his right.

Perceiving that the Union left was far out on the Lafayette road, while its right was at and above Gordon's Mills, with a wide interval between, Bragg now determined to throw a column between these two wings and overwhelm each separately. To meet this movement, two brigades from Van Cleve's and two from Davis's divisions advanced to cover the wide space between Thomas and Crittenden. Gallantly they struggled against superior numbers; but, assailed in flank and front, they gradually gave way, and would have been unable to prevent the consummation of the Rebel purpose, had not Harker's and Buel's brigades of Wood's division, with Bradley's and Laibolt's brigades of Sheridan's division, together with the remaining brigade of Van Cleve's division, come to the rescue.

Here occurred one of the most severe and destructive contests of the battle. Beneath the cover of the thick woods and dense underbrush, the Rebel lines advanced often within a few feet of the Federal troops ere they could be seen. Woe to the troops who occupied the few open spaces! Upon them was concentrated a cross-fire from the woods on either side, from batteries whose positions enabled them to see the location only of the forces in these intervals, as well as the direct fire of the regiments there mutually opposed. It had been found difficult, during the forenoon, to keep the Union soldiers stationed at various points on the creek above concealed. As the artillery opened and the shells went whistling by, they would rise up to see whence these deadly missiles came and whither they went; and as they heard the continual rattle of musketry and the loud cheers of contending columns, despite danger and despite orders they would crawl to a vantage-ground and endeavor to ascertain the progress of the battle. But when placed in these

Plutonic openings, where all the fires of hell seemed to converge, they obeyed the order to lie down with a promptness and in a manner that left no room for complaint; and with equal alacrity and apparently equal readiness, when the order came to advance, they sprang to their feet and moved forward in the storm of lead and iron as though on holiday parade.

Foiled in the attempt to pass their columns between the two positions of the Union forces, the enemy renewed the attack upon General Thomas, endeavoring to crush in and double back his right, and thus to separate him from the remainder of the army. Upon the brigades of King, Hazen, Grose, Cruft, and Turchin, the assault first fell; and under a most withering fire they were pressed back with somewhat disordered lines. Brannan's division was moved quickly from its place on the road to Reed's Bridge, to the right; lines were re-formed, and six batteries of artillery, fortunately so posted in two groups as to be able to throw grape and canister into the Rebel lines, opened on the advancing array. Beneath this destructive fire Bragg's forces gave way, and did not again renew the conflict until near night, when Cheatham and Cleburne's divisions again assailed our left, only to fall back again after an hour of severe conflict, foiled in this final attempt to break through the stubborn resistance with which all day we had held our position on the Lafayette road and the ground between the two wings of our army. Each side knew that the conflict was to be renewed on the morrow. Along a portion of the Union front, breastworks of logs were erected; while on each side such rearrangement of lines was made as was thought judicious. In the woods and fields where the conflict had raged, the dead lay unburied; while the wounded in hospitals at the rear shivered through the autumn night, or, faint with loss of blood and weary with pain, closed their eyes to open them no more.

Rosecrans and Bragg each called about him his corps

commanders, to discuss plans and give orders for the morrow. Thomas was to maintain his position on the left, at all hazards. Crittenden was placed in reserve; and McCook, commanding the right, was ordered to keep closed up toward the left, which was now recognized as the vital position, where the assault would be first made, and which was to be maintained even if the right had to be withdrawn altogether. Bragg gave the command of his right wing to Polk, and placed Longstreet in charge of his left. Polk was to attack at daylight, the assault commencing on the right to be taken up in quick succession and pushed with vigor by each succeeding division on the left.

At daylight on the morning of the 20th, the commanders of both armies were in the saddle waiting for the conflict to begin. Owing to the thick woods, neither could descry the lines or position of the other; and as the hours wore on without apparent movement, each became anxious to learn the cause of the delay. A heavy fog, which during the early morning hours had hung over the battle-field, added to the uncertainty, and afforded abundant room for conjecture by all, privates and officers, as to what the situation was and the future would be. Upon the Confederate side, little groups of men, discussing the situation, concluded that the Yanks had "got their bellyful" the day before, and were chiefly anxious to run away in the night. On the Union side, the opinion of the soldiers was that the "Johnnies" did n't want any more of "Rosy's pills," and to avoid taking them were making their way back to Lafayette.

Doubtless the man most angry and disappointed at the delay was General Bragg. Entirely ignorant of the cause, it began to seem to him, in the light of his past experience, as if he was fated never to have an attack made as he ordered; and he at last sent Major Lee of his staff to ascertain the reason of the delay. Major Lee, instead of finding, as he expected, General Polk with his troops on

the battle side of the Chickamauga, found him enjoying a good breakfast at a comfortable farm-house on the opposite bank, and there delivered General Bragg's inquiry as to the cause of the delay, and renewed order for an immediate attack. The dignified bishop and general replied that he had ordered Mill to open the action, and was waiting for him; and added, "Do tell General Bragg that my heart is overflowing with anxiety for the attack, — overflowing with anxiety, sir." The message was not calculated to soothe the temper of a man who had been four hours in the saddle waiting for the sounds that would tell him that his commands had been obeyed and the battle begun, and Bragg swore in a manner that would have powerfully assisted a mule team in getting up a mountain. Having thus relieved the pressure, so that there was no danger of his exploding, he told Major Lee to ride along the line and order every captain to take his men into action. A quarter of an hour thereafter, the battle was opened by an attack upon our left.

As to whether the failure of the Rebels to attack at daylight was in its final result favorable to the Union forces, there is some doubt. It gave Rosecrans time in which to change the position of a number of his divisions, and to strengthen positions of his line. Had the assault been made at daylight however, it is quite likely that the withdrawal of a division from the front line would not have been made, and that the misunderstanding of orders and consequent disaster to the right would not have occurred.

It is always desirable in a battle that the composition of brigades and divisions and corps be preserved, in order that troops may fight under the eye of a general to whom they are accustomed, and that confusion of orders and authority may be avoided. Thomas, desiring to prolong and strengthen his left, had for these reasons requested that Negley's division of his corps might be relieved from its position on the right of Brannan, and placed upon the

left of Baird. At daylight this transfer had not been made. It is extremely hazardous, in the presence of an active enemy about to make or actually making an assault, to recall troops occupying the front line and substitute for them soldiers and officers less acquainted with the ground and with the movements and position of the enemy.

The Rebel attack was, however, so delayed that Negley's division was withdrawn after daylight, and Wood's division of Crittenden's corps took its place. Brannan's division, on the right of Wood, though not out of line, was, owing to the uneven nature of the ground, slightly refused, — so much so that it was unobserved by an officer of General Thomas's staff, who, riding along the lines in the morning, reported to General Thomas that there was a wide gap between Wood and Reynolds, who was placed on Brannan's right. This information was sent to General Rosecrans, who at once sent to General Wood the following order: —

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND,
Brigadier-General Wood, Commanding division.

The General commanding directs that you close up on Reynolds as fast as possible, and support him.

Respectfully, etc.,

FRANK S. BOYD,
Major and Aide-de-Camp.

General Wood was aware that Brannan was on his right, and that he could not close up on Reynolds, save by withdrawing from the line and passing to the rear of Brannan, when, by taking position behind Reynolds, he might support him. But when he received and started to execute the order, it was evident that Reynolds was not then hard pressed, and that the enemy were meditating an immediate advance upon his (Wood's) position. General Wood declares that he regarded this order — which he afterward described as a fatal one —

as too imperative to permit even hesitation; and he at once commenced to withdraw his command. Into the gap thus made, General Davis attempted to throw a sufficient force to hold the line, but was unable to do so, — the Rebel assault coming so speedily that one of Wood's brigades was severed ere it had succeeded in vacating its position. Through the opening made by Wood's withdrawal, the Rebels poured like an avalanche. Brannan found himself outflanked, and was obliged to retire; and thus five brigades of the right were cut off from the remainder of the army. These brigades slowly made their way along the dry valley road toward Rossville; some of them thence striking across and rejoining, late in the afternoon, the force still with Thomas. That they were not overwhelmed or at once vigorously pursued by the victorious enemy, was due to the fact that in the broken and heavily timbered country the Rebels did not fully understand what they had accomplished, and hence proceeded with more hesitation and caution than the real facts demanded. Indeed, Longstreet, who commanded the Rebel left, so far from comprehending that our right had gone to pieces and no longer existed as an opposing or attacking force, was all the day in fear of an assault upon his left flank, and until nightfall kept troops posted and a reserve ready to defend against this apprehended attack.

The sudden giving way of our right threw into Rebel hands about forty pieces of artillery, a great number of army wagons, and the field hospitals of Crittenden's corps. Great as was this disaster, General Thomas did not learn of it for at least five hours after it took place. The soldiers under Brannan and Wood, forced back by the strong tide of Longstreet's command, formed a new line on a ridge running eastward from the dry valley road, where they were joined by the Seventeenth Kentucky under Colonel Stout, the Forty-fourth Indiana under Lieutenant-Colonel Aldrich, the Twenty-first Ohio,

a portion of Stanley's brigade under Colonel Stoughton, the Ninth Kentucky under Colonel Cram, and a fragmentary command under General Beaty; and here upon this ridge did this force — regiments and companies in many cases acting independently, in the absence of brigade and division commanders — maintain until nightfall their position against repeated assaults of troops flushed with an easy victory and commanded by the best generals in the Confederate service. These gallant men had at last secured a place where for the time they were secure from flanking attacks, and had only to meet the enemy face to face; and never did Wellington's squares or the Old Guard of Napoleon maintain a position with more persistence or greater heroism. That ridge was lined with genuine American soldiers, — such men as freedom produces, heroes who comprehended the importance of the place they occupied, and were ready, without generals and without organization, there to do and die for the cause and country they served. When ammunition grew scarce, the boxes of fallen friends and foes were searched for cartridges, more precious in this hour than all the diamonds of Golconda.

In the afternoon Bragg once more essayed to turn and overwhelm our left. Breckenridge, moving southward on the Lafayette road, was to take in reverse our extreme left, while Walker and Cleburne attacked in front. The assault was made with the usual Rebel fierceness and dash, but was unavailing. Breckenridge's division was driven in confusion to join the disordered ranks of Walker and Cleburne, whose attack proved equally unsuccessful.

The enemy driven back upon our right, and that portion of our line no longer in danger, General Thomas rode toward the left, whence came the sound of firing far to the rear of what had been our position in the morning. Up to this time he had been ignorant of the disaster to our right. Concerned only for the safety of

the position he had been directed to hold, engaged in maintaining that against constant attack, he had given little thought to that portion of the army not under his command; but now the continuous thunder of cannon on his left and rear indicated clearly the presence of a new danger, and the necessity for fresh combination to meet the most imminent peril yet encountered.

Hastily new dispositions were made, and the Rebel advance for a time was stayed. Gradually, however, the Rebel line was swinging around the ridge, which, occupied by Brannan, Wood, Reynolds, and other commanders, now formed the left of our battle line; and it seemed as if these troops were about to be enveloped, front, flank, and rear, by a superior and victorious enemy. At last the Union Army seemed to be in the grasp of its persistent foe. Bragg appeared about to reap the reward of his strategy, and the Confederacy to win that for which it had taken its best corps from the fields of Richmond to those of Georgia. From whence were to come the troops to meet this new danger?

Away off toward Rossville, a division of General Granger's corps was stationed, with orders to hold the place assigned, at all hazards. Hearing the heavy cannonade of the battle of Saturday, the commander of this division had twice sent couriers to General Rosecrans, asking permission to move forward and join the troops engaged in battle. Neither of these couriers had returned,—and neither, it may be remarked, ever reached General Rosecrans. But as the roar of battle on Saturday gradually drew nearer and nearer, it became evident to Generals Granger and Steedman that our forces were being forced back; and the resolve was taken to move forward without orders, to where the fighting was going on. Guided by the roar of battle and the dense cloud of smoke that hung over the field, this division moved to the assistance of their hard-pressed comrades.

General Thomas, who beheld the eager lines of Hind-

man already ascending the ridge in the rear of our left, suddenly discovered, in the rear of our centre, another column advancing. Was this another Rebel horde? The day had been one of surprises; might it not be that one of Longstreet's divisions, rushing through the gap left by Wood in the morning, had swung around even farther than Hindman, and that the entire army was surrounded? There were a few moments of most intense anxiety, when an officer rode toward this on-coming column, to ascertain if they were friend or foe. As he drew near he was able to perceive that the men, who were so covered with dust as at a distance to be indistinguishable from the enemy, were Union soldiers; but to whose command they belonged was a mystery. Riding up, he called out, "Whose troops are these?" "Mine, sir," was the cautious reply of the General, who was as yet uncertain to which side the officer addressing him belonged. "General, may I inquire your name?" said the officer. "I am General Steedman, commanding the first division of the reserve corps." "And I am serving on the staff of General Thomas, who directed me to ascertain who you were, as an approach from this quarter was unexpected."

As Steedman rode up to General Thomas, the latter remarked, "General, I never was so glad to see you before." Then, pointing to the ridge which Hindman's division had just occupied, he said, "You must drive the enemy off that ridge." "It shall be done," was the reply; and it was.

The eight thousand men went forward. A sheet of flame illuminated the crest of the hill; a roar of thunder shook the earth on which they trod; shot and shell ploughed through their ranks; but on, on, strode the assailing force. Along their ranks but one cry was heard, but one command, — "Forward! forward!" They reached the crest, drove the opposing foe to the woods in the valley below, and then held the spot they had gained against every attempt of the enemy to retake it.

The day was saved; the army was saved. Victory, in the sense that the Rebels had failed and we had succeeded in the objective point of the campaign and battle, was ours. At nightfall without molestation the army, under orders, retired to Rossville, and thence to Chattanooga, for whose possession and occupancy so many labors had been endured, so many lives given.

IN AND OUT OF LIBBY PRISON.

By CHARLES WARRINGTON EARLE.

[Read November 11, 1886.]

THE success of the Union armies during 1863 was most encouraging. In the West, Vicksburg had surrendered to General Grant. In the East, the glorious victory at Gettysburg had been achieved; and the triumphs of the centre, under General Rosecrans, until Chickamauga, were all that could be desired. In the military operations which gave to us Lookout Mountain and Chattanooga, "the gateway to Georgia," the three corps of Rosecrans had become widely separated. Whether this was the fault of Rosecrans or of the authorities at Washington, is not for me to discuss at this time.

With General McCook (Twentieth Corps) at Alpine, General Crittenden (Twenty-first Corps) at Rossville and Ringgold, and General Thomas (Fourteenth Corps) at or near Lafayette, and the Confederate Army greatly reinforced, it is not at all wonderful that the Rebel commander prepared to attack and exterminate these corps "in detail." Every probability of success was in his favor; but bad generalship on his part, and rapid concentration on ours, prevented the destruction of our isolated corps, and gave us a moderately compact army at the beginning of the battle of Chickamauga. The result of this battle is historical. The first day's fight closed without particular advantage to either army, and the Confederate leaders were not a unit in favor of renewing the contest on the following day. But the attack was ordered, and about noon, during an important move-

ment of our troops, several of our divisions, with General Rosecrans and two of his corps commanders, McCook and Crittenden, were forced from the field.

While the Army of the Cumberland was achieving its successive victories during the summer, and engaged in the movements which culminated in the battle to which we have only briefly alluded, General Gordon Granger's corps had been in reserve, and had occupied the ground captured by those in front. It had guarded railroad bridges and escorted prisoners, but had not participated in any engagement. To this corps the Ninety-sixth Regiment Illinois Volunteers belonged. When the Eastern army achieved its victory at Gettysburg, we began to fear that our regiment would never see a battle; and when Vicksburg fell we were sure that it was to be our lot to be discharged, the war having been brought to a successful termination without our seeing a Rebel or firing a musket. Our experience during the days preceding Chickamauga, and on Sunday afternoon, the last day of that fight, dispelled forever the idea that we were only playing soldier, and gave to the regiment the opportunity to make a reputation. The time came to try the metal of that organization, and it did not fail. It was tried by fire, shot, and shell, and it was not found wanting. It met every expectation of its friends.

Two brigades of Granger's Reserve Corps occupied the position assigned to them at the terrible battle of Chickamauga, at two P. M., Sunday, September 20, 1863. Their arrival was most opportune. General Thomas, that brave and dear old commander, although using every available man, was severely pressed on right, centre, and left; and at the moment of our arrival a new danger presented itself. On a ridge, running nearly at right angles with his line, was a large body of Rebels massed ready to move down and crush his right and attack the rear. These were Longstreet's reinforcements, and one of his divisions up to this time had not been engaged. The position assigned to

us was held until nightfall, but in the final attacks it was only accomplished with the bayonet and clubbed muskets. The Ninety-sixth Illinois went into the fight with four hundred and nineteen men; it came out with a hundred and seventy-eight, quite a number of whom were slightly wounded, but not disabled. I had the honor of commanding Company C of this regiment, and, counting the color guard, which was regarded as part of this company, we made the first charge with, I think, forty-five men; not a man straggled, and at dusk we left the field with ten men, two or three of whom were slightly wounded. The average loss in the two brigades from two P. M. until dark was forty-four per cent. We left the field of battle between eight and nine o'clock that night, and occupied our old camp at Rossville.

As we gathered around our camp-fires after that terrible afternoon, we could not fully realize the terrible loss of our regiment, or appreciate the full service rendered by the reserve corps. The Ninety-sixth Illinois had occupied the extreme right, — the most important and critical position on the line. It made three distinct charges against the enemy, and withstood the repeated assaults of the Confederates, till night gave General Thomas the opportunity to withdraw his forces. In its supreme hour of trial it had nobly performed its part.

As regards the corps, General Thomas said to our General at the close of the battle: "Steedman, your division saved the army."

On the morning of the 21st there were some indications that the enemy was advancing against the position taken at Rossville, although their movements were very cautiously made and their demonstrations easily repulsed. The failure of Bragg to prevent the withdrawal of our army was a terrible disappointment to the Confederacy. It was expected that the total overthrow of our army would really end the war. Bragg had, however, lost two fifths of his army, and with it thus reduced and greatly

exhausted, he was entirely unable to follow with any rapidity, and so the Army of the Cumberland concentrated at Chattanooga, — really the objective point of the campaign. In the position taken around Chattanooga, to avoid all confusion, and to retire the army in the face of the enemy with safety, and with corps within supporting distance of one another, our brigade was ordered to a position to the left of Rossville Gap, and upon the summit of Missionary Ridge. Our pickets were advanced down the slope toward Ringgold.

Between nine and ten o'clock of that evening, while we were in line of battle looking toward the old Chickamauga battle-ground, Company C was detailed to reinforce the pickets upon our regimental front, — a position held by Company H. Colonel Champion personally gave me explicit orders, which were as follows: "Take your company to reinforce the pickets in front of the regiment, and remain there until you are relieved by proper authority. The command will retire toward Chattanooga; and if you are attacked before you are relieved, retreat in the direction of that place." The order was obeyed, and a few minutes after ten P. M. we were in the place assigned.

From our position on the picket line we could hear our army withdrawing, the movement being from the left toward the right, and conducted with the greatest caution and most perfect order. One of the historians of the Army of the Cumberland says that the withdrawal of the entire army was concluded by seven A. M. the next morning, and that not a man was lost. Seated in his editorial chair several years after the war, he probably imagined that he was narrating facts; but the terrible experiences recited in this narrative demonstrate his great mistake.

By midnight everything was perfectly still on the top of the ridge, and a few minutes later the pickets to my left moved back to where the main line formerly rested, and passed off toward Chattanooga. I heard the order dis-

tinctly, "In retreat, march!" as they began the movement, and expected every moment to hear the same for my command, but it did not come. The anxiety which we experienced at this time (midnight) can hardly be described, and I began to investigate the position. The pickets on my left, as I have before remarked, had been withdrawn by some one, and consequently our left was exposed. On my right I found a detachment of the Fortieth Ohio, commanded by Captain Meagher, whose orders in regard to relief and rejoining his command were exactly the same as mine. After consultation we decided to remain, in the belief that it was regarded necessary by our commanders to sacrifice a certain number of men who should present a strong picket line to cover the withdrawal of the main army. The fact of the matter was, as I learned upon my return to my regiment six months afterward, that a staff officer was sent at two o'clock in the morning to relieve us, but failed to reach our advanced position.

The reasons why Companies C and H were not relieved are best told by Lieutenant Pepoon, who was in a position to know better than any other officer of the regiment, and perhaps better than any other staff officer in either the brigade or division.

About midnight, September 21, 1863, General Whittaker, commanding our brigade, asked a lieutenant who was a member of General Steedman's staff, and serving temporarily upon the staff of General Whittaker, — on account of the reduction, by capture, wounding, and killing, of all his staff with the exception of one, — if he could find General Steedman's headquarters. This staff officer replied negatively; and turning to Lieutenant Pepoon, the General requested him to report to General Steedman that in obedience to orders the Second Brigade had left its position on Missionary Ridge at twelve o'clock at night, and was then *en route* for Chattanooga. While Lieutenant Pepoon was executing this order, the other

staff officer was ordered to go and relieve the two companies of the Ninety-Sixth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, and one other company from the brigade, who were left upon Missionary Ridge.

In the course of a short time that staff officer returned and reported that the companies had been relieved; and it was not known at brigade headquarters for two days that they were not only not relieved, but were by that time well along on their way to Richmond, — prisoners of war. The General was greatly exasperated when he learned that these companies were captured through the cowardice of a staff officer, and his language was more impressive than polite in the conversation which followed. He threatened to prefer charges against this unfaithful lieutenant; but General Steedman was his personal friend, and finally persuaded General Whittaker to let the matter drop. The orderly who was with this staff officer said that they went toward the pickets until they could hear talking, and then, after a short delay, the lieutenant said that they were undoubtedly Rebels, and that he would proceed no farther. He then returned to Chattanooga, and made the report that the companies were relieved. It seems, then, that these companies were sacrificed — were allowed to be captured, and to experience all the horrors of Libby, Richmond, Danville, Andersonville, and Florence, a large majority of them meeting their deaths in these places — because a staff officer had not the courage to do his plain duty, which could have been done without a particle of trouble.

At daylight, beyond the interval on our left made vacant by the pickets' withdrawal during the night, we discovered a continuation of our line, which was closed by extending my line; and a consultation of officers was held. We represented four or five regiments, and numbered seven officers and about one hundred men, the ranking officer being a captain. We found that no discretionary power had been given to us to rejoin our com-

mands. Our orders were imperative, — to stay where we were posted; and although we could see nothing to be gained, it was unanimously agreed to protect our flanks and hold our ground. It was now ten o'clock in the morning. We could see the Confederate Army passing through Rossville Gap, and from the clouds of dust trending toward Chattanooga we knew that we were at least two or three miles in its rear. In the mean time several stragglers from the enemy had been captured, and a depot for prisoners established a short distance down the ridge. Here we collected seven or eight men and a few horses and arms. It is difficult to say what we proposed to do with these trophies of war, as we had no rations for ourselves, and certainly we could ill spare a guard for prisoners. It was absolutely necessary to detain them, however, as they would communicate our position if allowed to escape; and then, too, the hope was not altogether banished from our minds that in some way, at some time, we would be relieved, and with our captured prisoners, horses, and arms, march triumphantly into our camp. It terminated somewhat differently, however.

At eleven o'clock, our position being discovered, General Humphrey's brigade of McLaw's division moved at right angles to Missionary Ridge against us, and with our small force it was but a question of a few minutes before we were surrounded. We foolishly attempted to resist the advance of the entire brigade, and had planned a very elaborate line of defence and retreat. Our scheme was to form three lines-of-battle, and as the first was forced back it was to retreat to a position in the rear of the third, until by fighting and retreating in order we might rejoin our army. Our tactics were a failure; and after having one man killed — James Forsyth, of Company H — and several wounded, we found ourselves surrounded and forced to surrender.

We were taken directly down the point of the ridge looking toward Rossville, and placed in an open field,

where we filled our canteens from the old spring. Here we were guarded closely during the remainder of the day and night, and regaled with fabulous stories of the destruction of our army; at one time it was twenty-five thousand prisoners, at another the entire army excepting one brigade, and this was nearly surrounded; the pontoon bridge was destroyed, they said, and all the trains. We did not see any considerable number of prisoners coming to the rear, however, and were not at all discomfited.

About noon, September 23, we started for Dalton, the nearest railroad connection, marching over the road we had taken three or four days before, when going toward the front. It was thirty miles distant, and we marched it in one day with a cavalry escort. And here I must pause one moment to bear testimony to the kindness and consideration shown us by the fighting Rebel soldiery. While nothing can be said in extenuation of the brutal conduct of the guards of different prisons, and the want and woe and sufferings and wretched deaths experienced by our noble and brave men, this much I must say for our captors and for the men who were really our opponents on the field of battle. Captain William P. Turner, of the Nineteenth South Carolina Regiment, commanded our guard, and a more gentlemanly or kind-hearted person one rarely meets. Every attention possible was shown us, and all the liberties ever extended to prisoners of war were freely granted.

On the evening of the 25th we reached Atlanta; the 27th, Augusta; the 28th, Columbia; the 29th, Raleigh; and at midnight, October 1, Richmond, Va. This journey of nearly a thousand miles was made in platform cars and with scant rations; a few crackers, a small piece of pork, and one or two pints of corn meal being all the food allowed per man. The corn meal was made eatable by mixing with water, pasting this dough to a board, and standing it near the fire until it was in some slight degree baked. As our train stopped for wood or water, our men

would occasionally jump out, run into the woods adjoining the track, and hastily pick a few persimmons, by which our scanty diet was slightly varied.

The captain of our guard extended many courtesies to the twelve or fifteen officers on the train, which we shall never forget. Under his escort we were permitted to visit several hotels as we passed through the different cities, and to take our meals, paying for each from $2.00 to $3.50, Confederate currency; and at Crown Point, a station in Georgia, the ladies of the place furnished us a very elegant lunch. At nearly every station we would find traders of various notions, — Confederate relics, fruits, or attenuated pies; these were surreptitiously exchanged for greenbacks.

By the time we arrived at Richmond we were very destitute of blankets and clothing, as at every point where we changed cars, or went into barracks for a night, the local Rebel authorities insisted upon a rigid examination for articles contraband of war. At one place they would demand our overcoats, at another our knives, at another our woollen or rubber blankets. Indeed, it seemed as if we were expected to make up any deficit in the general equipment of the local military.

At Richmond we disembarked from the cars, and, with the officers at the head of the columns, marched through the streets of the city. After proceeding some distance we halted, and word was passed down the line that the officers were to be sent to one prison and the men to another. I had only time to run back to my company, bid them good-by, and divide with them a little Confederate money which I had received from the sale of a watch, and we were separated, — the officers passing into Libby, and the men into other prisons in the vicinity.

More than a quarter of a century has passed since that night of parting, yet its memories are as vivid as if it were yesterday. I see the dimly lighted streets

of the Capitol; the lines of determined yet dejected men, — those heroes of Chickamauga, now prisoners of war, anxious and solicitous as to the future. I hear the measured step of the soldiers at that midnight hour, and their quiet yet earnest conversation, as the possible fate of the morrow is discussed. These remembrances come freshly to my mind as I write of that trying situation.

We were marched into Libby, as I have before remarked, at midnight, where we were registered, and subjected to the fourth or fifth examination. The small amount of United States currency we had managed to conceal up to this time was taken from us, and we were informed that its value would be returned in Confederate money, — about seven dollars of Southern currency for one dollar of United States. In justice to those having this matter in charge, I must say that about one month later this return was absolutely made.

The preliminaries of proper enrolment on the prison book having been concluded, we were conducted through two or three rooms, — the floors of which were covered with sleeping men, — up two or three flights of stairs, and finally told to make ourselves comfortable for the night. As the floor was of hard lumber, and we had neither blankets nor overcoats, least of all a mattress to lie upon, this was a somewhat difficult task; but we were so tired from our journey of a thousand miles that sleep soon came, and our sufferings and inconveniences were for the time forgotten.

We awakened the next morning to find ourselves surrounded by a crowd of men, some of whom we recognized as fellow officers in other regiments, but whose exclamations and actions we were at a loss to understand. Cries of "Fresh fish! Fresh fish! Fresh fish!" filled the room; and question after question, in quick succession, was hurled at us: "How is the army? Where is Rosecrans? Got any greenbacks? How about the

Army of the Potomac? Fresh fish!" etc. We soon learned that we were among one thousand officers of the Union Army, and that this was the usual manner of initiation. Some of them, belonging to the Army of the Cumberland, interested themselves in our behalf, and we were soon engaged in looking over our quarters and making preparations for an indefinite residence.

The noted prison which was to be our home was formerly a tobacco warehouse, and situated on the corner of Carey and Eighteenth Streets, within a few feet of the Lynchburg Canal, and but a short distance from and in full view of the James River. It was three stories high in front, and four in the rear, with a frontage of 165 feet and a depth of 105 feet. It was exceedingly well built, of brick and stone, and divided into three apartments by very thick brick partition walls extending from the foundation to the roof. The cellars, or the first story in the rear, were on a level with the dock bordering the canal, and were inaccessible to the prisoners; one was used as a dungeon where were incarcerated any who disobeyed the rules of the prison; a second may have been used for cooking purposes; the third was entirely unoccupied, but served a very excellent purpose, which I shall presently describe. The first story proper was occupied as follows: the first room by the prison authorities; the middle room, to which we had access, as a cooking and dining room for the prisoners; the next room as an officers' hospital. The second and third stories were assigned to the prisoners; and here, in seven rooms, more than eleven hundred United States officers cooked, ate, washed, breathed, and slept for many months.

The first day in prison was spent in getting assigned to a mess, forming acquaintances, writing letters to my parents, and attending a prayer-meeting. We found men here who had been incarcerated for twelve months, and were informed that no exchange would probably take

place till the close of the war; and it was thought advisable to begin a residence which might be extended for years, by attending a prayer-meeting.

At this place I may say a word in regard to meetings for religious exercises, which occurred from time to time during my imprisonment in this place. There were a number of army chaplains in Libby when I first arrived there, chief among whom was the Rev. C. C. McCabe, whose influence for the right and whose cheerful example did every one good with whom he came in contact. These gentlemen for the most part conducted these exercises; although after their release, which occurred early in my captivity, the meetings were continued. It is feared the subject of religion did not engage the attention of any considerable number of our soldiers; but there are those who thank God for the faith which then abided in them, and which in those dark days was a source of comfort and consolation to them.

The officer of highest rank during my imprisonment was General Neal Dow, of Maine, the great temperance lecturer and reformer. He was at that time quite advanced in years, but was always cheerful, and very frequently delivered addresses on various topics (temperance by preference), to large audiences of officers. Colonel A. D. Streight, of Indiana, was also a prisoner at this time. It will be remembered that in 1863 he organized a brigade of mounted infantry for an expedition into Alabama and Georgia for the purpose of destroying the supplies and threatening the railroad communication of the Confederates in these States. After several severe and bravely fought battles, the entire force was compelled to surrender to General Forest, near Rome, Ga. Other officers were: Colonel Bartleson, One-hundredth Illinois, who was afterward killed at Kenesaw Mountain; Colonel Carleton, Eighty-ninth Ohio; Colonel Le Favor, Twenty-second Michigan; Colonel Rose, Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania; Colonel De Cesnola, Fourth New

York Cavalry, — in all some fourteen colonels, about thirty-five lieutenant-colonels, thirty-nine majors, more than three hundred captains, and about seven hundred and fifty lieutenants. These officers represented regiments from nearly every Northern State, and every department of the great army and navy marshalled for the restoration of the Union.

During the winter of 1863–1864 our men were inside a guard line on Belle Isle, — a barren, sandy tract opposite Richmond. Their rations were insufficient at all times, and during a considerable portion of the winter they had neither barracks, tents, nor shelter of any kind. The privations which they endured no pen can describe; and the recollections of those days, as stated by some of our men, are almost beyond credence.

A detailed account of the daily round of duties, including cooking and eating, the various occupations and amusements, and the arrangements for sleeping, will give a fair idea of the way in which we managed to while away the time, — in the main with cheerfulness and hope, but with occasionally a wretched and dreary day.

Attached to the prison were several colored men, who had formerly been cooks and servants of the United States officers. These men were employed in scrubbing and caring for the prisons. One of the first duties to be performed in the early morning, and which usually wakened us, was for the "General" (one of the colored men) to go through the prison with a kettle of burning tar for fumigating purposes, who would repeat on every occasion the remark that it was "bery beneficial to the gemmen, kase it was Union smoke." A few minutes after the "General" had completed his duties, another one, known as "Old Ben," would begin to cry out the morning papers, and arouse to consciousness any who were still sleeping: "All four de mornin' papers. Talagraphic dispatches from eberywhar. Rise, gemmen, and buy de mornin' news. Great news from the Rappehannock;

great news from Charleston; great news from Chattanooga;" and becoming somewhat general, and not particularly correct in regard to points of the compass, he would conclude by crying: "Great news from the Northwest, the Southwest, and the Eastwest!"

This concluded, the nasal twang of George, the prison clerk, would be heard commanding the prisoners to "fall in for roll-call." This man was said to be a deserter from our army, and was, from the first, hated by every man in the prison. He subjected us to every petty tyranny which an abnormal mind could suggest. The names of the officers were not always called, but we were sometimes packed into one room and counted as we passed into another, or formed in ranks of four and counted. At other times the roll would be called. Later in our prison experience, when the tunnel was in process of construction, and one or two men were working during the day, their absence would be accounted for by one or two, who were in the secret, forming at first on the right of the line, and after being counted moving slyly to the extreme left and being counted twice. This made the number appear correct, and no suspicion was excited.

Another scheme for deceiving our captors and making an extra man in prison when occasion required, worked well for a long time. Lieutenant Jones would be in the tunnel at work when the roll was called, and as each man answered to his name he would be required to pass from one room to another in the presence of the clerk. Lieutenant Smith, knowing the secret, would answer to Lieutenant Jones's name, and pass before the clerk. In the general summing up Lieutenant Smith would, of course, be absent, and he would be summoned to appear at the office. Being asked where he was when roll was called, and why he did not respond, his reply would be that he did respond when his name was called, and passed before the clerk, and was here to demonstrate that the authorities had made a mistake. This, like many other devices,

was called a "Yankee trick" by the Confederate authorities, and remained unexplained for a long time.

January 30, we had roll-call nearly all day, as there was some discrepancy in the rolls. The prison clerk, Ross, after working nearly the entire day to correct his roll, finally gave it up, with the remark: "How in the devil can I manage a thousand Yankees, when, after counting them all day, I have twenty-four more men in prison than ever were here?" On the following day, after continuous roll-call countings, there were *thirty-seven* more men in prison than there should have been. The way this was worked upon the Rebel authorities was for the boys to crawl out of one scuttle-hole upon the roof, and down through another, and pass before the prison authorities, and thus be counted twice.

Immediately after roll-call came breakfast, and then the distribution of rations. These were issued in the middle room, first story, to which it will be remembered the prisoners had access. Here also we did the most of our cooking. The rations were brought in and placed on the floor, — a pile of bread, a pile of meat, and a bag of rice. The prisoners were divided into messes of from twenty to thirty, and each mess had a representative who received the rations. The commissary of each mess distributed the rations to individuals; and when received the ration consisted of one loaf of brown bread, about the size and density of a Calumet brick, a piece of meat about half the size of a man's hand (a *small* hand), and a gill of rice; and this for dinner, supper, and breakfast.

We were allowed to receive small boxes of provisions and clothing during part of my sojourn in this place. Everything was closely searched, before we came into possession of our boxes, for contraband goods, more particularly for arms and wet goods. The devices to conceal the latter especially, were quite ludicrous, a very thin tin box concealed by a false bottom being the most successful. I have recently heard of a prisoner who was suc-

cessful in receiving a bottle of some alcoholic liquor by having it secreted in a small jar of butter.

Between meals and during the evening we were usually very busy at something. We indulged in amusements of all kinds, — cards, checkers, and chess particularly. Some cultivated their love for music; others studied Italian, French, military tactics, and phonography. We had sword exercise in the cooking-room, carried on with wooden weapons; while many busied themselves from morning to night in manufacturing ornaments from the bones of our beef (or some other animal) issued to us.

The means by which a few of the officers earned an honest dollar were many and varied. Peddling apples was a favorite vocation. A major or lieutenant-colonel, accustomed to all the luxuries of home and the pomp and parade around headquarters, would be found seated by the side of a barrel of apples, and with a few of the choicest on a board as samples, would cry out his wares with all the gusto of a street fakir.

From one of the newspapers of the day I copied the following prices of provisions: —

"Flour, from $100 to $110 per bbl.; corn, $13 to $14 per bu.; bacon, $2.56 per lb.; lard, $2.25 to $2.35 per lb.; butter, $3.75 per lb.; apples, $45 to $60 per bbl.; beans, from $12 to $15 per bu.; tallow, $2.50 per lb.; baled hay, from $10 to $11 per 100 lbs.; sweet potatoes, $12 per bu.; Irish potatoes, $7 to $8 per bu.; turnips, $6 per bu.; sugar, $2.35 per lb.; salt, $45 to $60 per lb.; whiskey, $50 to $60 per gal.; two sheets of paper and five envelopes, 50 cts."

Among the organizations for amusements I remember the "Libby Prison Minstrels" and the "Libby Historics." A programme of one of our entertainments appears below: —

THE LIBBY PRISON MINSTRELS.

MANAGER	Lieut. G. W. Chandler
TREASURER	Capt. H. W. Sawyer
COSTUMER	Lieut. J. P. Jones
SCENIC ARTIST	Lieut. Fentress
CAPTAIN OF THE SUPERS	Lieut. Bristow

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24, 1863.

PROGRAMME.

Part First.

OVERTURE — "Norma" . . . . . Troupe
OPENING CHORUS — "Ernani" . . . . . Troupe
SONG — "Who Will Care for Mother Now?" . . . Capt. Schell
SONG — "Grafted in the Army" . . . . . Lieut. Kendall
SONG — "When the Bloom is on the Rye" . . . Adjt. Lombard
SONG — "Barnyard Imitations" . . . . . Capt. Mass
SONG — "Do They Think of Me at Home?" . . . Adjt. Jones
CHORUS — "Phantom" . . . . . Troupe

Part Second.

DUET — Violin and Flute — Serenade from "Lucia,"
Lieuts. Chandler and Rockwell
SONG AND DANCE — "Root Hog or Die" . . . . Capt. Mass
BANJO SOLO . . . . . Lieut. Thomas
DUET — "Dying Girl's Last Request" Adjts. Lombard and Jones
MAGIC VIOLIN . . . . . Capts. Mass, Chandler, and Kendall
SONG — "My Father's Custom" . . . . . Lieut. McCaulley
CLOG DANCE . . . . . Lieut. Ryan

RIVAL LOVERS.

JOE SKIMMERHORN . . . . . Capt. Mass
GEORGE IVERSON . . . . . Lieut. Randolph

Part Third.

COUNTRYMAN IN A PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

PROPRIETOR . . . . . Capt. Mass
BOY . . . . . Lieut. Randolph
COUNTRYMAN . . . . . Maj. Neiper

MASQUERADE BALL.

MANAGER . . . . . Adjt. Jones
DOORKEEPER . . . . . Capt. Mass
MUSICIAN . . . . . Capt. Chandler
MEMBER OF THE PRESS . . . . . Lieut. Ryan
MOSE . . . . . Lieut. Welsh

BLACK SWAN . . . . . Lieut. Moran
BROADWAY SWELL . . . . . Lieut. Bennett
RICHARD III. . . . . Capt. McWilliams

THE WHOLE TO CONCLUDE WITH A GRAND WALK-ROUND.

Performance to commence at 6 o'clock.

Admission Free. Children in Arms not Admitted.

ADJT. R. C. KNAGGS, Business Agent.

It was expected that every prisoner would be imbued with intense patriotism and loyalty to our government. Any remarks to the contrary were always treated with contempt, and the unhappy prisoner was usually subjected to some sort of discipline. October 25, we had an indignation meeting at the expense of a surgeon belonging to a Michigan regiment. By some means it was learned that this unhappy doctor had written a letter to the commandant of the prison, asking for a blanket, and saying, in conclusion, that by thus doing he would confer a favor upon one who, under any other circumstances, would be a friend to the Confederacy. By some means this letter was mislaid and brought back into prison, and fell into the hands of some of the intensely loyal officers. A meeting was at once organized, a chairman elected, and a committee of three appointed to wait upon the Doctor and bring him before the meeting. It was demanded that he should show his colors and give an explanation. The chairman made a few remarks, and called upon Dr. G—— to make the explanation. He was invited to explain his conduct, and it was hoped that the explanation would be "freely, frankly, and fully given." The Doctor was rather an inferior-looking man, and when he arose and attempted to explain, everybody was hurrahing, and it was impossible to hear what he said. He began by saying that he would speak "freely, frankly, and fully;" but the yelling drowned what he had to say, and the little man became frightened, fearing that he might be injured by the boisterous crowd. After a while, however, quiet was

restored; and he made his explanation, as expected. In closing the meeting, the chairman gave the Doctor some advice, and said, among other things, that he hoped that the Doctor had learned a lesson, that the Doctor in future would be more discreet, that the Doctor would get his blanket, and that the Doctor would get everything from the Confederate authorities which he desired. A few days after this, a lieutenant-colonel of the Army of the Potomac was suspected of giving some information in regard to the doings within the prison, and he also was disciplined. In fact, it was a poor place for one not thoroughly imbued with all the sentiments of a most loyal and devoted Union soldier.

The national holidays and Christmas and New Year's were always celebrated with all the enthusiasm and gusto that our surroundings would permit. I was not a prisoner on July 4, but from others I gather that their patriotic sentiments were freely expressed. A Star-Spangled Banner was extemporized by sewing together clothes of different colors; patriotic speeches were made and patriotic songs were sung, much to the discomfort of the prison authorities. Christmas was celebrated by a dance in the dining-room, and a general good time was enjoyed. However, no wood was issued to us that day, and our cooking was done by wood which was obtained by tearing down the partitions and breaking up the tables. On New Year's day we sang the "Star-Spangled Banner," and gave three cheers for the Union, much to the consternation of our guards.

The results of the October elections of 1863 in Pennsylvania and Ohio created great enthusiasm among us. This was the time that Curtin was elected, and Vallandigham was so terribly defeated. News from the different armies, both from the Rebel and Northern papers, was occasionally received. About the time that the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge took place, the Rebel papers were filled with the anticipation

of soon defeating the Union Army, and of driving it into Tennessee and perhaps north to Cincinnati. At the time the Ninety-sixth made its reconnoissance toward Ringgold, it was reported that the Union Army was defeated, and was being driven rapidly toward the North. When, however, the combined massing of Grant's, Sherman's, and Thomas' forces was being made, by which the capture of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain was brought about, the Rebel papers said that the Southern people might as well be making up their minds for another of Bragg's retreats; and in one or two days their worst fears were realized.

With eleven hundred officers sleeping upon the floors of six rooms, with no cots and but very few blankets, it can be very easily seen that it required uncomfortably close packing. We were in the habit of lying down in rows; the first row with heads toward the wall, then two rows in the centre of the building, with heads next to each other, leaving a short alley between the feet of the different rows. In a room where nearly two hundred men were sleeping or trying to sleep, it would not be remarkable if occasionally there was a man who snored. This was frequently the case, and the midnight hour would sometimes be made almost hideous by the snoring proclivities of a dozen or so of our men. If the noise became unbearable, some fellow would cry out, "Roll him over!" "Throw water on him!" "Where is the clothes-pin?" and if he did not subside, an old piece of corn-bread would be hurled in the direction of the noise, striking against tin pails hanging from the ceiling, and generally coming in contact with exactly the person whom the one throwing cared least to disturb.

Our prison and its occupants were among the notable sights of Richmond. Not only Confederate officers, but their wives, visited us; and October 14 the British Consul honored us with his presence. This was on the eve of his departure for England, he having been, as it was then

reported, dismissed by President Davis. I have never known the significance of his discharge, nor can I at this day verify the current rumor.

We received the Richmond dailies every morning, and were able to keep fairly posted in regard to the news. The sheets were very small, and printed on a light brown paper. Many news items were greatly exaggerated, but some facts were honestly given. October 26 we learned that General Rosecrans was relieved of his command, and shortly after that President Lincoln had called out three hundred thousand additional men. The results of battles were usually greatly magnified, and the movements of the Union Army erroneous. For example, the losses in our armies at Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain were said to be twenty thousand; about five thousand was the correct number. It was reported at one time that three or four corps from Meade's army had been ordered to reinforce Rosecrans; a single corps was sent.

December 26 we witnessed, from the back windows of our prison, a most pitiful sight, and were powerless to avert the calamity or to render any assistance. A company of little boys were at play on the ice which covered the canal a short distance from the back of the prison. All at once they broke through, and cried for help. Several of our officers gave their word of honor not to attempt to escape if they might be permitted to rescue the little fellows; but they were not allowed to do so, and before help could arrive from the outside one or two had been drowned.

During my residence in Libby we were permitted to write short letters to our friends, and to receive our mail from the North, both subject to the scrutiny of the authorities. On the arrival of a mail, Lieutenant Knaggs, who was acting postmaster, would select some elevated place, perhaps a beam in one of the upper rooms, and call out the names of the lucky ones for whom letters had arrived. The exquisite happiness depicted in the faces

of the fortunate ones was more noticeable as the gloom and disappointment of those not thus favored manifested themselves. Certainly no one thing brought so much consolation and hope and joy as a letter from home.

A few days after our escape this happy privilege was to a certain extent denied, as the following order from the commandant will show. It is given *verbatim*.

OFFICE C. S. MILITARY PRISON, RICHMOND, VA.,
14th Feb., 1864.

Hereafter prisoners won't be allowed to write no letters to go to the *so-called United States* of more than six lines in length, and only one letter per week. By command of

THOMAS P. TURNER,
Major C. S. A.

Rumors regarding an exchange were frequent, — at times favorable, and at others so dismal as to extinguish every ray of hope. October 3 it was reported that all prisoners captured previous to September 1 had been exchanged; on the 10th it was denied. During the 13th exchange was high. (We used to quote it as business men speak of stocks and bonds.) Ten steamers were at City Point to carry us to Fortress Monroe; Milroy's men were to go down in the morning. On the 27th the report was that the United States Government would exchange no more prisoners till the close of the war. That day we had simply bread and water to eat. November 8 there were rumors of an *immediate* exchange of everybody, and for hours some of the more despondent would stand and look down James River for the United States transports which were to carry them to our lines and to their homes. Suffice it to say they never came; and so for months, and in many cases for a year or two years, these same officers, and thousands of our brave men, suffered and languished and died in those wretched places.

Owing to the uncertainties of exchange and to our wretched treatment, as well as to the innate love one has to be free, and the desire which was almost universal to

be once more by the side of our comrades to help fight the war to a successful termination, many of the prisoners were restless and impatient, and thought long and seriously of escape. This was particularly true of the younger officers. Those who were older and had families at home, although extremely anxious to see their loved ones, were not as willing, so far as my observation extended, to take risks in attempting an escape which might be fatal to their lives. I have heard them remark that they were captured in the line of duty by no fault of theirs, and if the Government needed them it could effect an exchange. A certain number, however, were always on the alert, and scheme after scheme was discussed. It was constantly in our minds, — the subject of conversation among our confidants during the day, and our dream at night. But an escape seemed almost impossible. We were surrounded by a strong guard at every point, and should we escape from the building we would be in the midst of an enemy's country, without food or money or allies, and withal weak from insufficient food and improper clothing.

The first escape from the prison which I remember was effected by one of the officers, by assuming to be one of a party of workmen who were engaged in the prison in strengthening the window protections. He assumed the dress of a laborer, blackened his face and hands slightly, as if he had been working with iron, and shouldering some tool or a bar of iron, marched out of the door, passed the guard, and was *free*. I am not informed whether or not he reached our lines in safety. In December, Captain Anderson of the Fifth Indiana Regiment, and Lieutenant Skelton of the Seventeenth Iowa Regiment, escaped by bribing the guards. They reached our lines after passing through innumerable hardships and dangers. During the night of December 20, Colonel Streight and his adjutant, Lieutenant Reid, effected an escape from the prison by giving to the sentinel $100 in greenbacks and two silver watches. As soon, however,

as they were outside the guard-line an irregular fire was opened upon them, and after a short struggle they were recaptured, and returned to a cell where they were kept twenty-one days. The affair was simply a plot on the part of the prison officials to rob and perhaps murder these two officers.

A short time after this, the Rebel General Morgan, having escaped from the Ohio penitentiary, made us a visit, accompanied by several Rebel officers of rank and some of the Richmond civil authorities. I witnessed his introduction to General Neal Dow; and as the conversation between these two noted gentlemen was somewhat sarcastic, I note two sentences. "General Dow," said General Morgan, "I am very happy to see you here; or, rather, as you are here, I am happy to see you looking so well." General Dow immediately replied: "General Morgan, I congratulate you on your escape, although I cannot say I am glad you did escape; but since you did, I am happy to see you here."

During the night of January 15, 1864, several officers again attempted to escape, by bribing the guards and letting themselves down from the prison windows by means of some kind of rope. The guards again proved treacherous, and made one who had descended climb back. The day following, considerable amusement was caused by allusions to this unfortunate adventure; and that night, after the officers had retired and the Chickamauga room was still, Captain Smyth, of the Sixteenth United States Regulars, offered the following preamble and resolutions: —

"WHEREAS, Several of our fellow officers, disgusted with the scant rations and mule-beef of the Confederate authorities, and inspired with the love of liberty and a desire to see once more their wives and little ones, attempted to escape last night from their confinement; and

"WHEREAS, Said attempt was ignobly and most unfortunately frustrated by the base treachery of the sentinels: therefore

"*Resolved*, That the aforesaid officers have our warmest sympathy in this their bitter disappointment, and that we earnestly

deprecate the disposition of some among us to ridicule their misfortune, and to make light of their honest endeavors to obtain that dearest boon of an American citizen, — life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"*Resolved*, That although the aforesaid officers have *lowered* themselves in the sight of their fellow officers, yet their earnest endeavors, under the most embarrassing circumstances, to rise again to their former position, have again placed them on an equal footing with us all.

"*Resolved*, That the action of the sentinel in turning traitor to his government by consenting to the escape of a prisoner, and then turning traitor to the prisoner by preventing his escape, was but a *change of base*.

"*Resolved*, That the feelings that prompted a sentinel to cock his piece at one of our fellow officers, while he was hanging on the slender thread of fate, was an offshoot of humanity.

"*Resolved*, That while mechanical principles plainly teach us that watches may run down, the events of last night show that they cannot with equal facility be made to run up.

"*Resolved*, That the events of last night plainly show the true value of time.

"*Resolved*, That although a watch may *run down*, it is no reason that the owner should be.

"*Resolved*, That officers in escaping should use the starboard-watch, which is *right*, and not the port-watch, which is *left*.

"*Resolved*, That if officers would watch more they would not be *watchless*.

"*Resolved*, That officers should not palm off on a sentinel watches not having a good *escapement*.

"*Resolved*, That under present circumstances officers should not attempt to escape on *tick*."

The resolutions were greeted with immense applause, and immediately adopted; and after a few patriotic songs, we quieted for the night.

During all this time the idea of escape by tunnel was being discussed. There were, however, apparently insuperable difficulties to a plan of this kind. It was abso-

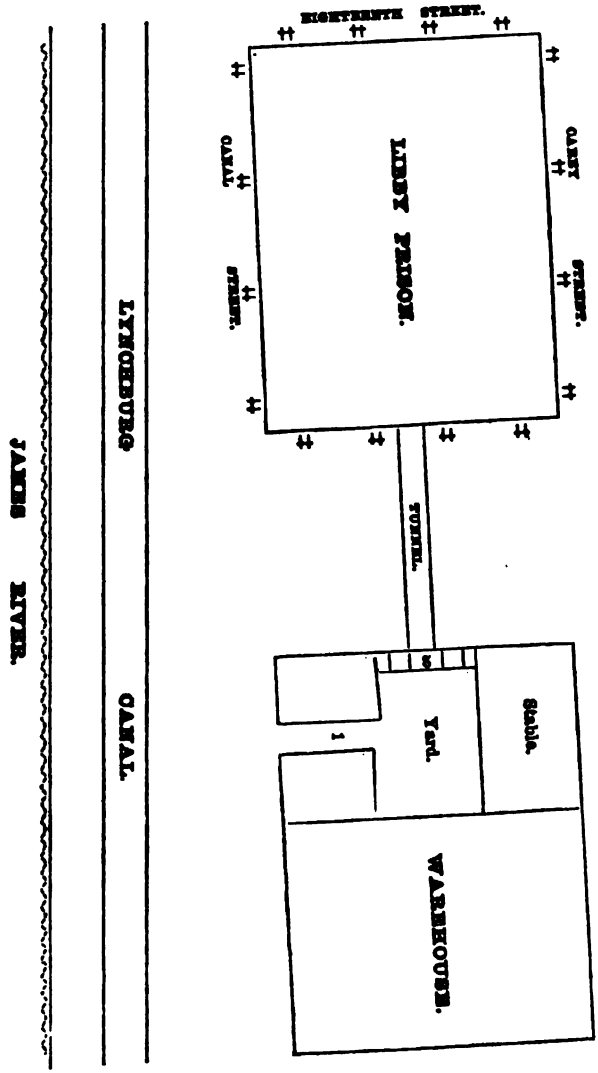
lutely impossible, so far as we could see, to obtain access to an outside wall in the basement, or, indeed, to any part of the cellar floor. Just who originated the plan by which we succeeded in gaining an entrance into the cellar, it is, perhaps, difficult to state; but as I understand the facts, and as I know them to be in the main correct, the men to whom belong the honor of planning and carrying forward to a successful termination this bold enterprise are the following: —

Lieutenant William G. Galloway, of the Fifteenth United States Regulars, a prisoner at Libby, was suffering from fever; and one night, being quite wakeful as one of the results of his sickness, he *thought* of a tunnel from some point in the east basement. The following day he confided his idea to Lieutenant Ludlow, of Battery M, Fourth Regular Artillery, and to Lieutenant Clifford, of the Sixteenth United States Regulars. After consultation it was thought best to increase the party; and Colonel T. E. Rose, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, and several others, were added. From this moment Colonel Rose became the acknowledged manager and engineer. Concerning this there can be no doubt. The honor of being the leader of this scheme has been claimed by others, but to Colonel Thomas E. Rose it rightfully belongs. The working party was thoroughly organized, and was bound to secrecy by a solemn oath, administered by the leader. This proceeding was absolutely necessary, both to protect the party from discovery by spies, who undoubtedly were in the prison in our very midst, and from a few weak individuals among our own officers, who, for certain considerations, were constantly imparting information to the prison officials.

The party having in charge the work by means of which it was hoped to obtain entrance into the cellar, and who were engaged in working on the first tunnel, — which I shall presently briefly describe, — was composed of the following officers: Colonel Rose, Captains Lucas and Gallagher, Lieutenants Galloway, Ludlow, Clifford,

Brown, and Hamilton, with possibly two or three others whose names I cannot obtain. It must be remembered that our quarters were in the two upper stories, and that we had access to only the middle room on the first story, which was our cooking and dining room. At one point on the east side of this room was situated a fireplace, built into the massive brick and stone partition, which, as I have before remarked, extended from basement to roof. Around this fireplace three stoves were placed for our use, leaving a very small space between the back of the stoves and the fireplace. It was at this point that some one conceived the idea of gaining entrance into the cellar, *under* the next room, which would give easy access to an outside wall, and a chance for tunnelling. It will be seen that if an opening could be made in the floor of this fireplace, by oblique digging we would come out in the cellar of the adjoining room, which was seldom, if ever, used.

Captain Hamilton, who was a stone-mason, removed the first brick and stone from the fireplace, through which we hoped to reach the basement. During the day this opening was kept closed; and so ingeniously were the bricks and stones replaced, aided by a few ashes and one or two worn-out skillets, thrown carelessly in, that one would never notice that anything had been disturbed. After I was aware that this opening existed, and that a working party was in the basement, I looked intently (knowing that no one was observing my movements) for evidences of carelessness in closing this opening, — for a little fresh dirt that possibly might furnish a clew to our operations; but I saw nothing. Every possibility of detection was minutely guarded. The basement, or cellar, to which we now had access, and from which the tunnel proper was commenced, was dark, — rarely, if ever, opened, — and had the appearance of not having been cleaned for years. There was found here some straw, a few boards, some old boxes, and, I believe, some old stoves, and plenty of rats.



†† Guards.
1. Open Carriage Way.
2. Upright Board Fence.

The first tunnel was from the south end of the cellar, and was made with the intention of tapping the sewer between the prison and canal. This, however, was found impracticable, on account of the terrible odor and the small size of the box sewer making it impossible for a man to enter. It was therefore abandoned, and the attention of the working party was directed toward the east side.

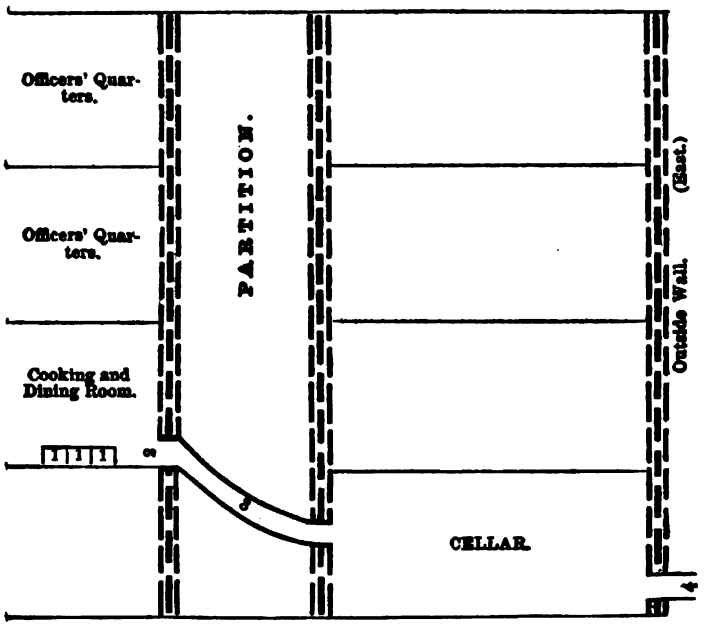
About this time — probably one or two days before the abandonment of the sewer tunnel, or possibly when escape in that direction was determined to be impracticable — there was a division in the working party. I am not aware that any direct disagreement took place, but, without consulting certain men who were at work, additional officers were taken into the secret; and without the knowledge of all belonging to the first party, a new tunnel from the east side was begun. This new working party, as stated to me by Colonel Rose in a recent communication, was composed as follows: Major Fitzsimmons, Thirtieth Indiana Infantry; Major McDonald, One Hundred and First Ohio Infantry; Captain A. J. Hamilton, Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry; Captain Clark, Seventy-ninth Illinois Infantry; Captain Gallagher, Second Ohio Infantry; Captain Randall, Second Ohio Infantry; Captain Lucas, Fifth Kentucky Infantry; Captain Johnson, Sixth Kentucky Infantry; Lieutenant Fistler, Twelfth Indiana Infantry; Lieutenant Mitchell, Seventy-ninth Illinois Infantry; Lieutenant Simpson, Tenth Indiana Infantry; Lieutenant Garbet, Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania Infantry; Lieutenant Foster, Twenty-ninth Indiana Artillery; Lieutenant McKean, Forty-fourth Illinois Infantry.

Bounding the prison on the east was an alley or narrow street; and on the opposite side of this narrow street from the prison were situated what I suppose to have been a warehouse and an unused stable. There was also a small yard, concealed from view from the alley by an upright board fence.

The situation will probably be better understood by reference to the accompanying diagram.

One of the most difficult tasks of the entire work was to effect an opening in the foundation wall. It was

SECTION OF THE HEAVY PARTITION WALL SHOWING THE OPENING IN THE FIREPLACE BY MEANS OF WHICH THE TUNNELLING PARTY GAINED ACCESS TO AN OUTSIDE WALL.



accomplished, however, after great labor, and the tunnel was commenced nearly on a line with the floor of the cellar, probably eight or nine feet below the surface of the ground. The distance to be tunnelled was from seventy to eighty feet, although it has been estimated by some at one hundred. The man at work was obliged to recline face downward; and the tools at his command were only common knives, small hatchets, sharp pieces of wood,

and a broken fire-shovel. After the tunnel was fairly begun it required two men to work successfully, — one in the tunnel digging, and a second at the cellar opening to haul back the earth, which was done, at least partly, in shallow frying-pans.

And now I must answer one question which is always suggested at this point: "What did you do with the dirt?" In reply I would say that it was distributed over the cellar floor, and straw carelessly scattered over it, or placed in boxes in small quantities, or in barrels, a little here and a little there. It has been stated by a writer in the Philadelphia "Weekly Times" that some of the dirt was emptied into a sewer. In any event, there was not a great amount of it; and distributed in a cellar 55 × 105 feet, it would hardly be noticed, even if the guards or officials entered this part of the prison.

The time required for the construction of this tunnel was nearly three weeks, and it was about half finished when I discovered it and was taken into the secret. Sunday night, January 24, I had been reconnoitering and making an examination in regard to the feasibility of an escape. Indeed, there was probably not one hour during any night when some impatient soul was not looking out to detect some guard asleep on his post, or watching with the hope that something would happen that might enable him to gain his freedom. Later, I had approached the stoves, which were standing around the fireplace, to make some arrangement for breakfast, or to wash some article of clothing, I do not now remember which, and had placed a light I had in my hand upon one of them. Immediately a man whom I had not observed, although there were a few at the other end of the room, stepped up to me and said, "Please put out that light." I hesitated only a moment, and the thought flashed through my mind that some one was trying to force the lock in the door, and I was just on the point of extinguishing the candle, when the man whispered, "For God's sake,

put out that light! To-morrow I will explain all!" By this time the light was out, and I passed up to my quarters, wishing for the morning. I had recognized the officer, and at a favorable opportunity the day following I interviewed him. It was Captain Lucas, of the tunnelling party, and in charge of the work for that night. He was changing the working party, and had the opening behind the stoves in the fireplace uncovered. The light I placed on the stove jeopardized the entire scheme; hence the solicitude and remarks of the officer in charge. He administered to me the charge of secrecy, to which I agreed, reserving the right of acquainting one man, who should be my companion during our attempt at escape. I immediately made application for a position on the working party, but was refused, upon the ground that there were already plenty of men who had had experience and could do better work than one unaccustomed to it; but the promise was made that I should be informed when the tunnel was completed.

I immediately confided the secret to my comrade Captain Charles E. Rowan, and we began quietly to make arrangements for a sudden change of residence. I copied a little map of the peninsula, and upon trifling excuses borrowed or exchanged clothing more suitable for travelling in an enemy's country. In the mean time we had determined to watch the movements of some whom we knew to be in the secret, and not depend upon being informed by any one when the tunnel was completed. During the night of February 8 we became satisfied that the enterprise was finished; but no attempt was made to escape, although a number of those whose movements we were watching did not retire until very late. I have been informed since that it was the plan to open the extreme end of the tunnel during the night of the 8th, and that the escape *was* to have taken place then. The tunnel was really opened; but dreadful to relate, it was on the wrong side of the fence, and in plain

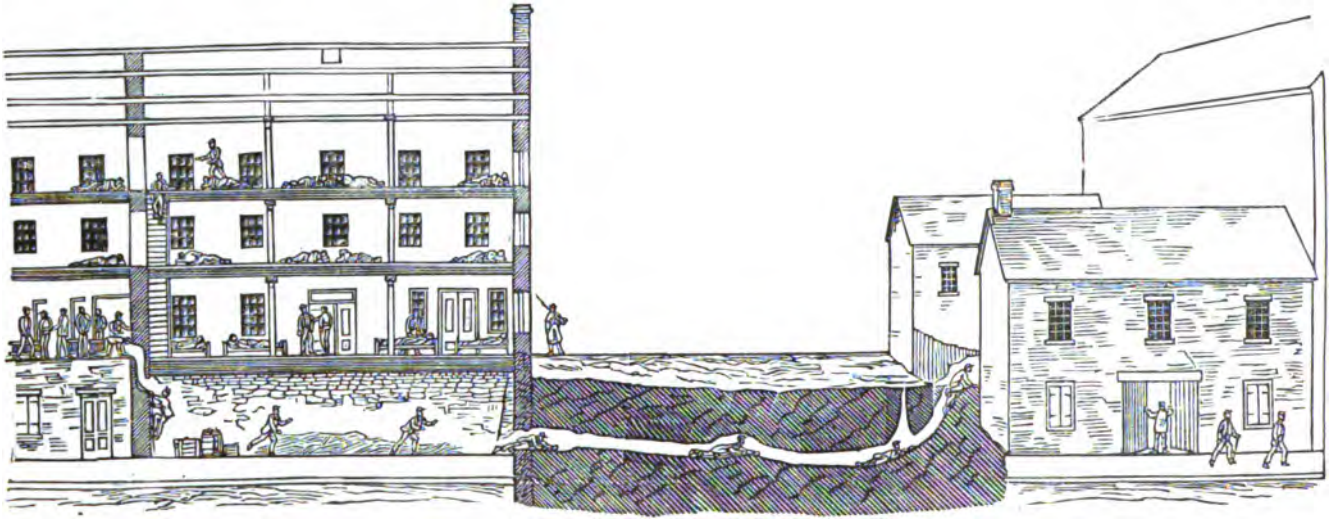
sight of the guards with loaded muskets; the tunnel was not long enough, a mistake in measurement having been made. The opening was immediately closed, and the tunnel continued two feet, when an opening was made in a safe place.

According to the statements made to me recently by Colonel Rose, the above statement will have to be somewhat modified; and yet part of it was true. It was not the intention to make the escape on the 8th, but contrary to his instructions a very small opening was made during that night, which jeopardized the entire enterprise. However, it was remedied immediately, and no discovery made.

During the evening of the 9th it was agreed that I should watch operations; and at half-past nine o'clock, most of the officers having retired, I visited the lower room, and was surprised to find at least thirty men around the fireplace, rapidly lowering themselves into the cellar. The exodus had begun. Hastily returning to my friend, I communicated the fact to him, and we were soon in the crowd around the first opening. We had provided ourselves with three or four loaves of prison bread, two or three pieces of meat, and an empty pop-bottle for carrying water. Around the fireplace everything was conducted with terrible earnestness. There was very little order, but it was quiet. We found that everybody except ourselves belonged to some one's party, — Colonel A's, or Colonel B's, or Colonel C's, — and every one was going out first. It has been said that the managers of the tunnel believed that not more than one hundred among the eleven hundred officers knew anything about the undertaking, and that it was the plan for fifty to leave the first night, and, the prison clerk being deceived in regard to the number of men really in prison, as he had often been before, fifty should leave the second night, and so on. The officer charged with the responsibility of conducting the escape the second night, be-

coming convinced that absolutely no control could be exercised over the movements of men escaping from prison, became alarmed, and made his own escape. Concerning the above plan, I know nothing; but this I do know: as early as half-past ten o'clock in the evening — the time we arrived at a point as near the fireplace as the crowd would permit — there was no order or plan. Every one was for himself, and my companion and myself soon became part of the crowd, and belonged to a party that was going out next if possible. We accomplished our undertaking in just about fifteen minutes. I have always supposed that the working party made their escape first, and that my companion and myself were numbers thirty and thirty-one out of the tunnel. We proceeded somewhat as follows: We were now in the midst of some thirty or forty men, all struggling to get past three stoves and attain the little opening in the bottom of the fireplace. Some hard words were undoubtedly said. We possibly may have dropped a word not absolutely in conformity with army regulations and the most refined society, although we had our Testaments in our pockets, and nothing but a pop-bottle full of water; but we were in a hurry, — we were striving for freedom, for homes, and our regiments in the field. In a few minutes we were at the fireplace, and my associate thrust his feet into the opening. This rather preempted the position, and he went down and out of my sight. Two or three beside myself were struggling to be next. I effected a compromise, and was second. In a moment I was in the cellar, and conducted by my predecessor to the east wall and to the vicinity of the second opening or entrance to the tunnel. Here I found my companion, with four others, each one determined to make the passage first. Another compromise, and I was number three to make the escape. Only one man was allowed in the tunnel at a time, — on account, I suppose, of the bad air. The exit of the man preceding could be

EXPLANATORY NOTE. — On the left is a representation of the Prison. In the upper stories men are seen sleeping on the floor. On the left, back of the stoves, is seen the first tunnel in the fireplace and partition wall. In the cellar men are seen proceeding to the main tunnel. Between the two buildings is a representation of the tunnel, with an opening on the wrong side of the fence. Between the two small buildings on the right, and back of the upright board fence, is seen the open yard. The open passage-way from this yard to the street will also be noticed.



easily determined by the cessation of the terrible noise made in forcing one's body through a long narrow shaft, which the tunnel really was. I had arrayed myself in an army overcoat, in which I had made two large inside pockets, and placed a loaf of bread in each, as I desired to have my hands and arms free for any emergency. My head and shoulders passed into the tunnel without trouble, but the enlargement caused by the bread in my pockets prevented my going farther. I immediately drew myself back, took off my overcoat, and pulling it behind me with my right hand, proceeded to worm myself through the tunnel.

It must be stated that this was no light and airy opening, but a narrow, dark, damp hole, just large enough for one to pull himself through; and the noise and racket produced by one man kicking and floundering against the walls of this cavern were simply indescribable. The exact time consumed in passing through, I cannot state; it could hardly have been more than two or three minutes. We had no way of knowing when we approached the external opening; but I remember that the shaft seemed to change direction abruptly upward, and it also was more contracted, — indeed, I could again proceed no farther, and stopped. Some one whispered to me, "Don't breathe so loud; stop blowing!" and I felt a hand, which I grasped, and was pulled out of the external opening, which was in the open yard I have described, on the opposite side of the fence from the guard. My assistant proved to be my companion, Captain Rowan. We could now breathe once more the pure air of heaven, but our dangers were by no means passed. We were in direct proximity to the guard, and in the centre of the Confederate capital. We crept very cautiously behind the fence, into the open carriage-way, toward the canal; for once there, we were for the time out of sight of the guards.

It has been supposed by many that those of us who

escaped organized into parties for protection, and that we journeyed in considerable numbers. Not so. It was necessary to pass from the vicinity of the prison singly or by twos, in order to avoid suspicion, and it would have been absolutely impossible for any number to have kept together. All those who had escaped before us had disappeared except one. He communicated the manner of proceeding to escape from the vicinity of the prison, which had been successful up to this time, by those preceding us, and then he passed out. We communicated the plan to the next party, and so every one had the benefit of the experience of the one preceding him.

We were in the carriage-way, fronting the canal; four guards were slowly pacing along the south side of the prison. One guard on the east of course met his fellow at the southeast corner, and the same thing happened at the southwest corner. We were then less than three hundred feet from six armed men, whose duty it was to shoot us if they observed our movements. From our shadowed position in the carriage-way we could look up and down the street, and choosing a moment when it was comparatively clear, we passed out and walked slowly and deliberately down the canal, — in full view of the guards, — but, assuming the manners of those walking in the streets who had the right to do so, we were either not seen by the guards, or, if seen, were supposed to be citizens. This was one of the most dangerous points we passed during the escape, and in many respects the most wonderful. How these guards could stand there and see the number of persons on Canal Street walking away from them, and none passing, and not have their suspicions aroused, is almost a miracle. Besides, the guards were relieved once or twice every night, and new men must have observed the unusual activity on that obscure street during that entire night. One hundred and nine men passed out, and not one, so far as I am informed, was even halted by the prison guards.

We walked probably two blocks on Canal Street, and then turned abruptly to the left, and were for the first time out of range of the guards' muskets. Of course we took a long breath; for although I do not remember that the matter of being shot was spoken of, — and certainly we evinced no fear of danger to each other, — when we were beyond the range of those guns, there escaped from us an expression of relief. Continuing our course to the left one block, we came to Carey Street, which was brilliantly lighted, many of the shops being still open. We observed quite a group of soldiers walking in front of us, talking and laughing; and several others, who apparently belonged to the same party, soon came up. They were evidently going out to some Rebel camp, after spending the evening in the city. We mingled freely with them, — talking to ourselves on subjects similar to those we observed they were discussing. We avoided coming in direct contact with them, however, and gradually, as we approached the outskirts of the city, allowed them to pass us, until at last, after being in their company probably half an hour, we found ourselves alone on the Charles City Railroad, about one mile to the east or northeast of Richmond.

We had, up to this time, made no plans for our journey. We had said to each other that we would, if possible, escape from the prison and gain some point outside the city, going in the direction that presented the fewest obstacles; then we would decide upon a plan for the future. We knew something of the position of the Army of the Potomac. We knew that West Virginia was mountainous, and that a trip in that direction would consume weeks, perhaps months; and we knew that our forces occupied Fortress Monroe, with outposts some distance up the peninsula. We decided at once to attempt to make the latter point; and with nothing but the polar star to guide us, we started. We had concluded to travel nights and secrete ourselves during the daytime; and

toward daylight we selected a place in a swamp, about five miles from Richmond, as we supposed, and by arranging brush and evergreens, we prepared a place for concealment. We could hear distinctly the reveille in the camps around the city, but we were not disturbed that day.

Our escape through the fortifications around Richmond was made without any great difficulty. We really crawled on the ground a great part of the first night, stopping every few minutes and scanning every bush and tree where, from previous experience, we might expect a picket to be posted or a scout secreted. The following day was occupied in maturing our plans for the journey, and devising schemes to meet emergencies which might arise. We also divided the bread and meat with which we had managed to escape into six parts, expecting that our journey would consume six days, and agreed to eat only a daily portion, knowing well that we would need as much the sixth as the first day.

The second night we travelled a little south of east; and toward morning, being somewhat in doubt as to our whereabouts, we approached a small cabin, which we supposed to be occupied by a negro. We were correct in our opinion, and he gave us some general directions and a small piece of corn-bread, — it was all he had. We suffered greatly during the day, when in our places of concealment, from the cold. We avoided all roads, and pushed directly through swamps and tall briers, so that by morning our clothes would be thoroughly wet and considerably torn. We would then secrete ourselves; and with our wet clothing clinging to us, the cold air caused us to suffer severely.

We had anticipated great trouble in crossing the Chickahominy River, as my companion could not swim, and I had no desire to engage in that pastime in the middle of February, and with our then present surroundings. Toward the morning of the third night we reached what

we supposed to be a swamp, and concluded to stop on its banks until early light, and then pass through it. We rested under a tree and went to sleep. Imagine our surprise, upon awakening, to find ourselves on the Chickahominy, and also to find, within a few feet of where we rested, a large tree which had been blown down and across the narrow but rapid stream, making for us a complete bridge. It was the work of only a few moments to pass the point where we had expected to find our greatest difficulty.

During the fourth night out, finding that our strength was becoming somewhat exhausted, we planned to approach a farm-house and confiscate a chicken, which we intended to eat raw. We felt the need of a change of diet. The bread and meat we had expected to last for six days had disappeared; and the water, of which we took large quantities, did not seem to strengthen us for our severe march at night and the terrible cold of the day. We had kept the pop-bottle which we had when we started, and at every little stream we would not only drink large quantities, but fill the bottle, as the water seemed to revive us somewhat till the next stream was reached. While we were reconnoitering the out-buildings of a farm-house for the desired chicken, we were discovered by a negro. He knew at once who we were, and said we were "Yankee officers, 'scaped from prison;" but he gave us such assurance of sympathy and help that we trusted him at once. We were taken immediately to his cabin, and were soon before a blazing fire in an old-fashioned fireplace. A guard of colored people was posted to prevent surprise, and the mother of the family began to prepare us something to eat. How the *pones* of corn-bread, shaped in the old granny's hands, and baked in the ashes before us, disappeared, and how delicious was that meat! I have always thought it was stolen expressly for us, from the slaveholder's pantry. And the cabbage, fried in a skillet! No Grand Pacific Hotel bill

of fare ever equalled that meal. We were thoroughly warmed and well fed, and started out with new courage and definite directions in regard to our route.

One of our greatest fears throughout the entire journey was from dogs. It seemed as if the country was full of them. One of these animals would begin to bark a little to our left, another over to our right, and then one directly in our path, and then they would all bark. It is no exaggeration when I say that it *seemed* as if there were a hundred thousand dogs on that peninsula. We avoided them, by deflecting from our course many, many times.

During the fifth day we suffered greatly on account of our exposed position during concealment; and to add to our discomfort, it began to snow shortly after noon. About four o'clock, unable to remain quiet, we started on our way, the snow falling rapidly, and thawing quite as fast, making it very difficult to travel. We were deprived of our only safe and constant guide, the North Star; and after proceeding till nearly dark, we came to the exact spot whence we had started two hours before. We were exceedingly discouraged, very tired, cold, wet, and hungry. Just at this time we saw a one-horse covered cart approaching, and supposing its occupant was one of our colored friends, we halted him, but to our dismay found it was a white man. We told him we were Confederate scouts, and desired information as to the position of the Yankees. A few minutes' conversation, however, convinced us that he was a Union man and our friend. He gave us valuable information in regard to roads, told us where to find a negro family who had the means to furnish us some food, and also assured us that in all probability we would come in contact with some of our troops if we eluded the Rebel scouts during the next twenty-four hours. He informed us, however, — as did the colored man who at midnight gave us a good substantial meal of corn-bread, pork, and rye coffee, — that we were on very dangerous ground,

the scouting-ground between both armies, a place full of guerillas and bushwhackers. We travelled very cautiously, and met with an exceedingly vexatious delay in crossing a river, concerning which we knew nothing, but called by the negroes the Diascon.

At this time in our journey — the sixth night since our escape, and at a time when we were almost within our own lines — the strength and heroism, and capacity to direct and decide, which were marked virtues of my companion, all at once seemed to disappear. From the terrible mental and physical exertions of the week, from exposure to cold and suffering, and from hunger, he became absolutely prostrate. He had had experience in an attempt to escape when in Georgia, before he arrived in Libby, and he had really directed most of our movements until now. Not only was he prostrate, but he was indifferent. I urged him forward with all the powers of persuasion left; but a little before daylight we were obliged to stop and rest. At sunrise we concluded to travel during the forenoon, as we were confident our troops must be near us, and, as the country was more open and exposed, the facilities were not as good for concealment during the day. In fact, it was the last effort we could make, and for the first time we travelled in a road. About nine o'clock there suddenly appeared, at a curve in the road, a squad of cavalry, a few hundred yards in our advance. We recognized them at once as our own men, and knew that we were safe.

It is impossible to express in words our feelings at that time. Our terrible experiences, beginning at the battle of Chickamauga, — a battle than which none could be more bravely fought, in which scores of my young friends, schoolmates, and neighbors went down; the anxiety and solicitude of that picket duty; the thousand-mile trip to a Confederate prison; the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, the waitings and watchings while incarcerated; and the days

and nights of peril and suffering and cold and hunger, the swamps and brier thickets, the anticipation of success, and the despair at the thought of recapture; all these, and, finally, freedom and home and friends, — what words can express them all?

A few words more, and I have finished. We came into our lines a few miles from Williamsburg. Some of the escaped officers reached our lines the third day out from Richmond; and General Butler, who was at that time commandant at Fortress Monroe, sent out, on alternate days, the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry and the First New York Rifles to drive back the enemy, and to patrol the country with tall guidons to attract the notice of the escaping prisoners. The First New York Rifles were our deliverers. No one can describe the kindness shown to us by this body of men. Every attention was showered upon us. We were banqueted at Company A's headquarters, and fêted at Company B's, and banqueted again at Company C's, and so on.

As soon as possible, we reported at Washington. Every paper was full of the escape from Libby. Fifty-five out of one hundred and nine reached our lines; the others were recaptured. We were ordered to rejoin our respective regiments, permission being given to delay reporting for thirty days. Flying visits were made to friends, and then we were back to go over nearly the same ground, although under different circumstances, as we participated in the battles of Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta, and many others in the Georgia campaign, and the two — Franklin and Nashville — which, so far as the Army of the West was concerned, terminated the war.

More than twenty-five years have elapsed since the events portrayed in the preceding pages occurred. During the past few months the narratives of many

of my men have been forwarded to me to be used in the history of the regiment. Time should have softened, if it were possible, the distressing and pitiless experiences of these brave men. But if any doubt ever existed concerning the terrible treatment of our prisoners by the Confederate authorities, they have all been removed. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established;" and from the East and West, and from the North and South, — from places a thousand miles distant, and from men who have never looked in one another's faces since their dreadful experiences in Andersonville and Libby, — comes the same, same story.

Look at Wiestoff, of my company! Delirious from starvation to such an extent that he does not remember passing through Chicago on his way to his farm-home in the county north of the city, death nearly came to him on the threshold of his own home. Look at the deplorable and helpless condition to which so many were reduced by impure vaccination, as narrated by our Sergeant Hileman, of Company H; and the prostration to which Cullen was reduced by successive attacks of small-pox, pneumonia, and erysipelas! Look at our men killing a dog to obtain meat, and the hand-to-hand fight to decide who was to have the meagre nutrition, if any were possible, from the little insignificant field-mouse!

We pause in astonishment, and wonder how it was ever possible for human beings to endure such privations, or beings having the semblance of humanity to permit it. If these experiences were not verified by testimony repeated again and again, the terrible story of the sufferings of our soldiers in Rebel pens and prisons would not at this day, when memories are so short, be regarded as reliable or true.

And it was not alone from sickness that these brave fellows suffered. The diet was insufficient and absolutely indigestible, inducing disease; the guards, especially those not in active service at the front, seemed absolutely des-

titute of any feeling common to human beings, and the means resorted to to recapture those who made their escape were simply barbarous. That American citizens, engaged in a warfare against other American citizens, would resort to such measures as letting loose packs of bloodhounds to overtake and recapture emaciated and prostrate prisoners of war, is almost beyond belief.

Throughout all these dreadful months and years our men were true to one another and loyal to the old flag, and the patriotic expressions of some will be precious legacies to relatives and friends. The last words of Henry Cutler, who, after suffering in prison, was at last exchanged, and hurried back to rejoin the regiment at the front, and was mortally wounded at Nashville, — "God bless father and mother, and save the country!" — will never be forgotten; they will be imperishable. Some of the incidents in prison were most noteworthy. The bursting forth of a spring of water in the dreary waste of Andersonville is almost comparable with the pouring out of water from the rock by which the thirst of the children of Israel was quenched. And the summary yet legal disposition, by hanging, of some of their own number, who had forgotten that they were Union soldiers, and became thieves and villains, earning the designation of "raiders," was only possible among and by such men as composed the glorious and patriotic volunteer army gathered to restore the Union.

Were all these sacrifices made for naught? Look at our great new Nation for the answer, — the South and the North, the North and the South, — redeemed, disenthralled, and reunited, inspiring the whole world with higher aspirations for freedom and a larger and nobler manhood!

"Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her!
She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!

O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more,
What words divine of lover or of poet,
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!"

AN ARTILLERYMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA.

By RICHARD S. TUTHILL.

[Read April 7, 1886.]

DE GOLYER'S Eighth Michigan Battery (H of the First Michigan Light Artillery), in which the writer had the honor to serve, was from the organization of the Seventeenth Army Corps, Army of the Tennessee, attached to its Third Division. This division, until after the campaign for the opening of the Mississippi River, — ending with the siege and fall of Vicksburg, wherein it bore a most distinguished part, — was commanded by that incomparable soldier and most eminent of all our volunteer officers, General John A. Logan.

From the fact that Captain de Golyer, who commanded the battery from its muster into the service until his death from a wound received during the siege of Vicksburg, — a born and bred horseman and racer, — selected for his battery a full equipment of jet-black horses, the battery was also known as "De Golyer's Black-Horse Battery."

Always equipped for field service, first with the James rifle (a brass gun) and afterward with three-inch rifled steel guns of the Rodman pattern, it was pre-eminently adapted to field service. Owing to circumstances which I never could understand, it was generally short of men, making necessary a permanent detail from other commands in order to handle its six guns. The battery was rarely short of horses. There was a tradition among the men, firmly believed in, that after the battle of Champion Hill, — in which the battery was, as usual, at the

fore-front of the fight, and may truly be said to have turned the tide in our favor, and where it lost many of its horses, — its bluff commander rode up to the general commanding, himself not in those days noted for the gentleness of his speech, and said abruptly, "General, I want some horses for my battery," and received the jocular but emphatic reply, "You —— old horse-thief, why don't you *steal* your horses?" Such the tradition. The fact was that De Golyer's battery always thereafter had horses, and good ones, if there was a cavalry command at all convenient, or if there were any horses in the country round about.

The men of this battery were nearly all young, some of them mere boys, but braver men or more daring riders never lashed horses on the dead run into the thickest of the fight, or unlimbered guns under a galling fire. In the Atlanta campaign this battery was always at the front, constantly engaged.

General Frank Blair, after the promotion of our own loved McPherson to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, took command of the Seventeenth Army Corps, General Logan having before been promoted to succeed General W. T. Sherman in the command of the Fifteenth Corps. General M. D. Leggett, intrepid and true, succeeded General Logan in the command of our division; and that Chevalier Bayard of the Western army, General M. F. Force, was in command of the brigade with which we were identified most closely and which generally supported us in action.

General Sherman, by masterful strategy and hard fighting, had driven the Confederate chieftain, General Johnson, from his mountain fastnesses at Resaca, Allatoona, and Kennesaw Mountain, and across the Chattahoochee River. The Seventeenth Corps, crossing the river at Rossville with light hearts and perfect confidence in the grand army of which it was a part, and in the great general under whose lead it had met only

success and victory, again advanced upon its antagonist, — as brave an army as ever did battle in an unholy cause.

After crossing the river, we struck out in a south-easterly direction along a pleasant road and over a beautifully wooded and undulating country, toward Decatur, a small but old town about six miles east from Atlanta, the "Gate City of the South." The air was balmy and sweet with the fragrance of flowering trees and shrubs. Devastating armies had not destroyed fence and barn and dwelling, or "cleaned out" corn-crib, smoke-house, and hen-roost, as had been the case from Chattanooga to the Chattahoochee; and men and horses fared sumptuously. (I might add that the picking would have been poor for those who might come after us.) How good everything tasted! Fried chicken, eggs, fresh country butter upon an ash-cake cooked by old Dinah at the cabin-fire, and washed down with a gourd full of buttermilk, ice-cold from the earthen jar in the spring-house!

Reaching Decatur, silent and sombre, as if its inhabitants all lay dead behind their closed doors and blinds, its streets deserted, not even the usual array of grinning slave women, with bright colored head-dresses, or wide-eyed, wondering pickaninnies were to be seen. We hurried on, — on to the front, — as rapidly as was possible; for in our ears sounded the rattle of musketry, telling us that the advance had already come upon the sullenly retreating foe. On we pressed, our progress much impeded by army wagons, loaded with quartermaster and commissary supplies, falling back to places of safety. As we approached the front, the stretcher-bearers came past us, bearing bloody and mangled burdens, — the wounded from the battlefield. Of one of these wounded I would say a word. Four stalwart, grief-stricken men came bearing on their shoulders a stretcher, upon which lay a tall young officer whose shoulders bore the stars

of a brigadier-general. Through the canvas of the stretcher dropped the hot blood of the hero. His face was pallid, but from his eyes, dark and flashing, shone a dauntless spirit. His hair and long, flowing beard, black as the wing of the raven, were gently stirred by the passing breeze, which seemed grateful to the desperately wounded man, for the air was hot and oppressive. From his lips came no words of complaint, no moan; but as I sat on my horse for a moment by his side, he spoke to me these words in a faint but earnest tone, "Hurry up your battery! they need you over there!" With alacrity we obeyed the command of the wounded officer. And so it was — for he was never again able to rejoin his command — that Walter Q. Gresham, that day commanding the Fourth Division of the Seventeenth Corps, and to-day a United States circuit judge, gave to me the last command he ever gave upon the battlefield.

The firing grew more steady, — an uninterrupted volley. The caissons fell to the rear, and through woods and over logs our guns were drawn by galloping horses, whipped and spurred to their utmost by fiercely shouting postilions; and in less time than it takes to tell it, the smoking muzzles of our six-gun battery hurled shot and bursting shell with vengeful and terrific force into the ranks of the enemy.

Then came the struggle for the hill — known in the literature of the war as "Leggett's Hill" — where, under command of that best of fighters, General Force, the farmer boys of Illinois and Wisconsin, in the Twentieth, Thirtieth, Thirty-first, and Forty-fifth Illinois, and the Twelfth and Sixteenth Wisconsin regiments, charged upon what seemed (and so proved when held by our division on the day following) an impregnable position, and took and held it.

July 22, 1864, dawned in calmness and beauty, presaging a perfect summer day; but as the sun rose upon the horizon, an angry red flushed his broad disk, which

seemed to presage one of the very fiercest battles ever fought, and to reflect what should ere nightfall be the blood-drenched ground of the battlefield of Atlanta.

During the previous night only an occasional shot had been heard on the skirmish line, and in the morning no enemy appeared in sight. Our skirmishers advanced rapidly toward Atlanta, whose church spires, and sometimes houses and streets, could be discerned clearly by the aid of field-glasses. Officers and men took turns in the use of such glasses as were at hand, and gazed curiously at the city which was the immediate object and end of our months of weary marches through forests, over mountains, and across bridgeless rivers, of exposure to ceaseless rains, of days of danger, of sleepless nights with only the sticky earth for a resting-place, and of almost constant battle.

At length some one called attention to bodies of troops in the streets of Atlanta, moving toward the south. It was said and generally believed then by officers and men that perhaps the wise policy of General Johnson — a very Fabius in war — was yet to be pursued; and that General Hood, who had, we knew, succeeded Johnson, seeing that he could not hope to hold Atlanta, had decided to abandon it without battle and the risk of resulting loss, and with his splendid and brave army intact, draw Sherman farther from his base of supplies and thus multiply his own chances of final victory.

So the hours of the forenoon passed in almost perfect quiet. Our line stretched about the city from the north in a semi-circle to the eastern side, extending well to the south. The right of this semi-circle was held by the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by the great and loyal Virginian, George H. Thomas, who, two days before, at Peach Tree Creek, had driven the enemy into their inner lines covering the north of Atlanta. The Fifteenth Corps formed the centre of the circular line, and stretched across the railroad which passed through Decatur and into Atlanta. In its rear was

an open field, and near its left was a deep ravine, filled with thick underbrush, and very difficult of passage. On the left of the Fifteenth Corps, fronting to the west toward Atlanta, lay the Seventeenth Corps. Our division (Leggett's) extended from north of "Leggett's" (or Bald) Hill, along a road, in earthworks from which we had driven the enemy on the Twenty-First. Our battery had been removed from the hill some distance to the left, one section, under command of Lieutenant William Justin, being almost at the extreme of our line, there being only one battery — F of the Second Regulars — beyond it.

During the forenoon I passed along our line to its extremity, and saw nothing of a "refused line" on our left. It was "in air."[1] In the woods, quite a long distance to the rear of us, lay the Sixteenth Corps, — not in line of battle, but as if halting on the march. A long interval — three fourths of a mile or more, according to my recollection — separated our exposed left flank from the Sixteenth (Dodge's) Corps. Our wagon, mess-chest, camp-fire, etc., were in the rear of the battery, perhaps a hundred and fifty yards, at the base of the hill, by a small stream of water. I distinctly remember that I had finished my noonday bean-soup, hard-tack, and coffee; and as everything appeared quiet, I had opened my valise, gotten out my writing materials, and had started to write a letter, giving an account of events since crossing the Chattahoochee, and particularly of the battle of the previous day.

Either Captain Williams, Chief of Artillery of the Third Division, or General Hickenlooper, Chief of Artillery on General McPherson's staff, had directed us, in case firing should open from Atlanta, to return it. I had but fairly begun my letter, when artillery firing was heard from the direction of the city. Dropping my pen, and leaving my writing material lying on the open valise, I ran up to

[1] Giles A. Smith's division was on Leggett's left, deployed with a weak flank in air, in military phraseology. — Sherman's "Memoirs."

the guns to direct the firing of my section, expecting to be back in a few moments. We threw quite a number of shots into the city. Meanwhile, a desultory musketry firing, heard for some time far to our rear — which we had supposed was due to Confederate cavalry attacking our wagon trains in the vicinity of Decatur, and which had occasioned us no uneasiness — grew more frequent and distinct. Soon were seen staff officers, evidently bearing important messages, who passed us hurriedly, moving in all directions.

The musketry firing in our rear had grown into a continuous volley and become startling by its nearness. About this time General McPherson, accompanied by one member of his staff, Inspector-General William E. Strong, and one orderly, passing to our immediate rear and into the woods, came unexpectedly upon the enemy, and was instantly killed. I shall not attempt here to tell the story of McPherson's death, or to speak of the loss our army suffered thereby. General Sherman, General Strong, and others, have, in published papers, given the world the fullest and most accurate accounts of this tragic event, and I could add nothing to what already has been said. McPherson's death was soon known to the army; but fortunately the announcement was accompanied by the information that the command had devolved upon General Logan, who often had demonstrated his ability to handle large bodies of troops on the battlefield, and to lead them to victory, so that nothing like a panic, or even alarm, ensued. General Logan, like Sheridan, was always an inspiration to his troops. It has been well said that the sight of him upon the battlefield was as good as a full brigade of fresh troops; for he was one of those rare men who are natural leaders, under whom soldiers love to fight, having confidence in their valor and their ability to accomplish the thing undertaken. And magnificently on this day did Logan vindicate this judgment of the veterans of the Army of the Tennessee. I can see him now,

as on that day, after one of the desperate charges of the Confederates had been bloodily repulsed, he rode the entire length of the line held by the Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps. He was mounted upon his spirited and richly caparisoned war-horse, which, with nostrils distended and pawing the ground, seemed, like his rider, to be "mocking at fear" and "sniffing the battle." I have often said that would an artist paint a picture which should present most vividly to the mind the *spirit of victorious war*, he could not do better than to make a life-like representation of that swarthy, flashing-eyed, fierce-looking but self-contained heroic leader, as he dashed along our line that day, acknowledging with a slight bending of his head and with hat in hand the loud huzzas of his victorious soldiers.

Hardee's corps of four divisions had gotten on our flank and in our rear, and was marching, as it confidently believed, to our certain destruction, — and such it might have proved had it not been for the fortunate fact that General Dodge, with two divisions of the Sixteenth Corps, was concealed in the woods there, and, like an aroused and angry lion, sprang to meet the foe. A line of battle was instantly formed; and a desperate fight in the open field resulted. The further advance of the enemy on that part of the line was checked, and he was driven with great loss back into the woods. Meanwhile, two other divisions of Hardee's corps were marching unobstructedly through the open space between us and the Sixteenth Corps, striking us in the rear and enveloping our exposed left flank. The Thirty-first Illinois Infantry, one of the regiments in Force's brigade which had taken the hill on the 21st, and which lay just to the left of the top of the hill, passed immediately behind us, going past us in a southeasterly direction toward the firing to our left and rear. It had been ordered into the gap between the Seventeenth and the Sixteenth corps, to check what must have been thought to be merely a cavalry at-

tack or an advance of skirmishers; for had it been supposed that two divisions of the enemy were advancing to attack us, no one would have been guilty of the folly of sending a single regiment to meet it. The Thirty-first, marching at the double-quick in column of fours, its left company in front, came unexpectedly upon the enemy almost at the identical spot where General McPherson fell a few moments later, and the entire regiment must have been annihilated but for the presence of mind and coolness of their young Colonel, Pearson, who in a clear and penetrating voice, heard by the entire regiment, gave the command, "Change front to the rear on the first company!" and the brave Egyptians, as perfectly as when they were striving for the prize at Black River, Mo. as the best-drilled regiment in the Army of the Tennessee, executed the command. Thus, with a loss of only part of the two left companies, this splendid regiment of veterans was saved, and did yeoman service to the cause of the Union during the entire afternoon of that day, and indeed until the close of the war.

The enemy having now appeared in the woods in our rear and to our left, we turned our guns about and began firing in that direction. Meanwhile, great numbers of our own men, driven from their positions on our left, advancing hurriedly, many of them panic-stricken, passed by us and among us, so that they seriously obstructed the men who were working on the guns. Lieutenant C. A. Friedlender, at the time quartermaster-sergeant of the battery, now living at Au Sable, Mich., in a letter written in response to a request from me to give me his recollections of the battle, speaks of this, and of an incident which I had forgotten, but which I will give in Friedlender's own words.

"The firing by that time became quite animated. I was up with your section, and as I got there a few shots came from our immediate front. I helped on one of the pieces, and fired

a few shots; but the firing seemed to change front, and pretty soon we were firing to the rear. While I was going from my wagon to the front, General McPherson, with a staff officer and orderly, passed just in the rear of the main portion of the battery; that was the last time I ever saw him. The stragglers then commenced coming up, and encumbered us to such an extent that it was hard work to handle the guns. I remember one big tall fellow coming along and getting right under one of the guns. I saw you take hold of him by the hair and pull him out, and as he straightened up, you kicked him and sent him on his way, scared almost out of his wits. At any other time that man would have eaten you up."

Hardee had struck us "endways," and his men could be plainly seen occupying the works from which ours had just been driven. The battery of regulars, near the end of our line, had been captured; and Lieutenant Justin of our battery had only been able to save his guns by the exercise of great coolness and quickness of movement. No sooner had the regulars been captured than we heard the booming of their guns, and saw their shot ploughing through our line in direct enfilade.

Some one may then have ordered a change of position. I have heard it said that such an order was given. At the same time, I beg leave respectfully to doubt it. The truth is that there was no time to give orders, and I saw neither general nor staff officer there to give them. All I know is, that we limbered up our guns, and sullenly — for we were much inclined to stay where we were — moved back. Our boys loved their black steel guns, and could not endure the thought of losing one of them. The Third Ohio Battery, in our division, had twenty-pounder Parrotts, — too heavy for field service, — and had to leave at least one of them behind, though it was afterward retaken. At least twice, as we were falling back a distance of not more than two or three hundred yards, as it seems to me, we unlimbered our guns and fired at the enemy. Then the infantry would move away from us,

and we would limber up and fall back a little farther, to keep on a line with them.

It is hard now to recall the sensations of twenty-five years ago, but I never can forget thinking, "Can it be possible that the Third Division, victor in a hundred battles, has at last met defeat? Is it going to leave the field while as yet few have been killed or wounded? Better, ten thousand times better, that the entire division die fighting, than to have word sent back home that without serious losses in killed and wounded, it gave up the field." "It is better, sir," said Sir Colin Campbell, "that every man of her Majesty's Guards should lie dead upon the field than that they should now turn their backs upon the enemy." Such I know were my thoughts, and such I soon, from their action, learned was the thought of that glorious and never-conquered phalanx; for in their action their country and history can read their stern, brave thoughts and high determination. Seeing then, for the first time since the fight began, our Chief of Artillery, Captain Williams, — as nonchalant a man as I ever saw in a place of great danger, — I rode to his side and said to him, "For God's sake, Captain, let us stop falling back and fight!" By that time we had reached a position about on a line drawn at right angles to the line occupied by us when the attack was first made, running toward the east from the top of Leggett's Hill. Captain Williams replied to my remark, "All right! stop where you are!" It was just the place to form a line of battle. Some general officer may have given an order to stop there. My own belief always has been that the boys did it of their own accord. They had been in so many fights that they did not need a general to tell them where and when to stop running and begin shooting.

Some distance to the rear of us was a rail fence. Consternation, I have been told, fell upon General Sherman, as with his glass he saw half of Leggett's division drop their guns and run to the rear. But when he saw them

stop at the rail fence, and each man of them pick up two, three, and even four rails, and run back, carrying them to the place where they had left their guns, he understood what it meant, and smiled grimly. The operation was repeated; the rails were placed lengthways along their front; with bayonets, knives, and the tin plates taken from their haversacks, the earth was dug up and the rails covered, until, in less time, as it appeared to me, than it was possible to have done the same work with pick and shovel, a very fair protection for men lying on their bellies was made.

In front of us lay an open field, containing, I should think, not more than twenty acres. Beyond this were woods. Pat Cleburne's Texans, — whom Force's brigade had driven from this selfsame hillside the day before, — desperate and mad, were to make an attempt to wipe out the disgrace of their former defeat. Their line well formed, they emerged from their concealment in the woods, and yelling as only the steer-drivers of Texas could yell, charged upon our division. On the top of the hill, in the apex of the angle of the line of works facing Atlanta and our new line, was a four-gun battery of twenty-four-pounder howitzers, commanded by its boy captain, Cooper. This was Battery D, of the First Illinois Artillery, better known as "McAllister's Battery." Our six guns were also near this point, and distributed along the line for a short distance to the east of it. On came the Texans; but they were met by a continuous volley of musketry and shrapnel, shell and canister from our six-rifled Rodmans and Cooper's howitzers. It seemed as if no man of all the host who were attacking us could escape alive; and yet, still yelling, they persisted in their desperate undertaking. Their line was re-formed, and again and again they attempted the impossible, — to drive the Third Division from the line it had decided to hold.

Many of the enemy reached our line; some got across

it; many were bayonetted, many killed with clubbed muskets; hand-to-hand conflicts were frequent. But not one inch did the Third Division give way. The boys obeyed Logan's well-remembered command to them at Champion Hill, — "Give them the cold steel! give them hell!"

The smell of powder was everywhere; the smoke from the guns was so dense that though a July sun was shining, there was the appearance of a dense fog. Only as the breath of a passing breeze blew the smoke away could the movements of the enemy be discerned clearly; but his unearthly *yell* could be heard above the sound of muskets and cannon. The day being very warm, men and line officers were for the most part without other clothing than hats and shoes, woollen shirts and trousers. I had left my coat and all my traps, including my letters, at the spot where I had suspended my letter-writing, and never again recovered them.

The exact sequence of events that afternoon I cannot give; nor do I believe any man can, or ever could, do so. Some time during the fight, firing was heard from the direction of Atlanta. General Cheatham's corps — as we now know — made a fierce attack upon the Seventeenth and Fifteenth corps from our west front. The smoke was so dense that the men could not at first see whence this attack came. It was remarked that our own men farther to the right, thinking the enemy had taken the position on the hill, were firing upon us. General Force called for a flag. Some frightened young officer, thinking it time to give up when we were being attacked at the same moment from all sides, and that what Force wanted was a flag of truce, ran hither and thither to get a white handkerchief, or shirt, or anything that would answer the purpose. The talk among our boys was that that quiet Christian gentleman — now Judge Force of the Law Court of Cincinnati — was then betrayed into saying, "*Damn* you, sir! I don't want a flag of *truce;* I want the American flag!" If he did say it, we are sure

that as in Uncle Tobey's case, "The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever." A flag was soon obtained and planted upon the highest point in our earthworks, and there it remained. General Force himself was struck down by a minie-ball, which entered just at the lower outer corner of the eye, passed through his head, and came out near the base of the brain. The blood gushed from his eyes, nose, and mouth; but he uttered no moan, nor a word of complaint. The bones of his mouth were shattered, and he could not, in fact, speak. But from his eyes flashed a spirit unconquered and unconquerable, — the spirit of a soldier *sans peur et sans reproche.*

The attack made by Cheatham's corps from Atlanta was repulsed bloodily by Frank Blair's heroic men. But beyond the bushy ravine of which I have spoken as separating the Fifteenth Corps, where its line had been weakened by sending troops to strengthen our line fronting to the south, Cheatham had succeeded in breaking through, and was rushing in and forming in line of battle in the works from which our men had been driven. Some one asked that a part of our battery be at once sent to the ravine to shell this forming line. There was at that time comparative quiet in our immediate front, and my section of the battery hurried to the point indicated. The Confederates were there in plain sight. De Gress' battery of four twenty-pounder Parrotts had been captured, all of its horses killed, and its guns turned upon us. Taking a position on the edge of the ravine, the boys of my section poured into the forming line of the enemy an enfilading fire of short-range canister — "canned hell-fire," as they used to call it — that no living thing could withstand.

It has been said that this work was done by the massed artillery back a mile or more from the line which had

been taken. That artillery had no more to do with breaking the enemy's line than if it had been fired in an opposite direction. My own clear recollection is that the massed artillery on the hill did not begin firing until the enemy had been driven back by the fire of our guns. Then it threw a great number of shells into the woods after the retreating foe, — reminding one of the Irishman who, telling of his prowess and achievements in battle, said that he had cut off the legs of an enemy, and being asked why he did not cut off his head, replied, "Some spalpeen had done that before I got there."

One or two incidents of that fight at the ravine may not be without interest. On one of my guns was a boy, by name Theodore Miles, but called in the battery "Paddy Miles' boy," — small of his age, and slight, with stooping shoulders, looking anything but a soldier, yet no six-footer in all our armies was a braver or better soldier than "Paddy Miles' boy." He was "powder monkey;" that is, he carried ammunition from the limber chest to the gun. All about, the ploughing shells from the captured Parrott guns were striking and bursting. One struck a large oak, not ten feet over his head, as "Paddy Miles' boy" was running by it, with his thin little arms full of cartridges and cases of canister, to the gun. But he paid no more attention to it than had the bark and splinters which covered him been falling leaves in an autumn day, in his far-off home in the backwoods of Michigan. I could but admire and wonder at the coolness of this boy. It seemed so strange in such a youth, in appearance so little like a warrior; and I said to him, "Paddy, ain't you afraid you 'll get killed?" He replied with a quiet smile, "Oh, no! I guess I'm too little to kill."

Hardly had the enemy been driven from the works to the right of us, and a lull in the firing ensued, when from the open timber in front of the Twelfth Wisconsin, which regiment was supporting us at the ravine, was seen, riding

a magnificent sorrel horse, a fine-appearing young man in the uniform of a Confederate captain of artillery. As I have said, our men were in their shirt-sleeves, and it was impossible, unless at very close quarters, to tell a "Yank" from a "Johnnie." And so our captain of artillery rode his charger to within a few yards of our line. A thousand rifles, in the hands of men who could hit a squirrel's eye at twice the distance this enemy was from them, were pointed at his breast; a thousand fingers were touching their triggers, — the slightest movement of one would have caused the instant death of the poor fellow. But no finger pressed upon the trigger, no shot was fired. It would have been too much like murder. He halted and called out, "What command is this?" Would he turn to escape and be riddled by bullets? It did not seem right that he should die there; he was so young, so brave, and so manly looking. Jumping upon the earthworks I called out to him, "For God's sake, ride over these works, or in an instant you will be a dead man!" At once the situation flashed upon him. He bowed and said, "All right, gentlemen! It's my mistake; I surrender." He then rode over the works and gave himself up. He shook hands with several of us, and presented me a small dagger with pearl and silver mounted handle, and also with the spurs he wore. It seemed that after the breach in our line had been made, he had been directed to plant his battery at a point near where he had ridden upon us, and supposing his friends were in possession of the entire line, had discovered his mistake too late to escape from capture.

But I fear my paper is already too long. At first I thought I should hardly be able, in writing on the theme chosen, to make an article of sufficient length. However, as my thoughts have dwelt continuously upon the events of the great battle about which I have attempted merely to give my own recollections, the subject has expanded; and I feel that I could yet write of these personal experi-

ences on that day many pages, and still leave the matter imperfect and unsatisfactory. I had thought at least to have attempted some description of the events immediately succeeding the battle, and of the battlefield, — one of the most terrible and ghastly the darkening shades of night ever hid from human eyes. But it is perhaps as well not to recall such scenes; as well to let forgetfulness cover them from the thought, as, in the course of nature, the green grass and blossoming flowers cover and hid from sight the trenches and the rifle-pits for the possession of which, twenty-five years ago, brave men on both sides fought as only Americans can fight.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL JAMES B. McPHERSON.

By WILLIAM E. STRONG.

[Read October 13, 1887.]

TWO army commanders only were killed in battle during the late war: General Albert Sidney Johnston, at Shiloh, April 6, 1862; and General James B. McPherson, before Atlanta, July 22, 1864.

The particulars of General Johnston's death are well known. He fell at the head of the Confederate Army early in the engagement, and died surrounded by his personal staff and friends.

General McPherson fell unattended by any officer of his staff, and breathed his life away with no one near him but a private soldier.

The circumstances of his death are not generally known. The opinion prevails that he threw away his life, — that he was far in advance of his own troops, and exposed himself rashly and unnecessarily; in other words, that had he been doing his duty as the commander of a great army, he would not have been killed.

General Sherman and many of the officers of his army know that McPherson fell while in the discharge of his duty as commander of the Army of the Tennessee. General Sherman, in his official announcement of his death to the Adjutant-General of the army, reports that McPherson had left his headquarters but a short time previous, and was on the way to attend in person to the execution of his orders; and in his "Memoirs" he so states in the most positive language. Nevertheless, I meet people constantly who have different impressions of McPherson's death, and who tell me that he was killed

from ambuscade far in advance of his skirmishers or line of battle.

As a member of General McPherson's military family during almost the entire period of his service as a general officer, knowing all the circumstances connected with his death, and believing that great injustice has been done him in this regard, I deem it my duty to write out the facts while they are still fresh in my memory. Numerous accounts have been published, but none of them go into details, and none that I have seen are entirely correct.

On the afternoon of July 20, 1864, the Army of the Tennessee, commanded by General McPherson, moved through the village of Decatur, and at night encamped, well closed up, on the enemy's exterior line of works, which covered the city of Atlanta. About two and a half or three miles out from Decatur, the Seventeenth Army Corps, General Frank P. Blair commanding, which had the advance, struck the enemy's infantry in considerable force, and a sharp engagement followed, which lasted some hours, and till darkness put an end to it. The Third Division, commanded by General M. D. Leggett, and the Fourth Division, commanded by General W. Q. Gresham, bore the brunt of this fight, and both divisions behaved with great credit. The heaviest work, however, fell upon the Fourth Division, and its conduct and that of its commander was simply superb. The division was exposed to a galling fire from artillery, but finally General Gresham got into position the First Minnesota and Fifteenth Ohio batteries. The fire of the First Minnesota was very accurate and effective, and the Rebel guns were soon silenced or withdrawn. The Rebel artillery being apparently supported by infantry, Gresham advanced his division and drove the enemy back to a position not very far in his rear, where another stand was made. When the Rebel batteries first opened, General Blair was on the field and said to Gresham that there was nothing but a cavalry

force in front of him; that General Sherman had said we could go into Atlanta; and that he, General Blair, wanted Gresham to push ahead and get in there before any one else. After the enemy had been driven from his first position as described, Gresham sent word to Blair that the force in his front appeared to be infantry and artillery, and that his left was unprotected. An order promptly came back to crowd the enemy, which was dismounted cavalry supporting artillery. The order was obeyed. The Fourth Division again advanced in magnificent form, supported by the Third, driving the enemy steadily back, and finally, late in the afternoon, forcing him to the ridge or hill afterward called "Bald Hill" or "Leggett's Hill." Confronting the enemy along this ridge, Gresham had a heavy skirmish line or an open line of battle. The conformation of the ground indicated that there might be a deep ravine between the enemy and the division, which would make a charge by our troops unwise. Two staff officers were sent to get a view of the ground. They could not, however, see it without exposing themselves very much, but reported back that they thought there was no ravine. The enemy was stubborn; the Fourth Division was in advance with an exposed left flank, and General Gresham was anxious, not feeling assured that the ground was such that the men could charge over it, and so went forward to the skirmish line to get a view of the field, having necessarily to expose himself to the storm of bullets which at this time swept every approach to the slopes and crest of "Leggett's Hill." Just when he got the desired view, and became satisfied that there was no intervening ravine, he was dreadfully wounded and carried from the field. The sun was then about an hour high. Gresham at once sent word to General Blair of the exact condition of affairs on his front, but when Blair arrived, it was too late to drive the enemy from the hill that evening. Had General Gresham not been wounded, I have but little doubt that he would have

carried "Leggett's Hill" by assault at once, and what else might have occurred or been prevented, of course is mere conjecture; but it is possible that the Seventeenth Corps might have gone straight into Atlanta, and if so, the battle of July 22 would not have been fought, and General McPherson might have been living to-day.

General Giles A. Smith, of the Fifteenth Corps, succeeded Gresham in the command of the Fourth Division, at two o'clock of the morning of the 21st.

Early in the morning of the 21st, Hickenlooper, Chief of Artillery of our army, was sent by General McPherson to urge on the attack on "Bald Hill." The order from McPherson was promptly executed by the Seventeenth Corps. The assault was made by the three brigades of Leggett's division, but the heaviest work fell upon the First Brigade, commanded by General Manning F. Force. The First and Second brigades were placed in line, with the Third in reserve, and the Fourth Division on the right, making the line continuous. As the column advanced, a gap was formed between the two divisions, and General Leggett was forced to throw forward his reserve brigade (Third), to close the gap and to prevent an enfilading fire from the enemy upon the First and Second brigades; so that the three brigades were all hotly engaged before "Bald Hill" was carried, and the Rebel line broken and driven back. General Smith pressed the enemy energetically on his front, thereby aiding General Leggett in the direct assault.

That part taken by the First Brigade, under General Force, was brilliant in the extreme. This brigade now held the left of General Sherman's army, and the position it occupied brought it squarely in front of "Bald Hill" and of the main right flank of the enemy. The slope of the hill was very steep and cleared of all timber, affording the enemy's skirmishers and sharp-shooters every advantage for picking off our men. The brigade was formed for the assault in two lines, just as the men had slept on their arms the night before. A strong line

of skirmishers was thrown forward, dashing up the face of the hill to distract the enemy's fire, while following closely came the two lines of infantry. The first line was composed of the Twelfth and Sixteenth Wisconsin regiments, led by General Force in person, and the second of the Twentieth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first Illinois, directed by Captain Walker, General Force's Assistant Adjutant-General. The hill was held by a portion of Cleburne's division, and the well-directed fire of these veteran troops made fearful gaps in our lines; but each regiment kept closing on its colors, and the lines swept on over the enemy's works as coolly as if they were manœuvring on the parade-ground. General Force held his ground, but with considerable difficulty, as the enemy gathered on his front in threatening masses, and re-establishing his line on Force's right, in front of the Fourth Division, opened upon him an enfilading fire which was very galling. General Force was so menaced in front that he formed his brigade in a single line looking toward Atlanta, and sent to General Leggett for a couple of twelve-pounder howitzers, by the aid of which he was able to maintain his position.

The position of the Army of the Tennessee during the night of July 21 was about as follows: —

The Seventeenth Corps held the extreme left of the line of battle, — Leggett's division holding "Bald Hill," which it fortified during the night, and Giles Smith's division also fortifying its position on Leggett's right, but at the foot of the hill. This division afterward moved up to an alignment with Leggett on his left, and fortified there.

The Fifteenth Corps, Major-General John A. Logan commanding, bivouacked along the railroad, the men lying on their arms, and the brigades encamping parallel, or nearly so, with the road. One division or more, however, was thrown to the front, connecting with the Seventeenth Corps, and forming with it a strong and continuous line of battle which extended across the railroad.

The shortening of the circular line, as the army advanced upon Atlanta, had thrown the Sixteenth Corps (Dodge's) entirely out of its previous place on the right of the Fifteenth Corps. The Fourth Division of the Sixteenth Corps, commanded by General John W. Fuller, bivouacked in two lines in rear of the left of General Leggett's division. The Second Division, commanded by General Sweeney, bivouacked near the headquarters of Major-General G. M. Dodge, the commander of the Sixteenth Corps, in rear of the right of the Fifteenth Corps.

Battery F, Second United States Artillery, was placed in position between Leggett and Giles Smith, on the intrenched line of the Seventeenth Corps. The headquarters of General McPherson were established on the south side of the railroad, close to it, and not more than two miles from the front. A portion of the train of the Army of the Tennessee was parked along the railroad and to the south of it, well covered and protected, however, by our troops. The balance of the train was at Decatur, guarded by the Second Brigade, Fourth Division, Sixteenth Corps, under the command of Colonel J. W. Sprague.

Early on the morning of July 21, and while General McPherson was watching with intense interest the sharp and brilliant contest between the Seventeenth Corps and the enemy, one of our scouts brought him an Atlanta newspaper of July 18, which contained General Joseph E. Johnston's farewell order to the Rebel Army of the Tennessee, relinquishing and turning over to General Hood the command of that department and army. General Johnston's order was dated July 17. General Sherman had received the same information two or three days previous, and had at once notified McPherson of it; but the order itself McPherson had not before seen.

General McPherson and General Hood had been classmates at West Point, and for two years were room-

mates; and the moment McPherson read the order placing Hood in command, he said to the members of his staff who happened to be near him that we must now look out for different tactics; that Hood, though he might lack in judgment, would certainly fight his army at every opportunity that offered, and with desperation; and that we must take unusual precautions to guard against surprise.

Briefly stated, this was about the condition of affairs on the evening of July 21. The army was well in hand, and prepared to fight at a moment's warning.

At four o'clock on the morning of July 22, a verbal order, brought by Colonel Willard Warner, came from General Sherman, directing McPherson to put his command in motion, as Hood had abandoned his exterior line of works before Atlanta, and had fallen back to the city, and possibly beyond, to East Point. The order directed General McPherson to follow the enemy closely and with the least possible delay, by roads leading to the east or left of Atlanta. Colonel Warner also informed McPherson that General Schofield had been directed to move the Army of the Ohio directly against the city, and that General George H. Thomas, with the Army of the Cumberland, would move against the enemy by roads leading to the west or right of Atlanta.

Fifteen minutes later, McPherson was moving to the front.[1] At daybreak the Army of the Tennessee was occupying the enemy's just-abandoned line of intrenchments, with heavy skirmish lines thrown well forward and within a mile of Atlanta, and General McPherson was preparing to carry out General Sherman's further instructions. To this end, accompanied by several members of his staff, he reconnoitred some distance beyond the line held by our troops at daybreak, and having gained a high

[1] He was accompanied by Hickenlooper, Chief of Artillery, and Captains Gile and Steel, his personal aids.

commanding point within one mile of the city, could see, without the aid of a field-glass, large bodies of infantry moving about the city and in the interior line of intrenchments. The rifle-pits were full of men; and heavy guns, well manned, peered from embrasures all along the Rebel line. McPherson became well satisfied before leaving this point that General Hood still held the city in force, and had no thought of giving it up without a struggle; and he said to his staff repeatedly that we were likely to have during that day the severest battle of the campaign.

At twelve o'clock the position of the Army of the Tennessee was as follows: —

General Logan with the Fifteenth Corps held the right, with one division extending across the Augusta Railroad, connecting, or nearly so, with the left division of the Army of the Ohio. General Charles R. Wood's division occupied the extreme right of the Fifteenth Corps, with one brigade (General Wangelin's) in reserve. General Morgan L. Smith's division was in the centre, crossing the Augusta Railroad, and supporting De Gress' battery of twenty-pounder Parrotts, which was in position a short distance to the right of the railroad; and General William Harrow's division, on the left of the line, joined on to Leggett's right. Next came the Seventeenth Corps (General Blair's), the left division of which (Fourth), under General Giles A. Smith, was refused; and the Iowa Brigade, under Colonel William Hall of the Eleventh Iowa, holding the extreme left of this line. Then came the Sixteenth Corps, under the command of General Granville M. Dodge, fronting to the south and covering the supply trains of the Army of the Tennessee. General Logan's command was in position directly opposite the city of Atlanta, fronting due west, and two divisions of the Seventeenth Corps fronted west. The left of General Giles Smith's division, however, having been refused, fronted south, or nearly so, in prolongation

of Dodge's line of battle. There was a gap in the line of nearly three fourths of a mile, between the left of the Seventeenth Corps (Hall's brigade) and the right of the Sixteenth.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, General McPherson, accompanied by several members of his staff, rode over to General Sherman's headquarters at the Howard House. The position of the troops and the general situation was fully discussed, and McPherson's disposition of his army was heartily approved by General Sherman. Early in the morning — I should say at seven o'clock or half-past seven — General McPherson had received from General Sherman a letter, written in pencil and in his own hand, as follows: —

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIV. OF THE MISS.
IN THE FIELD AT HOWARD HOUSE,
NEAR ATLANTA, July 22, 1864.

GENERAL McPHERSON, Army of the Tennessee:

GENERAL, — Instead of sending Dodge to your left, I wish you would put his whole corps at work destroying absolutely the railroad back to and including Decatur. I want that road absolutely and completely destroyed; every tie burned and every rail twisted; and as soon as Garrard returns, if the enemy still holds Atlanta, I will again shift you round to the extreme right, with Turner's Ferry as a depot. Explore roads, etc., with that view.

Yours,

(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General.

This letter I have in my possession. It was the last written communication General Sherman made to General McPherson. At the time of its receipt, the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth corps had moved, or were moving, into the positions indicated by McPherson as mentioned. McPherson was confident our army would be attacked, and said repeatedly that the attack

would come, in his judgment, upon his left front; and he had therefore decided early in the day to put the Sixteenth Corps, under General Dodge, in position facing south, and covering the left flank and the general supply trains.

The visit made to General Sherman that morning by McPherson had reference especially to this order directing Dodge to take his corps back to Decatur, to destroy the Atlanta & Augusta Railroad. General McPherson thought it neither wise nor prudent to move the Sixteenth Corps from the important position which it occupied until later in the day. To this General Sherman promptly assented, and left the time for the execution of the order to McPherson's discretion. General McPherson said that if the enemy made an attack upon our army that day, he thought it would occur before one o'clock; and it was generally understood among members of the staff that if no general engagement took place by that hour, the Sixteenth Corps, or one division at least of it, would be drawn out and sent to the rear to execute General Sherman's order.

Immediately after leaving General Sherman's headquarters, McPherson and his staff rode down the entire line of the Army of the Tennessee. We passed around General Logan's right, near the position occupied by De Gress' battery of twenty-pounder Parrotts, on the railroad, and then rode to the south, passing one division after another of the Fifteenth Corps, and then the divisions of the Seventeenth Corps. We rode very rapidly, but McPherson frequently stopped for a moment to speak to division and brigade commanders. The pioneers of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps were hard at work changing the enemy's exterior line of earthworks (now occupied by our army), and making it conform to the new position.

A few minutes before twelve o'clock, we met General Logan and staff, General Blair and staff, and several

of the division commanders, on the railroad, three quarters of a mile or more in rear of the right division of the Fifteenth Corps; and as everything at this time was quiet along our entire line, we all dismounted and had our lunch together in a little grove of oaks just south of the railroad. Of McPherson's staff there were present at this time, Colonel W. T. Clark, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff; Hickenlooper, Chief of Artillery; Reese, Chief Engineer; Captain Kilburn Knox; Rose, Signal Officer; Dr. Duncan; Buel, Chief Ordnance Officer; Willard and Gile, the General's personal aids, and myself.[1] Soon after finishing our lunch, and while we were enjoying our cigars, General McPherson wrote the following letter, in pencil, to General Dodge: —

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
IN THE FIELD, July 22, 1864, 12 M.

MAJOR-GENERAL DODGE, commanding Sixteenth Army Corps:

GENERAL, — Enclosed I send you an extract from Major-General Sherman's letter to me, just received.

As General Sweeney's division has already moved over to the left, and is about going into position on the left of Blair, as we talked, you will leave his division where we designated, and send Fuller's division back on the line of the railroad between here and Decatur, to destroy it as directed. Send orders to General Sprague to burn it through Decatur and to the east and west of the town as far as he can. The men should take their arms along and stack them near where they are at work, so that they can be ready for any emergency.

Yours truly,

(Signed) JAS. B. McPHERSON,
Major-General.

This letter was sent to General Dodge by a member of the General's staff. I cannot now recall with certainty which one, but I think it was Lieutenant Rose of the

[1] Captain Steel, one of the General's aids, had been sent to Decatur some time previous with orders for Colonel Sprague.

Signal Corps. The officer, whoever he was, had hardly disappeared from sight, when a shot was heard to the left and rear of us, and then another, followed quickly by a rattling volley of small arms, and at almost the same instant a shell came crashing through the tree-tops near us, followed by rapid and incessant firing from Dodge's corps.

At the first shots every officer sprang to his feet and called for his horse. The time, I should think, was ten or fifteen minutes past twelve.

Generals Logan and Blair left instantly for their respective corps. Clark, Willard, Reese, and Buel, were sent with important orders to different parts of the field, — Hickenlooper, Gile, and myself being the only members of the staff who remained with the General. We rode rapidly through a heavy grove of timber which lay to the south of the railroad, and soon came to the open fields beyond, where the larger part of our supply trains were parked; and as the animals were being exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy's guns, and there was some excitement and confusion among the teamsters, McPherson left Captain Gile to look after them, with instructions to work the train back toward the railroad and to the north of it, if possible, and get it out of range of the artillery. Hickenlooper was sent by the General, about this time, to look after the artillery of the Sixteenth Corps, which was about going into action. The General and myself, accompanied only by our orderlies, rode on and took position on the right of Dodge's line, and witnessed the desperate assaults of Hood's army.

The divisions of Generals Fuller and Sweeney were formed in single line of battle in the open fields, without cover of any kind (Fuller's division on the right), and were warmly engaged. The enemy, massed in columns three or four lines deep, moved out of the dense timber several hundred yards from General Dodge's position, and after fairly gaining the open fields, halted and opened

a rapid fire upon the Sixteenth Corps. They, however, seemed surprised to find our infantry in line of battle prepared for attack; and after facing for a few minutes the destructive fire from the divisions of Generals Fuller and Sweeney, they fell back in disorder to the cover of the woods. Here, however, their lines were quickly reformed, and they again advanced, evidently determined to carry the position.

The scene at this time was grand and impressive. It seemed to us that every mounted officer of the attacking column was riding at the front or on the right or left of the first line of battle. The regimental colors waved and fluttered in advance of the lines. Not a shot was fired by the Rebel infantry, although the movement was covered by a heavy and well-directed fire from artillery which was posted in the woods and on higher ground, which enabled the guns to bear upon our troops with solid shot and shell, fired over the attacking column.

It seemed impossible, however, for the enemy to face the sweeping and deadly fire from Fuller's and Sweeney's divisions; and the guns of the Fourteenth Ohio and Welker's batteries mowed great swaths in the advancing columns. They showed great steadiness, closed up the gaps, and preserved their alignments; but the iron and leaden hail that was fairly poured upon them was too much for flesh and blood to stand, and before reaching the centre of the open fields, the columns were broken up and thrown into great confusion. Taking advantage of this, a portion of Fuller's and Sweeney's divisions, with bayonets fixed, charged the enemy and drove them back to the woods, taking many prisoners. The regiments participating in this charge were the following; namely, Sixty-sixth Illinois, Eighty-first Ohio, Twelfth Illinois, Twenty-seventh Ohio, Thirty-ninth Ohio, and Sixty-fourth Illinois.

General McPherson's admiration for the steadiness and determined bravery of the Sixteenth Corps was un-

bounded. General Dodge held one of the keys to the position, and General Leggett the other at "Bald Hill." Had the Sixteenth Corps given way, the Rebel Army would have been in the rear of the Seventeenth and Fifteenth corps, and would have swept like an avalanche over our supply trains; and the position of the Army of the Tennessee would have been very critical, — although without doubt the result of the battle would have been in our favor, because the armies of the Cumberland and Ohio were close at hand, and the enemy would have been checked and routed farther on.

About the time this second attempt to carry Dodge's position failed, General McPherson sent me to General Blair to ascertain the condition of affairs along his line, and instructed me to direct Giles Smith to hold his position, and he would order up troops to occupy the gap between the Seventeenth and Sixteenth corps, and also saying as I left that he would remain with his orderly where he then was (a commanding position on Dodge's right) until I returned. I rode rapidly through the woods toward the Seventeenth Corps, and found General Blair with General Giles A. Smith near the extreme left of the Fourth Division (Hall's brigade). From these two officers I learned that Rebel infantry had been seen moving out of Atlanta and toward the left flank of the Seventeenth Corps; and they feared the enemy was trying to get in the rear of the army, or was feeling for the break in the line, and hoped to cut off the Sixteenth Corps. I at once returned to McPherson with this information, finding him just where I had left him.

Immediately the General started, accompanied by myself, to look over the gap between the two corps, and with the intention of asking General Logan for a brigade of his corps (which was in reserve) to fill the position. The only road which it was possible to travel in order to reach Giles Smith's command, without making a lengthy détour to the rear and crossing a number of ravines, streams, etc.,

ran nearly in prolongation of the line of battle of the Sixteenth Corps. The General and staff had passed over this road in the early morning, and again shortly before twelve o'clock. It had been passed over constantly by the troops of our army since the early dawn of the 22d; and ten minutes prior to the General's death I had ridden rapidly over it, to and from General Blair's command, without being fired at. I accompanied General McPherson some distance from the open fields, and until we had gained, I should think, about the centre of the gap between the flanks of the two army corps. Here the General suddenly checked his horse and left the road, looking the ground over carefully to the south, and following for some distance a ridge which he said was an excellent position for our troops. Returning to it, the General stopped and sent me back to General John A. Logan with the last order he ever gave. It was probably the last time he ever spoke to any one unless to his orderly.

The substance of this order was to direct General Logan to throw Wangelin's brigade of Wood's division, which had been held in reserve near the Augusta Railroad, across this gap, and connect the same with the flanks of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth corps, thus making the line continuous. I was to guide the brigade to the point indicated, show it where to form, and then join McPherson at Giles Smith's division.

When McPherson had given me this order, he dashed up the road toward the left of the Seventeenth Corps as rapidly as his horse could carry him. He had gone hardly more than a hundred and fifty yards when he was killed.

As I passed back to the rear in the execution of McPherson's order, not more than a minute after leaving him, and before gaining the open fields, I met Captain Howard, the Chief Signal Officer of our army, with several of his men, and I think Lieutenant Sherfy,—one of the

signal officers of the Fifteenth Corps. They were riding fast, evidently going to Giles Smith's division, and must have been near the General when he was fired at. I found General Logan on the railroad near De Gress' battery, and gave him McPherson's order. He at once directed General Wangelin to proceed to the point described, and to take the position indicated by McPherson.

When, however, we reached the crest of the hill, near the point where the road so often referred to entered the woods, and along which the brigade would have to move by the flank, the condition of affairs had materially changed. The enemy had a battery in position, and was sweeping the road with solid shot and shell; and it would have been utter folly to attempt at that time to put the brigade into the gap.

I said to General Wangelin that I would at once go to the left of the Seventeenth Corps, where I supposed McPherson to be, and where he had told me to meet him, and ask for further instructions. As it was impossible for me to get to Giles Smith's division by the road, I made a détour, crossing some cornfields, and finally gaining the dense timber to the rear of the left flank of the Seventeenth Corps. When within two hundred yards of the timber, I saw McPherson's horse staggering about, and evidently wounded. The saddle and equipments bore the marks of three bullets, and the horse was struck in two places. About the time I reached the horse, a wounded soldier came out of the woods near by, accompanied by another soldier, unhurt. Seeing me, they asked if I was not an officer of McPherson's staff, and upon my returning an affirmative reply, said that the General was dead, and that they had a few minutes previous left his remains; and to corroborate their statement they showed me and gave into my possession an empty pocket-book, a knife, a bunch of keys, and a number of other articles which I at once recognized as belonging to McPherson. The wounded soldier was George Reynolds,

Company D, Fifteenth Iowa Infantry; and the other was Joseph Sharland, Sixty-fourth Illinois Infantry. They both volunteered to guide me to the spot where the General's body was lying, but said it would be impossible to get to it and get it out from that direction, — that we would have to go back and go in by the road. Immediately I retraced my steps, accompanied by the two men, and soon reached the open fields where General Wangelin's brigade was still in position awaiting orders. I here met Captain D. C. Buel, Chief Ordnance Officer of our army, who volunteered to make the attempt with me to recover the General's remains. General Wangelin gave us a four-mule ambulance, and we proceeded without delay through the woods to the road upon which the General was riding when killed. The firing had ceased at this time, and we resolved to make a dash in with the ambulance and to bring off the General's remains if possible. Our party consisted of Captain Buel and his orderly, myself and orderly (George Taylor, Company D, Twelfth Wisconsin), George Reynolds, Joseph Sharland, and the driver of the ambulance (name unknown). Reynolds and Sharland rode in the ambulance. We dashed in on this road, and down it as fast as the animals could carry us, and were soon near the point where Reynolds thought the body lay. The ambulance was turned quickly about, and the mules headed out.

Buel and I dismounted, our orderlies holding the horses. Buel and Sharland, revolvers in hand, walked down from the ambulance, and promised to watch the road and protect the ambulance, while George Reynolds, weak and faint as he was from loss of blood, guided me through the dense thicket and underbrush to the spot where McPherson's body lay. We found it about twenty or thirty yards from the main road. The General was lying upon his back, quite dead, his head resting upon a blanket which Reynolds had placed there. His hat, watch, sword-belt, and field-glass were missing; and the

book which he carried in the side pocket of his blouse, which contained memoranda, papers, telegrams, etc., was also gone. His buckskin gauntlets had not been removed, and a diamond ring still remained on the little finger of his left hand.

Raising his body quickly from the ground, and grasping it firmly under the arms, I dragged it, with such assistance as Reynolds could offer, through the brush to the ambulance, and with the aid of the other members of our party deposited it therein, and then we all went out as we went in, "on the keen run." When we reached a safe position, the ambulance was stopped, and the General's remains were placed in a proper position; his limbs were straightened, his arms folded upon his breast, his head tightly bandaged and supported upon a blanket. And thus we carried to General Sherman's headquarters all that remained of the gallant soldier and beloved commander of the Army of the Tennessee.

General McPherson was killed or mortally wounded between half-past twelve and two o'clock, and probably in less than one minute from the time I left him in the execution of his orders.

The enemy, shortly after I passed over the road from the interview with Generals Blair and Giles A. Smith, had advanced his line, found the gap between the corps, and had possession of and controlled the road, a regiment of infantry having been thrown diagonally across it; and General McPherson must have ridden within fifty feet of the Rebel line before he discovered it. He was called upon to surrender by an officer standing near the line; but the only response he made to this demand was to raise his hat politely, bow, and rein in his horse to the right, evidently hoping to escape by gaining quickly the thick timber and underbrush which was close at hand. Lieutenant Sherfy, following quite closely in the rear of General McPherson, saw his move-

ments as herein described, saw the enemy fire, and saw him fall from his horse. Captain Howard also saw the enemy fire the fatal volley, but did not see the General fall. General McPherson's orderly, A. J. Thompson, was captured, and remained a prisoner of war over nine months. He was a member of the cavalry escort attached to our headquarters, which was under command of Captain Foster of Ohio. Thompson now resides at or near Georgetown, Ohio. His account of the General's death is substantially as follows: —

"All at once the Rebels rose up on our left, and cried 'Halt! halt!' General McPherson turned quickly from them to the right, and I followed. Just as we turned, they fired a volley at us. I dodged down, and hung on to the side of my horse, and several balls came so close that they fairly blistered the back of my neck. They shot over me and killed the General. I saw him fall, and just as he fell, his horse ran between two saplings, and my horse after the General's. My head struck one of the saplings, knocking me off my horse, senseless. When I came to, McPherson was lying on his right side, with his right hand pressed against his breast, and at every breath he drew, the blood flowed in streams between his fingers. I went up to him and said to him, 'General, are you hurt?' He raised his left hand and brought it down upon his left leg and said: 'Oh, orderly, I am,' and immediately turned over on his face, straightened himself out, trembling like a leaf. I stooped to turn him over, when one of the Rebels who had come up caught hold of my revolver strap and jerked it until he broke the buckle, at the same time calling me rough names, and ordered me to go to the rear quick, or he would shoot me. I know nothing further."

Lieutenant Sherfy's statement is as follows, —

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL":

I see in yesterday's Journal an account of the killing of General McPherson, taken from Rebel sources, which is incorrect in some particulars; and as I was nearer to him

than any one else at the time he received his death-shot, I will give you a brief account of the occurrence as I saw it.

On the 21st of July, 1864, General Sherman made an advance of his own line in front of Atlanta, driving the enemy from an outer line of fortifications, which we held that night, the Seventeenth Corps being on the left, with its extreme flank returning like the point of a fish-hook, the Fifteenth Corps coming next, and the Sixteenth being partly in the reserve.

On the morning of the 22d, Lieutenant Stickney of the Signal Corps, and others on the skirmish line reported heavy bodies of the enemy moving to our left, when General McPherson took the Sixteenth Corps to the left, getting them in line just in time to meet the first Rebel charge across an open field, which was handsomely repulsed; this occurred soon after twelve o'clock.

Just after this I rode into the woods to the right of the Sixteenth Corps, in which the left flank of the Seventeenth terminated, where I found the skirmishers being driven back through this gap between the two corps, which fact I at once reported to General McPherson, who was just riding up, accompanied by an orderly, his staff having been sent to different parts of the field.

He at once turned his horse and started at a brisk canter in a narrow road, cut through the bushy wood, in the direction of the rear of the Seventeenth Corps, I and his orderly following as close as our horses could move, and members of the Signal Corps at a distance of twenty or thirty yards. We had gone perhaps a hundred yards when we rode upon a body of Rebels, of whom we could see about a dozen within ten yards of us, who commanded, "Halt! stop there! halt!" Without a moment's hesitation, the General turned his horse to the right away from them, and I followed his example.

At this instant the Rebels fired a volley at us, one ball striking the General, passing through his lungs near his heart. His horse carried him a short distance, when he fell heavily to the ground.

A moment afterward two infantry skirmishers, one of whom was wounded, coming by, stayed with him. They reported

his only words were, "My hat! where's my hat?" and a call for "water," which they furnished. After about twenty minutes he expired. In the mean time two or three Rebels came to where he was lying, and inquiring who he was, took his pocket-book and some papers from his breast-pocket, his watch, hat, and a signal-glass which he had borrowed that morning.

Near where the General fell, my horse dashed me against a tree, knocking me to the ground, insensible. As soon as I recovered strength, I escaped to the edge of the woods, and reported what had happened to some members of his staff, who were looking for him, who went in, and after a brief skirmish, bore his body out, and took it to the rear in an ambulance.

The signal-glass which was taken from the General was that evening found on the body of a dead Rebel, with a bullet-hole through the strap, and is now in the possession of Colonel Howard, to whom it belonged. My watch, which was crushed in my contact with the tree, was stopped at two minutes past two o'clock.

Yours Truly,

(Signed) WILLIAM H. SHERFY,
Late Signal Officer of Fifteenth Army Corps.

GREENCASTLE, IND., July 8, 1875.

George Reynolds's story was substantially as follows: Shortly after the attack on Colonel Hall's brigade (left of Seventeenth Corps), he had received a severe wound in the left arm, a musket-ball shattering the bone at the elbow, and of course utterly disabling him. In going to the rear to find the field hospital, he came across General McPherson, lying upon the ground, mortally wounded. He raised the dying General's head, placing it upon a blanket, tried to give him a drink of water from his canteen, and asked him if he had any message to communicate; but the General could make no reply, and died soon after. About the time of his death, while Reynolds was engaged in moistening his lips and bathing his fore-

head, showing him such attention and care as his wounded condition would permit, a straggler from the front came upon the scene. As soon as he learned from Reynolds the name of the dying officer, he asked if he had examined his pocket-book, and at the same instant drew it from the General's pocket and opened it. General McPherson had been paid for several months' service at Chattanooga, about the 4th or 5th of May, two or three days before the beginning of the campaign against Atlanta; and this money, rather a large sum, he had in his pocket-book in large bills at the time he was shot. The instant it caught the eye of the straggler referred to, he proposed to Reynolds to divide with him, saying it would be supposed by the General's friends that the enemy had had possession of his body and had rifled his pockets. This proposition young Reynolds indignantly spurned, and said to the man that he must instantly replace the money he had taken from the pocket-book, and that everything the General possessed must be sacredly guarded by them and delivered to his staff. With an oath the man replied, "Then I will keep it all, as you refuse to share it with me;" and casting the empty pocket-book upon the ground, and holding on to the money, he ran quickly away from Reynolds, who tried his best to restrain him, and disappeared in the woods toward the rear. Weak and faint as Reynolds must have been from loss of blood, he could do but little toward detaining this wretch and preventing the robbery. Soon after, Joseph Sharland came along and joined Reynolds. After remaining a few moments with the General's remains, they retired to the rear, and I met them at the edge of the wood, as before stated.

The enemy certainly had possession of General McPherson's body, and took from it his watch, sword-belt (the General wore no sword that day), field-glass, and the book containing his private papers. I am quite certain that these articles were taken by the Rebel soldiers imme-

diately after he fell from his horse, and before he died. Reynolds was with the General when he breathed his last, and the articles were then missing. All of them were recovered from prisoners taken during the afternoon, excepting only the watch. The bullet which killed the General passed through the strap which supported his field-glass, nearly severing it. Most, if not all, of the articles were recovered by the men of General Fuller's division. The day following the battle (July 23), General Dodge or General Fuller gave me the private papers which the General had on his person when killed, and among them was the last letter from General Sherman to McPherson, which I have given entire in this paper. They were sent to General Dodge by General Fuller the evening of the battle, with the following communication, which I now have in my possession.

I send this that General Sherman may know that they did not remain in the hands of the enemy long enough to be read. They were taken from a Rebel who had just been stripping General McPherson's body; another, who had the General's glass, was also taken. They were sent to the rear. If nobody objects, I should be obliged if General Dodge will return these papers to me.

(Signed) J. W. FULLER,
Brigadier-General.

This settles the question as to whether the enemy had possession of the General's body. They did not search very closely, or they would have found the money and the ring.

When I found the remains, no article of clothing had been taken from them except the hat, and this may have been lost in the woods before the General fell from his horse.

Not enough can be said in praise of young Reynolds. Though dreadfully wounded, and weak from the loss of blood, he remained with the General until he died, and

did everything in his power to comfort and relieve him, refusing to go to the hospital or to have his wound dressed until we had recovered and brought from the field General McPherson's remains. As a slight reward for his bravery, and for his kindness to General McPherson during his last moments, the gold "Medal of Honor" of the Seventeenth Corps was awarded him by Major-General Blair, his corps commander. It was presented to him in the presence of his regiment under arms.

Upon our arrival at General Sherman's headquarters, which were still at the Howard House, the remains of General McPherson were removed to a vacant room and laid out upon a table, and the wound which caused his death was carefully examined by Dr. Hewitt, one of the surgeons of the army. The ball unquestionably struck the General in the back and ranged diagonally forward, coming out at the left breast and passing near the heart; but I think Dr. Hewitt expressed the opinion that he might have lived some minutes.

By direction of General Sherman, the remains were placed in an ambulance and sent to Marietta, *en route* for Clyde, Ohio, in charge of the General's personal staff, — Major Willard and Captains Gile and Steel.

I have before spoken of other officers of our army, besides Lieutenant Sherfy and Captain Howard, who were near General McPherson when shot. Those officers were Colonel R. K. Scott, commanding the Second Brigade of General Leggett's division, and Captain J. B. Raymond of General Leggett's staff.

The Sixty-Eighth Ohio, attached to Colonel Scott's brigade, had been ordered to the rear, on the evening of the 21st, as a guard for the Seventeenth Corps hospital, leaving a gap in Leggett's division which he was forced to fill by a skirmish line. At the first indication of an attack, about noon of the 22d, General Leggett directed Scott to send for this regiment and hurry it back to its proper position in the line. Colonel

Scott went in person, fearing some other command would seize it. About the time he reached the hospital he heard heavy firing on the left of the Seventeenth Corps; and giving orders for the regiment to join its brigade as quickly as possible, he rode rapidly back toward his command, passing down the road through the woods, and joining McPherson just as he reached the Rebel line which held the road. Colonel Scott's horse was killed by the volley fired at McPherson, and Scott himself was captured.

During the time that I was absent from General McPherson, carrying the order to Blair, Captain Raymond saw and spoke to McPherson. He passed down the road toward the left of the Seventeenth Corps in rear of him, ran into the enemy's line of battle or skirmishers, had his horse killed, was captured, witnessed the firing of the volley at McPherson, saw A. J. Thompson, the orderly, when he was brought back a prisoner, and learned from him that the General had been shot.

I copy here the account of McPherson's death given by Captain Beard, of the Confederate Army, who was in command of the company, Fifth Regiment, Cleburne's division, from which came the shot that killed the General.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NATIONAL (TENN.) UNION AND AMERICAN":

I notice in your paper, and also in the "Banner" of the 24th, a letter from a correspondent at Shelbyville, connecting my name and also that of my company with the killing of Major-General McPherson, of the United States Army, in the battle of the 22d of July, 1864, before Atlanta. Both letters are substantially correct, with the exception of one important particular. The impression is made by your correspondent that we were detached at the time and in ambuscade, which is erroneous, for we were in line of battle with our regiment — the Fifth Confederate — and with Cleburne's division, to which we belonged. After my return from

prison at the close of the war, I heard that it had been charged by the Northern press that General McPherson had been murdered; and I have been frequently requested to write a letter of vindication, and to give an exact statement of the facts connected with his death, but owing to my ignorance of localities and the general arrangements of the battle of the 22d of July, I have failed to do so up to this time. The simply unvarnished facts of the case, however, are these: —

For a day or two previous to the battle I had been in command of a brigade line of skirmishers, and early on the morning of that day was ordered to join my regiment and division, which were moving out from Atlanta, on the Decatur road, in order to strike the left flank of General Sherman's army under the command of General McPherson, which stretched across the Augusta Railroad. While halting upon the road, we were furnished with sixty additional rounds of ammunition, and were told that there was a hard day's work before us. We were placed in line of battle about twelve or one o'clock in the day, and the last order given by General Pat. Cleburne to us was to move forward, and turn neither to the right nor to left until we were within the enemy's breastworks. Shortly afterward a heavy and rapid cannonading commenced from what we supposed to be General Bates' division, which announced too clearly that the ball was about to open in good earnest. Under the excitement aroused by it, we commenced a double-quick through a forest covered with dense underbrush. Here we ran through a line of skirmishers, and took them in, without the firing of a gun, and suddenly came up to the edge of a little wagon-road running parallel with our line of march, and down which General McPherson came thundering at the head of his staff, and, according to my best recollection, his body-guard. He had evidently just left the last conference that he ever had with General Sherman, near the Howard House, and was on his way to see what the rapid and sudden firing upon his left all meant.

General Sherman is certainly mistaken in his "Memoirs" when he says that he was almost, if not entirely, alone, for I estimated his rank entirely by the size of his retinue, and in that

estimate I fixed his rank at nothing less than a corps commander. He had a considerable staff with him, and, according to my best recollection, a body-guard followed him.

He was certainly surprised to find himself suddenly face to face with the Rebel line. My own company and possibly others of the regiment had reached the verge of the road when he discovered, for the first time, that he was within a few feet of where we stood. I threw up my sword to him as a signal to surrender. Not a word was spoken. He checked his horse slightly, raised his hat as politely as if he was saluting a lady, wheeled his horse's head directly to the right, and dashed off to the rear in a full gallop. Young Corporal Coleman, who was standing near me, was ordered to fire upon him. He did so, and it was his ball that brought General McPherson down. He was shot while passing under the thick branches of a tree, and as he was bending over his horse's neck, either to avoid coming into contact with the limbs or, more probably, to escape the death-dealing bullet that he knew was sure to follow him. He was shot in the back, and as Sherman says in his "Memoirs," the ball ranged upward across the body and passed near the heart. A number of shots were also fired into his retreating staff.

I ran immediately up to where the dead General lay, just as he had fallen, upon his knees and face. There was not a quiver of his body to be seen, not a sign of life perceptible. The fatal bullet had done its work well; he had been killed instantly. Even as he lay there, dressed in his major-general's uniform, with his face in the dust, he was as magnificent a looking picture of manhood as I ever saw.

Right by his side lay a man who, if at all hurt, was but slightly wounded, but whose horse had been shot from under him. From his appearance, I took him to be the Adjutant or Inspector General of the staff. Pointing to the dead man, I asked him, "Who is this man lying here?" He answered with tears in his eyes, "Sir, it is General McPherson. You have killed the best man in our army." This was the first intimation that we had as to who the officer was, and as to his rank.

General Sherman alleges in his book that General McPherson's pocket-book and papers were found in the haversack of a prisoner afterward. That may be so, but that prisoner did not

belong to our party. Captain W. A. Brown, of Mississippi, picked up his hat, that had caught in the branches of the tree under which he had fallen, and that was the only piece of McPherson's property disturbed by any of us.

As I stood over the body, the bullets were beginning to whistle rapidly around that locality.

Soon after, an order was sent commanding the division to move by the right flank. Major Richard Person, a gallant officer, who commanded the regiment, was on the extreme left and in front of it, and did not hear the order, but pushed on to the Federal intrenchments which were before and in sight of us. I was satisfied then that, detached as we were, the movement would only result in our death or capture; but feeling it my duty to stick to the colors of my regiment and share its fate, no matter what it might be, I did so, and the result was as I anticipated, — we were all taken prisoners. After our capture we had several conversations with Federal officers in regard to the killing of McPherson, and I had myself one conversation with an officer of his staff who had been fortunate enough to escape our bullets when McPherson fell.

The next day we started on our way to Northern prisons, the officers to Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio. A short distance this side we passed through the little city of Clyde, the birthplace and home of General McPherson. We noticed that the flag was at half-mast, and asked some of the crowd standing around the depot what it meant, and were told that they had just buried General McPherson, whom the "damned Rebels" had murdered, and that the flag was at half-mast for him.

The tragedy that I have just described was the last one that I ever took part in during the war, and it is as vividly pictured upon my mind as if it all had occurred yesterday. The circumstances under which General McPherson met his death were perfectly justifiable. He had every opportunity to surrender, and refused to do so, but preferred to take the chances of flight. Although he was considered as a host in himself against us, his ultimate end was mourned even by the Confederate Army, for he was universally esteemed as a soldier and a gentleman.

(Signed) RICHARD BEARD.

Neither McPherson's body-guard nor any member of his staff was with him when he was killed. His orderly was the only person with him properly belonging to our headquarters.

Colonel R. K. Scott, Captain Howard, Lieutenant W. H. Sherfy, and Captain Raymond, were the only officers of our army who were near enough to General McPherson to witness the firing of the fatal volley, so far as I ever have been able to ascertain. Colonel Scott and Lieutenant Sherfy must have been very close to him, as both were dismounted by the volley fired at the General, the first-named officer having his horse killed, and being captured.

General McPherson had not just left the last conference with General Sherman. Some time had elapsed, — how much, it is impossible to determine. If Lieutenant Sherfy's watch was right, and his statement correct, McPherson was killed at two P. M., and two hours had passed from the time of his writing the note to General Dodge at the rendezvous near the railroad, where the party lunched. General Sherman thinks he heard of McPherson's death within an hour of the time of his leaving his headquarters at the Howard House, and officers of General Sherman's staff are of the same opinion.

I have followed General McPherson's movements from the Howard House to the point where he fell, — accurately, as I believe, — and it seems to me impossible that the events described could have taken place within the space of sixty minutes.

Captain Beard says that General McPherson was killed instantly; that he ran immediately to him, and that there was not a sign of life perceptible. He may be correct in this statement, although I have always thought differently. Lieutenant Sherfy says he lived over twenty minutes. George Reynolds says he was alive when he found him, but could not speak, and died soon after.

From the account of Thompson (the General's orderly), I should judge he was living when Thompson was taken away a prisoner.

The officer who lay by McPherson's side, whom Captain Beard took for the Adjutant-General or Inspector-General, was unquestionably Colonel R. K. Scott, who commanded the Second Brigade of General Leggett's division.

Captain Beard says that after his capture he had a conversation with an officer of McPherson's staff who had been fortunate enough to escape our bullets when McPherson fell. The officer referred to by Captain Beard may have been Captain Howard, Chief Signal Officer of the army, who was not with the General, as I have always understood, but who was some distance in the rear, yet near enough to witness the firing.

In this connection I copy here General Sherman's official letter to the Adjutant-General of the army, announcing McPherson's death. It is a glowing tribute to McPherson's worth and services.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIV. OF THE MISS.
IN THE FIELD
NEAR ATLANTA, GA., July 23, 1864.

To GENERAL L. THOMAS, Adjutant-General U. S. Army:

GENERAL, — It is my painful duty to report that Brigadier-General James B. McPherson, U. S. Army, Major-General of Volunteers and Commander of the Army of the Tennessee in the field, was killed by a shot about noon of yesterday. At the time of this fatal shot he was on horseback, placing his troops in position, near the city of Atlanta, and was passing by a cross-road from a moving column toward the flank of troops that had already been established on the line. He had quitted me but a short time previous, and was on the way to see in person to the execution of my orders.

About the time of this sad event the enemy had sallied from his intrenchments around Atlanta, and had by a circuit got to the left and rear of this very line, and had begun an attack

which resulted in serious battle; so that General McPherson fell in battle, booted, belted, and spurred, as the gallant knight and gentleman should wish.

Not his the loss; but the country and the army will mourn his death and cherish his memory as that of one who, though comparatively young, had risen by his merit and ability to the command of one of the best armies which the nation had called into existence to vindicate its honor and integrity.

History tells us of but few who so blended the grace and gentleness of the friend with the dignity, courage, faith, and manliness of the soldier. His public enemies, even the men who directed the fatal shot, never spoke or wrote of him without expressions of marked respect; those whom he commanded loved him to idolatry; and I, his associate and commander, fail in words adequate to express my opinion of his great worth.

I feel assured that every patriot in America, on hearing this sad news, will feel a sense of personal loss; and the country generally will realize that we have lost not only an able military leader, but a man who, had he survived, was qualified to heal the national strife which had been raised by designing and ambitious men.

His body has been sent North in charge of Major Willard, Captains Steel and Gile, his personal staff.

I am, with great respect,

(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General Commanding.

The attack on our flank and rear was made by the whole of General Hardee's corps, composed of Bates', Walker's, Cleburne's, and Cheatham's divisions (the latter division on this occasion being under the command of General Manny),— the divisions of Bates and Walker falling upon Dodge's command, and the divisions of Cleburne and Cheatham striking the left flank of the Seventeenth Corps, and swinging around through the wide interval or gap, and reaching the extreme right of the Seventeenth Corps, and occupying the breastworks constructed by Generals Leggett and Smith in their advance on "Bald

Hill," and as far to the right of it as General Leggett's command extended. Later in the day, and about half past three o'clock P. M., Hood's old corps, commanded by General Cheatham, advanced upon the Fifteenth Corps, and the right of the Seventeenth, from the direction of Atlanta. The Seventeenth Corps was thus for a time completely enveloped, and attacked in front, flank, and rear.

The battle from half-past three P. M. was desperate and bloody in the extreme, and the result was extremely doubtful till late in the day. Our lines were broken and pierced in several places, and batteries and regimental colors were lost and won again and again. The divisions of Generals Charles R. Woods, Morgan L. Smith, and William Harrow fought from half-past three in the afternoon with almost unparalleled gallantry, clinging to their positions and holding them in the end against the fierce and repeated assaults of Hood's corps. The divisions of Generals Leggett and Giles Smith were for a time surrounded, and fought from both sides of their line of intrenchments, changing the front of their line of battle during the afternoon four or five times.

General Logan learned of General McPherson's death very soon after it occurred, and being the senior officer, at once assumed command of the Army of the Tennessee; and a little later General Sherman sent orders by officers of his own staff, placing General Logan regularly in command. The members of McPherson's staff, excepting only his personal aids, reported to General Logan for duty, and served with him the remainder of the day, and while he retained command of the Army of the Tennessee.

It has not been my purpose in this paper to attempt to describe the battle of July 22. What I have given in detail was but preliminary to the main contest, which began in earnest soon after McPherson's death, and about the time General Logan assumed the command. The his-

tory of this memorable and hotly contested engagement ought to be written in detail, giving full credit to the regiments, brigades, and divisions of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth corps; but I leave this work to some one of the prominent officers of our army, who can, without doubt, do full justice to the subject and to all who participated in the fight. The true object of this paper is only to give the clearest possible account of the incidents immediately attending the death of General McPherson.

The battle of July 22 lasted till nine o'clock at night, ending in a complete victory for the Army of the Tennessee, under the able leadership and masterly direction of its commander, Major-General John A. Logan.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOUTHERN PRISON.

By JOSEPH B. LEAKE.

[Read March 3, 1886.]

AFTER the surrender of Vicksburg, the division of infantry which had been transferred from the Army of the Frontier to the army investing that city, and in which I served, under the command of Major-General F. J. Herron, was ordered to proceed up the Yazoo River, and after capturing Yazoo City, to move out to Canton in order to protect the left flank of Sherman's army in its movement upon Jackson. We then returned to Vicksburg, and were immediately sent down the Mississippi River to Port Hudson. While at that place, on August 8, 1863, an order was received, assigning the division with some additions to the Thirteenth Army Corps, under command of Major-General Ord, as the Second Division of that corps. The division as now organized was divided into two brigades, and was composed of the following troops: First Brigade, Twentieth Iowa, Thirty-seventh Illinois, Twenty-sixth Indiana, Thirty-fourth Iowa, and Battery F, First Missouri Artillery, under command of Brigadier-General William Vandeveer; Second Brigade, Twentieth Wisconsin, Ninety-fourth Illinois, Ninety-first Illinois, Nineteenth Iowa, Thirty-eighth Iowa, and Battery E, First Missouri Artillery, under command of Brigadier-General Orme.

On the 16th of August we left Port Hudson, and on the next afternoon went into camp below Carrollton, about three miles above New Orleans. Shortly afterward the entire Thirteenth Corps, in five divisions,

was rendezvoused about Carrollton, where it was reviewed on the 22d of August and again on the 29th by General Banks. General Grant having arrived at New Orleans for conference with General Banks, another review was held by Generals Grant, Banks, and Adjutant-General Thomas, on the 4th of September. It was a fine spectacle, but it cost all that it was worth. The day was intensely hot, and we stood and marched from about eight A. M. until afternoon, sweltering in all the toggery which the regulations required. In the afternoon of this day General Grant was thrown from his horse, and received the injuries from which he suffered so long.

The navigation of the Mississippi River, which had been opened by the surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, was becoming seriously obstructed by the operations of the Rebel forces on the west side of the river, — particularly at points between the mouth of Red River and Bayou Sara. General Herron received orders to take our division and proceed to the scene of the troubles. On the morning of September 5, 1863, the whole division, together with a battalion of cavalry under command of Major Bacon Montgomery, Sixth Missouri Cavalry, temporarily attached, was embarked on transports, and proceeded up the Mississippi River. The other divisions of the corps moved to or toward Brashear City, Louisiana. During the night of the 6th the division landed near Morgansia, in Morgan's Bend. From Morgansia a road leads almost directly west for about three miles, then bends and runs directly south for about four miles, then makes a bend of the exact shape of a horse-shoe of about two miles around from heel to heel, the toe pointing directly west, and then proceeds in a southeasterly direction to Bayou Grosse Tête. This road runs in its whole course along the side of a little bayou called Bayou Fordoche. On the left of the road, going out, is a levee about four

feet high. From a point a little north of the toe of the horse-shoe bend, the Opelousas road leaves the bayou road, and crossing the bayou on a bridge, runs in a general direction north of west to the Atchafalaya River, thence up the river and along its bank for about a mile and a half, and crosses it at Morgan's Ferry. This road, from a point about two hundred yards beyond the bridge, runs through a densely wooded cypress swamp, and is about six miles long from the bridge to the ferry. At this ferry, on the west side of the Atchafalaya River, was encamped a Rebel force, estimated at forty-five hundred men, under command of Major-General Tom Green, of Texas, who from that point controlled the entire country from the mouth of Red River to about Port Hudson.

On the morning of the 7th of September, the Ninety-first Illinois, Ninety-fourth Illinois, Twentieth Wisconsin, and the cavalry, under command of Colonel Day of the Ninety-first, were sent out this road toward Morgan's Ferry. During the night Colonel Day sent back for reinforcements; and on the morning of the 8th, the remainder of the division marched out to within two miles of the Atchafalaya, and finding no enemy on their side of the river, bivouacked in the swamp. The following day they marched back to the boats and settled down into camp, on both sides of the road. On the next day another road, called the new Texas road, was found, leaving the Mississippi at a point a mile or two above Morgansia, and running directly west to the Atchafalaya at that same Morgan's Ferry, which was a shorter road from the Rebel camp to the Mississippi than the lower one, out which we had marched.

On September 12 I was ordered by General Herron to assume command of the battalion of cavalry (Major Montgomery commanding), the Twenty-sixth Indiana (Lieutenant-Colonel Rose commanding), the

Nineteenth Iowa (Major Bruce commanding), and a section of Company E, First Missouri Artillery (Lieutenant Stauber commanding). The command numbered about six hundred men fit for duty. Upon reporting to General Herron for orders, I was informed that General Tom Green had a large force of Rebels at Morgan's Ferry; that our troops were advancing up the country west of the Atchafalaya, and probably there were gun-boats ascending the river, which would probably in a few days be in the rear of General Green's force. It was very desirable to keep him from moving either to assist the other Rebel troops in the lower country in preventing the advance, or to avoid capture himself should our troops advance sufficiently to his rear. I was therefore ordered to take the force named, and proceed out of the Bayou Fordoche road to the Norwood plantation, in the horse-shoe bend before spoken of, to make my headquarters at the house, and go into camp. From this point I was to feel of the enemy every day, and to keep his attention attracted toward my force and the forces at the river. I was ordered to take three days' rations, after which time we would probably be recalled.

At five o'clock A. M., on the 12th, we moved out, driving a small force of Rebel cavalry, and camped as directed, reconnoitring the roads in all directions, and establishing heavy picket-guards. On the morning of the 13th, with the cavalry and the Twenty-sixth Indiana, I drove the enemy's pickets to the Atchafalaya, drew the fire of the artillery, which was so posted as to command the road to the ferry, and satisfied myself that their force must be about forty-five hundred men with two batteries of artillery. On the 14th I decided that my position in the horse-shoe bend was entirely untenable, — my rear being more easily approached than my front. During the day the enemy was on the roads in heavier force, and many circumstances indicated an intention

to attack. Toward evening, I received three days' more rations and orders to remain. Just after dark I fell back with the infantry and section of artillery to Mrs. Sterling's plantation, about three fourths of a mile, which took me beyond the neck of the horse-shoe bend, and placed all the approaches to my camp then known to me in my front. The cavalry was left at the old camp on picket. I reported my change of camp, which was approved. From this time up to the 21st the force was employed every day in skirmishing with the enemy, driving in his pickets, and reconnoitring the country. The country was level and low; the roads very winding; beyond the fields of the plantations the woods were dense; and the plantations were overgrown with sugar-cane and reeds, with plantation roads running in all directions. We could see but a very short distance from any point, which made the picket duty very difficult with a small force. I soon ascertained and reported that parties of the enemy were constantly passing north of my position on the New Texas road and appearing on the Bayou Fordoche road, between my camp and the division at Morgansia. I found a cross-road between those roads three or four miles to my rear, along which the whole Rebel force could pass without my knowing it.

On the morning of the 21st I made a reconnoissance in force to the Atchafalaya, driving in the enemy's pickets and drawing their artillery fire again, and satisfied myself that they were still there in full force. Returning from this reconnoissance I met General Vandeveer, who had come out to examine the condition of affairs. I explained to him the full danger of our position, pointed out the way by which the enemy could easily reach our rear, and asked him to get leave from General Herron for me to fall back about a mile to what I considered a less dangerous position. On the following day I received orders to stay where I was, as long as I could obtain water. On the next day,

two or three men were taken prisoners while going to the division at the river, and the Adjutant of the Nineteenth Iowa, coming out, was fired upon, and barely escaped.

On the 24th I went to the river to see General Herron and to explain to him personally the condition of affairs, and earnestly requested that we might be recalled and some of the rest sent out. The General seemed listless, — said he was sick and very feverish, and had applied to be relieved on account of his health. He said he expected that we would all be ordered away in a few days, and as I was familiar with the country, I had better remain. I returned to camp, and began to get ready for an attack that I thought was sure to come. From the yard of the plantation house in which we were camped, there was on both sides and rear two hundred yards of open field, beyond which was tall sugar-cane. In front was the four-foot-high levee, then the road, then the bayou, beyond a small open field, and then dense woods. I cut holes through the levee for the artillery to enfilade the approach, and selected positions for each part of the force to take at once in case of sudden attack, particularly from the rear. If the enemy should come to our front, Major Montgomery was in advance with his cavalry; and it seemed a simple matter to fall back on the division.

We kept up our daily reconnoissances, etc. On the 28th Major-General Dana arrived and took command of the division, and relieved General Herron, who left on sick leave. On that evening it began to rain, rained all night and through the morning of the 29th. We had sent out to the front, but found nothing to attract attention. A small escort, sent down the evening before to the division to bring out knapsacks and rations, was anxiously expected about ten or eleven o'clock, but did not come.

At precisely twelve o'clock, noon, September 29,

the pickets on the road to the divisions in my rear fired, and were rapidly driven in. The whole command was instantly in position, and almost immediately a brigade of Texas infantry emerged from the sugar-cane, and advanced across the open space. They were received by a withering fire, and after a brisk fight were driven back into the cane. Presently the same or another force appeared on our right flank. We changed front, and after a time drove that force back also. They rallied from both directions, and charged again, and crowded us over the levee into the road, when we drove them from our front.

During all this time, I heard nothing from Major Montgomery in front, and there seemed to be no trouble in that direction. While fighting over the levee, I saw a cavalry force coming from that direction, and sent Lieutenant Wright, Nineteenth Iowa, to see what it was. He soon reported that it was Major Montgomery coming. The forces in front wore our uniform. We then attempted to drive back their right, and so pass down the road toward the division. The men made a gallant charge and scattered the enemy so that we opened the road and began to move down it behind the levee. By this time the cavalry had approached near enough for me to speak to the officer in front. I stepped forward to give him an order, and found myself addressing Major-General Tom Green himself. In a moment the whole Rebel cavalry was riding over us. Those of our men who at once were not ridden down scattered into the bayou, and were gradually picked up singly and in squads. A few escaped. And so we became prisoners of war. The fight lasted two hours and ten minutes from the first volley we fired until the rush of the cavalry upon our rear, during all of which time the rain continued to pour.

I was badly wounded, though not taken off my feet, and was immediately taken from a squad of Texans

by General Jim Majors and placed in charge of Lieutenant Chalmers of his staff, with directions to see that I was not interfered with.

This little engagement was called by the Rebels "the battle of Fordoche." On our side it has been noticed as an engagement at Sterling farm. While standing with General Majors, General Green rode up and told him to move back to Atchafalaya as soon as the prisoners were ready. Majors said, "Are you not going on to the river?" Green replied, "No, we've been kept here too long." Majors then said to me that they had started for our division at the river, and had not expected to waste fifteen minutes on us.

I afterward learned that on the 28th General Green's command was reinforced by Mouton's brigade of infantry. During that afternoon Green crossed all his infantry over Morgan's Ferry, and, making a détour around the upper or New Texas road, marched about eleven miles during the night, and in the morning came down into the Bayou Fordoche road within three or four miles of the division at Morgansia. A part of the Rebel cavalry was sent down an old railroad bed through the cypress swamps, and came out into the Fordoche road about three miles beyond the cavalry pickets, and crossing the road, advanced through the woods to the south of the neck of the horse-shoe bend before spoken of. Major-General Green, with the rest of the forces, came down the main road in the centre of his movement. I never have seen or heard from Major Montgomery since the fight. I was told that some time during the proceedings he fell back with his force to the southeast through the neck of the horse-shoe bend, and taking the woods to the south of the battleground, made his way to the river. If he sent any message to me, it never was received. He received great praise for his gallantry in cutting his way through the enemy and getting his command out. We had in the fight

about four hundred and fifty men. General Majors told me they had on the field between five and six thousand. How many were actually engaged, I have no means of knowing.

Shortly after I was taken charge of by Lieutenant Chalmers, I was put into an ambulance and driven under escort to General Majors' headquarters across the Atchafalaya, arriving about dark at his cabin on the plantation. Some time during the evening General Majors came in, and jocularly invited me to be his guest so long as it was agreeable to me to stay; and we soon sat down to a supper, most of which was the contents of my own mess-chest. The General proved a very agreeable host. We ate and slept together for about two days, and during the whole time not a word was said or an act done by him or those about him which was not as courteous as they would have been had I been his guest and not his prisoner. On the first evening, after supper, Captain Semmes of one of the batteries — a son of Admiral Semmes of the Rebel navy, and hero of the Silver Wave exploit — came in, bringing a surgeon, who examined and dressed my wounds. The Captain was very polite, as indeed everybody of this command seemed to be. I believe none of our officers or men had any complaint to make of their personal treatment. During the process of capture, most of them lost everything they had; but they were not afterward treated with indignity. I saved the clothes I had on, a pen-knife, a silver watch, a pair of gloves, and a pocket-handkerchief. I had surrendered my sword and pistol to General Majors. I afterward called his attention to the pistol, which had been presented to me upon going into the service, and said that if I ever got out of there, I should very much like to exchange for it anything which would be satisfactory to him. He said he would oblige me if he could. Of this, more farther on.

On the morning of October 1, I was conducted to the

camp of the other prisoners, and our march to the interior began. That day we marched fifteen miles and camped between a couple of regiments in General Majors' brigade. For some reason the Rebel force had moved back into the interior. That night Captain R. P. Boyce, of Mullen's regiment, sent to me what appeared to be an ear of corn with the husk on. Upon opening the husk, I found, where the ear had been, a very palatable supper. The next morning we breakfasted on parched corn, and renewed the march, passing through Major-General Walker's entire division, — first Henry McCullough's brigade, then, at Kaneville, Randall's brigade, and five miles beyond, Hawes' brigade of four regiments, some one of which had a very good brass band. Within the last brigade we camped. They were not an agreeable lot, and we were glad to move on.

On the evening of October 5, we arrived at Alexandria, and were packed for the night in the second story of the court-house. It was a wretched night. There was not room for all to lie down at once on the floor, and none were permitted to go out of the building for any purpose. The next day the guards were extended, and we were let out in the court-house yard, and permitted to go to the river in front for water. On the 7th we were started for Shreveport, and marched twenty-five miles. I had an opportunity to sell my silver watch for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and my gauntlets for twenty dollars, Confederate money, and so was somewhat put in funds. The march of the command to Shreveport took ten days, and was conducted with various degrees of annoyance according to the fussiness of the various officers in charge. One day, with a cavalry company as escort, we were marched two and one half hours without a halt; another day for eight miles without halting. Rations were short and irregular; the days were hot, and nights were getting cold, with occasional frost. We were nearly stripped of clothing, and had no covering

of any kind, and general wretchedness of every kind had set in. Personally I fared a little better. On account of my wound I was sometimes allowed a little more privilege of the road. Some pleasant incidents occurred. Near Caney River, a very old negro, bent nearly double, was tinkering at a gate. I was walking along the side of the road in the rear of the guard. As soon as the guard had passed and I approached, the old man straightened up with a jerk, made a military salute, and hoarsely whispered the prayer, "De Lo'd go wid yo', an' bring yo' out o' da whar yo' gwine into!" after which he instantly collapsed. I have repeated that prayer a great many times since.

At Cloutierville I gained about an hour's time by cutting across a great bend in some way which a guard pointed out, who offered to go with me. I sat down at the door of some sort of a public-house, and began to eat a piece of rather damaged corn-bread which I took out of my pocket. Three young men gathered around me, and soon one of them wanted to know if I had been at Vicksburg. I said I was at the surrender, etc. After talking about it a few minutes, two of them went away. In about half an hour they came back, one of them carrying a large dinner-plate, nicely covered, which, removing the cover, he placed in my hand, saying, "There, eat that. We were prisoners at Vicksburg, and you fellows treated us right, and I am glad to return it." On the plate was half of a broiled chicken, a roasted yam, and some other things. I thought I had never eaten such a dinner.

On the 12th Captain M. W. DeBollé came up in a buggy, and was introduced by the captain of the guard as the Confederate commissioner for the exchange of prisoners. He proposed to take charge of me, and deliver me in Shreveport. I gave my parole, and was soon seated with the Captain in his buggy. We rode together up the road through Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, with

which some of you afterward became familiar, and on to Shreveport, as if we had always been the best of friends. I certainly was greatly indebted to him for his kindness and courtesy. He provided for my entertainment as he did for his own, generally introducing me as a fellow-Confederate, — which was easy enough, as large numbers of those we met wore our blue uniforms.

On the morning of October 15 we drove up to General E. Kirby Smith's headquarters in Shreveport, La., and Captain DeBollé took me right along with him into his office, which was in the second story of a small brick building. The outer office was occupied by General S. S. Anderson, his Adjutant-General; and a door communicated with an inner room occupied by General Smith. I was in presence of the commander of all the Rebel forces west of the Mississippi, and it was quite evident I was not welcome. The Adjutant-General took no notice of me whatever. There were three or four vacant chairs in the room, but my attention was not officially called to any of them. DeBollé said a few words to the Adjutant-General which I could not hear, and passed through to General Smith, who was seated at his desk, and in full view from where I stood. I could not hear what the Captain said, but the General instantly asked quite impatiently, "What did you bring him here for?" and then their voices dropped out of hearing. I was presently called in, when General Smith addressed me abruptly enough: "I can send you down to the county jail, or give you parole to the limits of the Verandah Hotel, if you can pay your expenses there." I told him I would try the latter. "Very well," he said. A parole was administered by the Adjutant-General, who thawed out a little, and I was escorted to the Verandah Hotel by Captain DeBollé. When the Captain left me, two days later, he assured me that under the arrangements for exchange we would all be back in our lines in about three weeks.

I spent three days and nights at that hotel, the principal one in Shreveport. I was practically free inside its limits, which extended over the sidewalk in front, covered by the verandah. During the time I saw many of the officers of the Rebel Army who came from Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas on business at the headquarters. I remember some of them with great pleasure, — many of them with much less. I was treated with no intentional rudeness. I know I owed much to the protection of Colonel Semmes, who commanded the Ninth Texas at Pea Ridge and lost an arm there, and was now commanding a brigade somewhere. Colonel H. E. Clarke, of Jeff. Thompson's command, once famous in Southeastern Missouri, offered to loan me money, which I thought better to decline. Colonel A. L. Dobbins, First Arkansas Cavalry, commanding a brigade formerly under General Walker (who had been killed in a duel by General Marmaduke), was quite anxious to be of some service to me. I told him he could not do me a greater service than to find me a tooth-brush. He searched the town until he found one, and brought it to me. It was the only luxury I enjoyed during my continued stay in the Confederacy.

The rest of the prisoners having come up on the morning of October 18, we were started on the road from Shreveport through Marshall to Camp Ford, which had been established as the place of confinement for prisoners captured west of the Mississippi. It was one hundred and ten miles a little south of west from Shreveport, and four miles east of Tyler in Smith County, Texas. The camp was located about two hundred yards south of the road, in an opening in the pine woods containing not more than six or eight acres. In about the centre of the open space from east to west a spring of excellent water flowed quite abundantly down a little vale, widening and deepening toward the south. On the high ground to the east of the valley down which the spring brook flowed stood a

skeleton frame building in which were bunked seventy-two Union officers, the only prisoners. On the western acclivity stood a few log houses, in which were the headquarters and shanties for the guard. We were drawn up before the headquarters, looked over by the commander, Major Tucker of Harrison County, Texas, and his Adjutant-Lieutenant Ochiltree. The latter then conducted us down the ascent across the brook to the rising ground beyond, halted us, bowed ceremoniously, and said, "Gentlemen, there are your quarters," and walked away. There was the bare sandy hillside, and there were we — and that was all there was of it. There was not the slightest preparation for our coming, — no shelter of any kind, no rations, nothing but unspeakable wretchedness. The march from Shreveport had been a hard one, under escort of a company of ex-steamboat men on horseback. That day, after a slim breakfast, we had been marched twenty-one miles before three o'clock P. M., and then corralled like a lot of hogs.

No rations came that night, nor next morning. At three o'clock in the afternoon the wagons came, the mules on the full run. We had notified the Major that we did not propose to stay a great while longer, whatever the consequences might be. The ration was one pound of corn-meal, and one pound of beef per man; and the orders were to issue ten days' rations at one time, — that is, ten pounds of corn-meal and ten pounds of beef, to last ten days. There was not a box or bag or any other receptacle to put the stuff in. Some men cut off a leg of their pantaloons, some a coat-sleeve; some put it in their hats; those who could do neither dug a hole in as hard ground as they could find, and deposited it. I was fortunate enough to have a pair of drawers, in the legs of which I tied up mine. There was no cooking utensil of any kind whatever. Some of the men borrowed a skillet or two from the guard, who were at that time mostly old men and kindly disposed, and in these a little baking was done.

Most of the meal was stirred up in the hand with water and eaten raw.

Before the next ration day came round, on November 2, Major Tucker was ordered away, and Colonel R. T. P. Allen, Seventeenth Texas Infantry, came to command the camp. Major Tucker was a good-natured, jolly, lazy, worthless fellow, without evil intention or malicious purpose toward us, but in fact, as cruel as absolute indifference and immovable sloth always must become when given authority over so many men. Colonel Allen was a man of an entirely different stamp. He had been an officer of the United States Army in the Florida War, Professor of Mathematics in Transylvania University, Kentucky, and when the war began was principal of a Military School at Bastrop, Texas. He was diligent, methodical, a good disciplinarian, soldierly, a Christian and a gentleman. A bullet had been sent through him in the Rebel attack upon Milliken's Bend on July 4, 1863, which he regretted very much to say had been shot by a "nigger." He brought his son, aged about twenty, Lieutenant Howard Allen, as his adjutant, a very fine fellow, to whose coolness and bravery on one occasion I was indebted for my life. Mrs. Allen was also installed at headquarters, a venerable lady, who smoked a corn-cob pipe and proved a veritable angel of mercy to us all. Colonel Allen straightened out the ration difficulty at once, by providing a big box to stand in the centre of the camp and issuing one day's ration at a time; and on November 19, I secured a private box for our mess, and relieved my drawers from further service in the commissary department. Colonel Allen began to build a stockade to enclose about three or four acres of ground; and on November 14, two hundred negroes were at work at it. It was done by digging a ditch three feet deep, in which were placed endwise pine logs split in halves, cut in even lengths of fifteen feet. We were soon enclosed within a tight stockade twelve feet high, through which was only one wide gate in the middle of the north

side. An increase of guards was soon apparent, — a younger class of men, — and the old men were sent home.

The most pressing need was that of some kind of shelter. Permission was given to a few at a time, provided any of the guards would volunteer to accompany them, to go into the adjoining woods and get such timber as they could get and were able to carry in. The only tools were three axes, which were used for all purposes in the camp. In time all sorts of arrangements for shelter began to appear. Some were mere booths, some were holes dug in the side of the hill with some sort of covering; some of the men succeeded in getting what seemed to be very comfortable log huts. My own mess of five officers succeeded in getting up one of the best, every log for which we carried in our arms not less than a quarter of a mile. We got the door in on December 4. Not the slightest attempt to help us was made. Colonel Allen's indulgence in allowing us to go out after timber was regarded with great disfavor by the new guards and the neighboring citizens.

On November 12, some men of the Twenty-sixth Indiana had obtained permission to go after timber. While two of them were standing well within the camp, in order to assist their comrades, a guard — Private Frank Smith of Captain G. S. Polly's company — suddenly raised his gun, called out "Ten spaces," and instantly fired. The ball passed through the body of Thomas Moorehead and then through the arm of James Veatch, both of the Twenty-sixth Indiana. Moorehead died that night, but Veatch slowly recovered. Colonel Allen immediately convened a court of inquiry, and invited the field officers among the prisoners to be present. I was allowed to examine the witnesses in aid of the Judge Advocate. The examination was continued from day to day; a number of witnesses were examined, both of prisoners and guards. At last some sort of a report

was sent to Shreveport, and nothing further was ever heard of the matter. The excitement at the time was intense, but after a while cooled down. Smith was not again put on guard.

Rumors of exchange were from time to time brought within the camp. On November 23, a Major Schomberg appeared as a paroling officer, and we were informed that he had come to take away the enlisted men for exchange, but the officers must remain for further orders. After a great deal of fuss, the officers and men being prevented from all communication with one another, on November 29 the enlisted men were marched out of camp and disappeared in the direction of Shreveport. With them went Mr. Finley Anderson, who said he belonged to the staff of the New York "Herald," and had been picked up somewhere. He left me a copy of Pope's Iliad.

On December 22 forty officers arrived from Hempstead, Texas. They had been taken at the capture of Brashear City, Louisiana, and of Galveston, Texas, some time before, and had been imprisoned at what was called Camp Groce. Among them was Colonel C. C. Nott, One Hundred and Seventy-sixth New York, — now Judge of the Court of Claims, Washington, — Colonel Burroughs, Forty-second Massachusetts, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Duganne, New York City. Their arrival was a great relief to the deadly monotony. They had been companions of the original seventy-two of our camp, and the reunions were particularly delightful. The rest of us were glad to make new friends and new subjects of conversation to be interested in.

On Christmas Colonel Allen invited the field officers among the prisoners to dine with him at headquarters. No regrets were sent. We gave paroles, of course. Mrs. Allen distinguished herself, —I have never seen such a dinner since. The Colonel was as courteous and as hospitable, the conversation was as free and unrestrained

as if we had been a party of his best friends invited to his own home; but after a while the inexorable "Gentlemen, return to your quarters," dispelled all illusions.

We celebrated Washington's Birthday by a public meeting which all attended. Colonel Duganne, being a poet and owning two or three sheets of writing paper, wrote and read a poem. That poem got the Colonel into a good deal of trouble at the time. In some part of it, after addressing the various points of the compass, he exclaimed, —

> "Land of the South, thy heart all fire,
> Thy breath a vintage, and thy voice a lyre."

The use of the word *lyre* in that connection fired the Southern hearts of some of the Texan guards who attended the celebration; and the poetical Colonel had great difficulty in satisfactorily explaining his meaning. I was the orator of the day. It was quite a notable celebration, and helped to revivify our starving patriotism.

I forgot to mention that Colonel Allen gave prompt attention to providing us with some cooking utensils; a requisition on Shreveport produced nothing. He afterward sent a wagon to a foundry at Jefferson on Red River and obtained a few pots and skillets. On December 5, my mess of five received one pot and one skillet with a lid, having been without anything since October 23. It is worth something to know how rich five men can become in the possession of one pot and one skillet with a lid.

During the dreary winter there was much discussion of plans to escape. It was quite easy to get out, but then the difficulties became very great. We were three or four hundred miles from the nearest post in our lines, and the headquarters of the department and all the Rebel

forces were between. Under the most favorable circumstances the journey must take two or three weeks, and the necessity for subsistence would lead to constant exposure. Much of the country was a wilderness. Many single attempts were made, but the fugitive was invariably starved out and brought back in a day or two. A company was organized to dig a tunnel under the stockade to come out about one hundred and fifty yards beyond it, behind a clump of trees. Colonel Nott, the principal mover in the project, was made President; and Major Anthony, Second Rhode Island Cavalry, now a resident of Chicago, with Captain Thomasson, One Hundred and Seventy-sixth New York, were made superintendents. Work began on March 21, 1864, from beneath the shebang of Lieutenant Walton, Thirty-fourth Iowa, and progressed favorably enough during the spring. The arrival of prisoners captured at Mansfield made the enlargement of the camp necessary, and the stockade under which the tunnel had been dug was removed and replaced outside of the clump of trees which was to have been the exit. That ended the tunnel business. Colonel Duganne, who never would have anything to do with the work, annoyed Colonel Nott by publicly proclaiming that he (Duganne) "never was fool enough to try to crawl out of there through a Nott-hole."

Having heard that General Banks was moving in force up Red River, a party of the officers thought that by striking south and crossing the Sabine River far below the Shreveport road, they might possibly get round the Rebel forces and connect with Banks' army near Alexandria, and after much consideration determined to make the attempt. After guard-mounting on the eve of March 24, I invited all the singers of the camp to assemble around my hut, where we began to sing all the songs we knew. The guards soon gathered from along the beats outside the stockade, and became attentive listeners. It was a very hilarious party. A

post in the stockade on one of the abandoned beats was soon loosened and tipped back, and the whole fifteen were free. The post was then tipped back to place. The party consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. Rose, Captains W. J. Wallace, R. H. Stott, N. A. Logan, Lieutenants E. J. Collins, C. C. McDowell, and J. M. Robertson, all of the Twenty-sixth Indiana; Lieutenant J. F. Sherfrey, Twenty-first Indiana; O. H. Hibbard, Twenty-third Connecticut; P. W. Lyon, One Hundred and Seventy-sixth New York; and R. W. Mars of Chicago, A. H. Reynolds, B. S. Weeks, R. Rider, and Johnson, officers of the gun-boats. The escape was discovered during the night, and great commotion ensued. A pack of blood-hounds was brought from Tyler, and a strong party sent in pursuit. Within three days they were all brought back except two, Captain Stott and Reynolds of the gun-boat "Sachem" succeeding in escaping to Banks' army.

On March 30 the enlisted men who had left us in November, so hopeful of exchange, were brought back and turned into the enclosure again. Some difficulty had taken place in the proceedings for exchange, and the men had been kept in an open camp near Shreveport all winter. Their sufferings at that camp were beyond the power of any language of mine to portray. When the movement up Red River began, they were hurried back to our camp. They were escorted by two companies of cavalry, one commanded by Captain Montgomery, the other by Captain Allford, of the Second Louisiana Cavalry. The captains took command on alternate days. The days in which Captain Allford was in command were days of horror. The march was conducted by him with the utmost brutality. The men were cursed, addressed with all manner of opprobrious epithets, and were driven along the road closely packed together, more like a herd of cattle or drove of hogs than human beings. At the risk of being tedious, I

will give a few specific instances of the barbarous conduct. Peter Brown, a seaman, had a lariat thrown over his head by Lieutenant Haynes, the end of the lariat wrapped around the pommel of his saddle, and he was thus dragged by the neck, Lieutenant Haynes riding a distance of two hundred yards before releasing the man. Archibald M. Arthur, a seaman, was struck by Lieutenant Haynes with his sabre upon a wounded arm. B. F. Clines, seaman, was struck on the head with the butt of a musket by Lieutenant Haynes, injuring him severely, at the same time Haynes exclaiming, "There, take that, you — — — — — —!" Nelson E. Hall, a drummer of Company D, Nineteenth Iowa, was struck three times with a musket in the hands of Lieutenant Haynes. Many other similar instances occurred. On the evening of March 28, Captain Allford in charge, the prisoners were camped six miles east of the Sabine River, upon the banks of a small stream, about two yards in width, at which the men could have obtained water expeditiously and with ease. The banks on each side of the stream were entirely level, and the water not over eighteen inches below the level of the camp. Instead of placing his guard on the side of the creek opposite the camp, so that the men could have free access to the water which flowed along the whole length of the camp, he placed a line of sentinels along the front of the camp between it and the water, established a gate at one corner, and would only permit four men to go through at a time to water only two yards distant. There were between eight and nine hundred men in the camp, and thus those hundreds of men, by a refinement of cruelty seldom equalled, were compelled to wait, during the long hours of that night, their turn to go by fours to slake their thirst after a hard and dusty march, at a brook flowing freely almost within arms' reach. The men of Company C, Nineteenth Iowa, did not get to the water till three o'clock in the

morning. But I must avoid further details and hasten to a close.

A week after the arrival of the men at Camp Ford, on April 5, the officers and men of my command were all marched toward Shreveport again for exchange, and on the evening of the 8th camped one mile east of Marshall, Texas. We were halted over the 9th, 10th, and 11th, to await the result of the battle of Mansfield, which was fought on April 8. Soon evidences began to come of our great disaster. On the 12th we were moved back from the road some distance and camped in an open field fringed by woods three or four hundred yards distant. We heard of the prisoners passing down the road and wondered from day to day what our own fate was now to be, — for we seemed to be chained out in that field. We ascertained the fact to be that when General Banks met with the disasters at Mansfield and fell back, he ordered the prisoners for whom we were to be exchanged back to New Orleans; and the Rebel authorities kept us waiting in that field, hoping that they would be brought back, and the exchange completed. We reached Marshall on April 8, and were kept there waiting until the 25th of May, when we were marched back to the old place, arriving late on the 27th. The whole appearance of the camp was changed. The stockade had been greatly enlarged, to accommodate the numbers captured at Mansfield, and it now enclosed about forty-five hundred men. The cabins which we had procured with such labor were all occupied by others, and we were turned loose again in the pen, — shelterless and in rags, many literally naked, except for some old rag tied around the loins.

On June 8 Colonel Allen was removed, and Colonel Scott Anderson, of Austin, Texas, was placed in command. Colonel Anderson remained at Tyler, and sent Lieutenant-Colonel Borders to have immediate command of the prisoners. He was a Rebel Englishman and a

stolid brute; he had an Irish adjutant who was as active and malicious as a wasp; and they had absolute power over us. We spent from May 27 to July 5 in that prison-house of despair; and it was as near a hell on earth as suffering, want, exposure, and the malice and brutality of man could make it. The heat was intense, and there was not a tree within the stockade to cast a shadow. Men were dying daily, without any help being extended or any effort to administer relief. A Confederate surgeon was sent to examine the condition of the prison. Let me quote a line or two from his report. He said: —

"I at once set about examining the sanitary condition of the stockade, and although my mind was prepared by representations to meet with abundant materials for disease, it fell far short of the reality. The enclosed ground is entirely too small for the number of men (over forty-five hundred), and it would be impossible to make them healthy in such a crowded condition. The filth and offal have been deposited in the streets and between the quarters, from which arises horrible stench. A great number of the enlisted men have no quarter nor shelter, and have to sleep out on the ground with not even a blanket to cover them, etc."

If he had said "all of the enlisted men," he would have told the truth.

But the day of deliverance did come at last. On July 9 we marched out of that infernal stockade for the last time, and on the eve of the 13th were at Shreveport. On the 16th we embarked on the steamer "B. L. Hodge," and moved down Red River and were at Alexandria on the 18th. We were detained here for three days, during which I received a call from General Jim Majors, now a major-general, who entertained me with the incidents of the Red River campaign as viewed from the Rebel side. He brought back my pistol, which he had kept in the exact condition in which I had surrendered it, gave it to the

commissioner for exchange, Colonel Szimanski, with the request to deliver it to me when the exchange was complete. I have it now. On the 22d of July, 1864, we arrived at the mouth of Red River, and there met the prisoners for whom we were to be exchanged. They were a healthy lot, loaded down with everything of comfort and luxury which men could carry away with them.

On the 23d, we steamed down the Mississippi under the old flag again, and landed at the wharf at New Orleans about midnight. July 24 was Sunday. After a good deal of resistance from Colonel Dwight, our commissioner of exchange who had us in charge, I at last obtained permission to march my command to General Canby's headquarters. At ten o'clock on that bright Sunday morning, when the people were on their way to church, we left the boat, formed on the levee, and marched up Canal Street, St. Charles, etc., to the corner of Tchoupitoulas and Robbins streets, and formed in front of a stately private residence in which General Canby had his offices. I entered his office and found him seated at his desk. I told him who we were, and requested him to come out and see for himself in what condition the Rebels returned our prisoners of war. He arose from his desk, and as we went out the door I took his arm and led him to the right of the line, and then we walked slowly down the front. Before we got halfway down, the tears were trickling down the General's cheeks. I have always loved him for those tears. When we had passed the line, we separated without a word. It was not a time to talk. He went back into the house; the men were escorted to a cotton-press; I went down to the St. Charles Hotel; and our imprisonment was at an end.

THE LAST CHANCE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

By ALEXANDER C. McCLURG.

[Read October 4, 1882.]

ON the morning of the 19th of March, 1865, the little group of ragged and weather-stained wall-tents which formed the modest field headquarters of the Fourteenth Army Corps — one of four corps of General Sherman's army — was pitched on a sloping hillside about forty miles south of Raleigh, North Carolina, and about twenty-five miles east of Fayetteville, or nearly midway between that place and Goldsborough, toward which latter point General Sherman was moving.

The early spring morning was soft and balmy, and the trees were covered with the delicate verdure which does not appear until May in the States north of the Ohio River. Fruit-trees were in full bloom around the Underhill farmhouse, not far off, and here and there along the roadside. It was about five o'clock, and the reveille had been sounded in the camps of one regiment after another, in the woods and fields around; and now, as it was Sunday morning, the familiar strains of "Old Hundred" floated up to our ears from a brigade band hidden in the little valley of Mill Creek, below us. Never before had the sweet notes of the grand old hymn sounded sweeter than they did in the stillness of that bright spring morning; and to many a weary soldier they brought the thought of quiet homes and of country churches and friends far away. Some of those who heard the old hymn then never heard it again; for like many a Sunday during the war, that day, which opened so calmly and beautifully, was to be a day of battle and death.

Six weeks before, General Sherman's army had started from Savannah; and ever since it had been toiling through mud and rain across the States of South and North Carolina. The inhospitable rains of the hostile South had poured down incessantly; and unfriendly mud, as if intelligently plotting for the Confederacy, had delayed us in every road. Layer after layer of corduroy had disappeared in the ooze, as each successive hundred of our heavy wagons passed over them. The streams, faithful to their States, had risen into torrents, and swept away our pontoon bridges. Supplies were few; and shoes and hats and coats had been worn out and lost. "The pride and pomp and circumstance of glorious war" had disappeared, and the whole command looked shabby and ragged and tattered. Here a Confederate coat, and there a Confederate hat, did duty on a Federal back or head, while many a valiant Union warrior went entirely hatless and shoeless. But a hardier and knottier lot of men never carried musket or helped a wagon out of the mire. Years of hardship and exposure and fighting had thinned out the weak and the sickly, and none but the toughest were left. The deeper the mud and the harder the march, the jollier they were; and a heavier rain pouring down on them as they went into camp, or a wetter swamp than usual to lie down in for the night, only brought out a louder volley of jokes. An army of military Mark Tapleys, they strode onward, uncomplaining and jolly under the most difficult circumstances possible.

There had been a day of most welcome rest at Fayetteville, during which the beautiful United States Arsenal there had been destroyed, so that it never again might fall into hostile hands. A day or two later, a part of the Twentieth Corps, supported by the Fourteenth, had had a sharp engagement with the enemy, under Hardee, at Averysborough, and had chased him northward toward Raleigh. After this affair and Hardee's retreat, General Sherman made his dispositions for an easy though rapid

march to Goldsborough, — "supposing," as he says in his "Memoirs," "all danger was over." In his report of the campaign, he uses these words: "All signs induced me to believe that the enemy would make no farther opposition to our progress, and *would not attempt to strike us in the flank while in motion.* I therefore directed," etc. These directions provided for a rapid march of his army toward Goldsborough, over the best parallel roads available, without reference to danger from a menacing enemy.

For once General Sherman had reckoned without his host; and that host was Joseph E. Johnston, whose hospitalities, if such they might be called, General Sherman had known and had thoroughly respected the year before, in all the long campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta. The Confederate President, who harbored an unreasoning hatred for General Johnston, had but recently been compelled to recall him from retirement, and had placed him in command of all the Confederate troops in that region, with instructions to "concentrate all available forces, and drive back Sherman." It is difficult to ascertain exactly what those forces were, but from Johnston's own narrative it is certain they must have numbered between twenty-five and forty thousand men. The event proved that when General Sherman supposed "all danger was over," these forces had been, unknown to him, well concentrated on his left flank and front, and within striking distance. Once more, as so often before, these two foemen, well worthy of each other's steel, were to try conclusions; and this time with the odds largely in favor of the Confederate chieftain.

General Sherman's army consisted of between fifty-seven and fifty-eight thousand men, as the official records show, and not seventy thousand, as General Johnston states in his narrative. On the morning of the 19th of March, this force was situated as follows: two divisions of the Fourteenth Army Corps, numbering a little over eight

thousand men, and constituting the advance of the left wing, were at the point named at the opening of our narrative, on the direct road from Averysborough to Goldsborough. Two divisions of the Twentieth Corps, also about eight thousand men, had encamped eight miles in the rear of the advance divisions on the same road, a terrible stretch of almost impassable mire lying between the two commands. The two remaining divisions of these two corps were escorting and guarding the supply trains, some miles farther to the south and rear. The Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps, constituting the right wing of the army, were similarly scattered out on roads lying five to ten miles south of the road on which the left wing was advancing.

General Sherman had himself been riding for several days with the left and exposed wing; and on the night of the 18th his headquarters, as well as those of General Slocum, who commanded the left wing, had been pitched within the lines of the Fourteenth Army Corps. On the morning of the 19th, he had determined to ride southward to the right wing, and to push them on rapidly in advance to Goldsborough. He did not leave, however, until after the leading division had moved out; and at about half-past seven o'clock he and General Slocum, with General Jefferson C. Davis, who commanded the Fourteenth Army Corps, sat together upon their horses, at a cross-roads near to the camps of the night before, listening to the signs of skirmishing which already came back from the front. Something impressed the soldierly instinct of General Davis with the belief that he was likely to encounter more than the usual cavalry opposition, and he frankly said so to General Sherman. The latter, after listening attentively a moment or two, replied in his usual brisk, nervous, and positive way, "No, Jeff.; there is nothing there but Dibbrell's cavalry. Brush them out of the way. Good-morning. I 'll meet you to-morrow morning at Cox's Bridge." And away he rode, with his

slender staff, to join Howard and the right wing. It turned out that three days and a desperate fight yet lay between us and the goal of Cox's Bridge. But let us go back.

When the strains of "Old Hundred" had ceased, and the men had had their accustomed breakfast of coffee and hard-tack, varied here and there with a piece of cold chicken or ham, or a baked sweet potato, foraged from the country, the regiments of the First Division — General W. P. Carlin's — of the Fourteenth Corps, filed out one after another upon the road and began the advance. This was about seven o'clock. For the first time after weeks of rain, the sun was shining, and there was promise of a glorious day. The men were in high spirits, and strode on vigorously and cheerily.

They found in their front, as they always did, the enemy's cavalry, watching their movements and opposing their advance. But there was of course "nothing but cavalry;" and the men pressed on, light-hearted, anticipating the rest they should have at Goldsborough, and then the last march toward Richmond and home. But the cavalry in front were stubborn. They did not yield a foot of ground until it was wrested from them. They were inclined to fight; and the old expression of the Atlanta campaign was brought out for use again: "They don't drive worth a damn." Even the organized parties of foragers, the historical "bummers" of Sherman's army, — men who generally made short work of getting through a thin curtain of cavalry, when chickens and pigs and corn and sweet potatoes were on the other side, — even these renowned troopers fell back, dispirited, behind our heavy skirmish line, and lined the roadsides. It was an unusual sight in those days to see foragers who could not find or make a place to forage.

At length the whole of the First Brigade — General H. C. Hobart's — was deployed and pushed vigorously forward; but still the resistance of the enemy was sur-

prisingly determined, and the advance slow. It began to be evident that they had some reason for this unusual stubbornness. Ten o'clock came, and we had moved but five miles. General Hobart was hotly engaged. The Second Brigade — Colonel George P. Buell's — was ordered to make a détour to the left, and take the enemy's line in the flank; but soon our own right flank was becoming exposed to a similar fate, as the enemy overlapped us in that direction, and the Third Brigade — Lieutenant-Colonel Miles' — was deployed on the right of the First. Thus the whole of General Carlin's division was now deployed and in line of battle; yet everywhere it found the enemy in front strong and stubborn. The right and left of our line were ordered to advance and develop his strength. They did advance right gallantly; but to the surprise of every one, they soon encountered a strong line of infantry. This was pressed back several hundred yards, after severe fighting; finally they withdrew, and suddenly our men dashed, all unprepared, against a line of earthworks, manned with infantry and strengthened with artillery. The enemy opened upon them such a destructive fire of shot and shell that they were compelled to fall back with severe loss. Many men and officers and two regimental commanders had fallen, and the whole line was severely shattered, but very important information had been gained. Observations and the reports of the few prisoners captured left little reason to doubt that General Johnston's whole army was in position in our immediate front, and the persistent fighting of the cavalry had been intended to give time for ample preparation.

It was now about half-past one o'clock, and Generals Slocum and Davis were together in consultation in the woods to the left of the road, when a deserter from the enemy was sent to them by General Carlin. He belonged to that limited class which had acquired the singular name of "galvanized Yankees." They were

men who had been captured, and who, rather than endure the terrible trials of a prison life, had taken service in the Rebel Army. This man told a straight but startling story. It was to the effect that General Johnston's army, consisting of over thirty thousand men, had by night marches been concentrated in our immediate front, and was strongly intrenched. He said that General Johnston, accompanied by Generals Hardee and Cheatham and Hoke, had that morning ridden around among his troops in the highest spirits; and that he had heard him address a portion of them, telling them that "at last the long-wished-for opportunity had occurred;" that they were "concentrated and in position, while General Sherman's army was scattered over miles of country, separated by muddy and almost impassable roads," and they "could now easily crush him in detail;" that a part of the Fourteenth Army Corps was in their power, and they "would now take in those two light divisions out of the wet," as the man expressed it. The General had been greeted with cheers and the wildest enthusiasm by his men. At first this man's story — that of a double deserter — was doubted; but a young officer of General Slocum's staff, Captain Tracy, came up and recognized him as a fellow-townsman and a former playfellow. Captain Tracy vouched for him, and there could be little doubt that he was telling the truth. Just then Colonel Litchfield, Inspector-General of the Fourteenth Corps, rode up with a confirmatory report. Colonel Litchfield was a competent and experienced officer, and had been superintending the extension of our line to the right. When asked by General Slocum what he had seen, his reply was characteristically slow and emphatic: "Well, General, I find a great deal more than Dibbrell's cavalry; there are infantry and artillery intrenched along our whole front, *and enough of them to give us all the amusement we want for the rest of the day.*"

The news had come none too soon, for our little command was again preparing to attack. The First Division — Carlin's — was all in line of battle, the line being very much extended and attenuated. It had been deployed without reference to any such force as that which now confronted it; its position was weak, and its strength, though not its *morale*, had been much impaired by the serious work it had already gone through. The Second Division — General J. D. Morgan's — had been deployed on the right of the First Division, with two brigades in line and one in reserve; while one small brigade of the Twentieth Corps — Robinson's — had come up, and had been placed in an opening in Carlin's line. In other words, two divisions and a brigade, with a battery of artillery, — in all, less than ten thousand men, — were face to face with an overwhelming force of the enemy, who had chosen their own ground, strengthened it with fieldworks, and placed their artillery in position. Confident and prepared, they awaited the order to sweep us from the field, while we recognized that we were surprised, and were in a *cul-de-sac*. It seemed impossible either to maintain our position or to withdraw, while hours must elapse before even slight reinforcements could reach us.

It was certain the enemy would lose no time, but attack at once and in overwhelming numbers. Up to this time General Slocum had shared the belief of General Sherman that the force in our front was inconsiderable. He was now thoroughly undeceived, and went energetically to work to prepare for the most vigorous defensive fighting possible. It was too late to withdraw. Every precaution was taken, and the men all along our line were working like beavers, and throwing up hasty fieldworks, when the attack came upon us like a whirlwind. I had gone to the rear, by direction of General Slocum, to order General Williams, commanding the Twentieth Corps, to push his troops to the front with all possible speed.

I found General Williams less than a mile to the rear, whither he had ridden far in advance of his troops. Receiving the order, he galloped back to his command, the greater part of which was still several miles to the rear, and mired in almost impassable roads; and I again started for the front, where the roar of musketry and artillery was now continuous. Very soon I met large disorganized masses of men slowly and doggedly falling back along the road, and through the fields and open woods on the left of the road. They were retreating, and evidently with good cause; but there was nothing of the panic and rout so often seen on battlefields earlier in the war. They were retreating, but they were not demoralized. Minie-balls were whizzing in every direction, although this was far to the rear of where our front line had been only a little while before. Pushing on through these retreating men, and down the road, I met two pieces of artillery, — a section of the Nineteenth Indiana Battery, — and was dashing past it, when the lieutenant in command called out, "For Heaven's sake, don't go down there! I am the last man of the command. Everything is gone in front of you. The lieutenant commanding my battery and most of the men and horses are killed, and four guns are captured. These two guns are all we have left."

Checking my horse, the Rebel regiments in front were in full view, stretching through the fields to the left as far as one could see, advancing rapidly, and firing as they came. It was a gallant sight, and contrasted signally with our centre and left, where our thin line seemed to have been nearly wiped out of existence. The only hope seemed to be on our right, where, in the swampy woods beyond the road, our line seemed still to be holding its position. In fact, an overwhelming force had struck Carlin's entire division and Robinson's brigade, and was driving them off the field. The onward sweep of the Rebel lines was like the waves of the ocean, resistless. Nothing in Carlin's

attenuated line, decimated as it had already been, could stand before it. It had been placed in position on the theory of the morning, that it was driving back a light division of cavalry; but in view of the fact that it was fighting an army, its position was utterly untenable. As it fell back, General Carlin himself, always doggedly courageous, unwilling to leave the field, was cut off from his troops, and narrowly escaped death or capture. General Morgan's division, on the right, had also been very heavily assailed; but it was in much better position, and not being at this time outflanked by stubborn and steady fighting, it had held its ground, and administered such punishment that the attacking force was compelled to fall back with heavy loss.

One of Morgan's brigades — that of General Fearing — being in reserve, had not been engaged. When the left and centre first began to give way, General Davis sent Colonel Litchfield to Fearing, with instructions to hold his brigade in readiness to march in any direction. A few moments later, when the left and centre were falling back, and the Rebel line was sweeping after them in hot pursuit, General Davis came plunging through the swamp on his fiery white mare toward the reserve. "Where is that brigade, Litchfield?" "Here it is, sir, ready to march." It was in column of regiments, faced to the front. Ordering it swung round to the left, General Davis shouted, "Advance upon their flank, Fearing! Deploy as you go! Strike them wherever you find them! Give them the best you 've got, and we 'll whip them yet!" The words seem cold and tame in print, but when uttered by a man born to command, and with that power and inspiration known only on the field of battle, they were electric. The men caught up the closing words, and shouted back, "Hurrah for old Jeff.! We 'll whip 'em yet!" as they swung off through the woods at a rattling pace. Officers and men, from General Fearing down, were alike inspired with the spirit of their

commander, and "We 'll whip them yet!" might well be considered their battle-cry. They struck the unsuspecting and successful enemy with resistless impetuosity, and were quickly engaged in a desperate conflict. Upon this movement, in all probability, turned the fortunes of the day. It was the right thing, done at the right time.

Seeing at once that as Fearing advanced, his right flank must in turn become exposed, General Davis sent to General Slocum, begging for another brigade to move in upon Fearing's right and support him. Fortunately, Coggswell's fine brigade of the Twentieth Corps arrived upon the field about this time, and it was ordered to report to General Davis for that purpose. Not often does an officer, coming upon the field with tired troops (for his men had marched all the night previous, and had toiled all day through miles of muddy roads), display the alacrity which General Coggswell showed, on receiving his orders from General Davis to move forward into that roaring abyss of musketry firing. He and his men responded splendidly, and soon they too were enveloped in fire and smoke. The men of these two brigades — Fearing's and Coggswell's — seemed to divine that upon them had devolved the desperate honor of stemming the tide of defeat, and turning it into victory; and magnificently they stuck to their task. Finer spirit and enthusiasm could not be shown by troops; and it is no wonder that after a fierce and bloody contest, the flushed and victorious troops of the enemy, thus taken in the flank, gave way, and in their turn fell back in confusion. So stunned and bewildered were they by this sudden and unexpected attack that their whole line withdrew from all the ground they had gained, and apparently re-entered their works. It was doubtless one of those cases where a few comparatively fresh troops arriving upon the field carry to the enemy the impression of large reinforcements.

And now there was a lull along the whole front, which gave invaluable time for the re-formation of our shattered lines. The afternoon was now well advanced, and if the ground could be held until nightfall, the right wing would undoubtedly be within supporting distance by daylight the next morning. Rapidly the work of reorganization and re-formation was carried on. General Morgan's line, on the right of the road, in spite of the heavy attacks it had endured, was still intact, and its left needed only to be slightly refused. General Carlin's troops — veterans as they were, and long used to the vicissitudes of the battlefield — were easily rallied in a new line, considerably to the rear of their former position, with the left sharply refused, and supported by such other troops of the Twentieth Corps as had reached the front. The centre of the new line rested upon a slight elevation, with open fields in front, across which the enemy must advance to the new attack. Here several batteries of artillery were massed with a certainty of doing good service.

To the surprise of every one, a full hour was allowed by the enemy for these new dispositions; and it was about five o'clock before their long line was again seen emerging from the pine woods and swampy thickets in front, and sweeping across the open fields. As soon as they appeared, our artillery opened upon them with most destructive effect. Still they moved gallantly on, but only to be met with a well-delivered fire from our infantry, securely posted behind hastily improvised fieldworks, such as our troops were then well skilled in throwing up in a very brief time, and of which they had dearly learned the value. Attack after attack was gallantly met and repulsed; and the golden opportunity of the enemy upon our left was lost.

Meanwhile, the heat of the conflict was raging in front of and around Morgan's division, in the low swampy woods to the front and on the right of the road. This

division had filed into position between one and two o'clock in the day, with two brigades — General John G. Mitchell's and General Vandervere's — in line of battle. When, a little later, the troops upon the left had been swept away, the third brigade, Fearing's, had been faced to the left, as we have seen, and supported later by Coggswell, had made their gallant and effective charge upon the advancing enemy, checking him and forcing him back to his works. In this charge many had fallen, and the young, handsome, and dashing brigadier Fearing had been severely wounded and disabled. Retiring from the field, he left his brigade, shattered and still heavily pressed, to the command of a gallant officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Langley of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois. After their charge the brigades of Coggswell and Langley held position in a gap which existed between the divisions of Carlin and Morgan; but the gap was so large that these two decimated commands could but partially fill it.

Morgan's whole division was now in its turn stretched out over such an extent of ground that all his troops were in the front line, and he had no men left for a second line or a reserve. As all old troops were wont to do at that time, when in the presence of the enemy, they had at once fallen to, to build such fieldworks as could be hastily thrown up with rails and light timber. As one of their officers expressed it, they had often attacked works, but they had rarely had the pleasure of fighting behind any kind of works themselves, and they rather enjoyed the prospect. They were there, and they meant to stay. Their skirmishers were heavily engaged from the time they took position, and they found the enemy in front in force, and shielded by well-constructed earthworks. They were fighting more or less severely until about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy attempted to carry their position by assault. The charge was desperate and persistent,

and the roar of musketry, as it rolled up from that low wood, was incessant. For half an hour it continued, and the commander of the corps, General Davis, sat uneasily on his horse, a short distance in the rear, and listened to it. He could do nothing but let these men fight it out. Not a manœuvre could be made, and not a regiment could be sent to their assistance; even his escort and headquarters guard were in the line. Still that terrible and continuous roar came back through the woods, and the smoke obscured everything in front. No ground seemed to be yielded, and not a straggler wandered to the rear.

After a while a slight cessation was noticed in the firing; and by direction of General Davis, I rode forward toward the line to ascertain definitely how matters stood. The ground was swampy, and here and there were openings through the trees, while generally bushes and thickets obstructed the view. I had gone but a few rods, when I caught a glimpse through a vista, obliquely to the left, of a column of men moving to the right, straight across my path and directly in rear of our line, though out of sight of it. They looked like Rebels, and my sharp-sighted orderly, Batterson, said they were "Rebs;" but the view was obscured by smoke, and the idea that the enemy could be in that position was preposterous. I hesitated but a moment, and pressed on. An hundred yards farther through the bushes, and I broke out suddenly into a large, nearly circular, open space, containing perhaps a quarter of an acre. Here the view was not a cheerful one. On the opposite side of the opening, at perhaps twenty-five yards' distance, was a body of unmistakably Confederate troops, marching by the flank in column of fours, toward the right. Beyond the column, under a wide-spreading tree, dismounted, stood a group of Confederate officers, whose appearance and uniforms indicated high rank.

As I broke through the bushes, and my horse floun-

dered in the mire, — for the ground was very soft, — I was greeted with cheers and shouts of "Come down off that horse, Yank!" Two or three years earlier, I should have quietly accepted the invitation; but we had all grown used to dangers, and preferred a little risk to the prospect of a Confederate prison. I gathered up my plunging horse, and struck my spurs vigorously into his sides, turning him sharply to the right and rear, just in time to become entangled with my orderly, who came through the bushes behind and on the right of me. Both horses went down together; and perhaps it is well they did, for just then my hilarious friends across the way, finding their summons not quickly obeyed, sent a volley of minie-balls recklessly about our heads, and we saw the little twigs and leaves which were cut off by the bullets flutter down around us, as we, having extricated our horses, disappeared through the bushes. Neither of the two men nor horses were hit. As usual, in their haste, our friends had fired high. We rode about a hundred yards to the right and tried again to reach our line, but again encountered the enemy. This time we were more cautious, however, and were not fired upon. A third attempt, a little farther to the right, carried us beyond their column. It was clear that a very large force of Confederate troops had gained a position directly in the rear of this portion of our line.

In my ride I had met General Morgan. He was thoroughly aware of his perilous situation. Mitchell's brigade had already discovered the intruders in their rear, who at first were thought by them to be reinforcements. At this time the Second Division had successfully resisted the persistent attacks from the front, and General Vandervere's brigade, leaping over their works, had pursued the retreating Rebels into their own works again. In this pursuit the Fourteenth Michigan Regiment had captured the colors of the Fortieth North Carolina Regiment. Fortunately all was now for the time quiet in front,

and General Morgan quickly got his men to the reverse of their own works. In other words, they were now in front of their works, and prepared to sustain an attack from the rear. Hardee's corps, or a considerable part of it, had passed through the opening in the line on the left, and General Hardee and his staff were the group of officers I had seen under the spreading tree superintending the movement. This I learned the next day from a captive Confederate captain with whom I walked over the ground.

The enemy attacked vigorously, but instead of taking Morgan by surprise, as they expected, they found him ready. Again the struggle was sharp and bloody, but it was brief. Nothing could stand that day before the veterans of the old Second Division. Truly they were enjoying the novelty of fighting behind works. Hardee was repulsed with severe loss. The men again leaped over their own works, and charged to the rear, taking many prisoners. The Fourteenth Michigan captured the battle-flag of the Fifty-fourth Virginia in the rear of their works, just as a short time before, they had captured the North Carolina flag in front. An incident like this, where troops resist in quick succession attacks from front and rear, is exceptional in the annals of any battle; and yet it was repeated several times in the eventful history of Mitchell's and Vandervere's brigades that afternoon. Tried troops as they were, never before had they been so tried, and never before had they won such glory. Not once, but several times, between four and half-past six o'clock, they scaled their works, and met and repelled the charges of the enemy from their rear. It is impossible to accord too high admiration to troops who, knowing themselves without connection or support on their right or left flanks, and overwhelmingly attacked in front and in rear, could preserve all their steadiness and *morale*, and fighting now in the rear and now in front of their own works, could successfully hold their

position during several hours of almost continuous fighting. This these two brigades had done. They had not lost a foot of ground, and had contributed a very large share on that trying field to wrest victory from seemingly inevitable defeat. At length daylight faded, the longed-for shades of evening slowly closed over the scene, and gradually the firing along the whole line ceased. Never was coming darkness more heartily welcome to wearied soldiers. Every one knew that before morning the troops of the right wing would have marched to our assistance, and that General Johnston's great and brilliant effort was handsomely foiled.

Into what irregular and confused positions the troops upon the field had been thrown by the desperate wrestle of the afternoon is shown by one dramatic incident, which occurred not long after nightfall. General Mitchell, tired and worn out, had borrowed a rubber blanket, and was just comfortably settled on the ground, when an officer came and waked him, saying, "Here is a staff officer with a message for you." The General sat up and was confronted by a bright young fellow, who said, "Colonel Hardee presents his compliments to you, and asks that you will apprise your line that he is forming in your front to charge the Yankee lines on your left." General Mitchell sprang to his feet, and asked him to repeat his message, which he did. The General inquired what Colonel Hardee it was, and was told Colonel Hardee of the Twenty-third Georgia, commanding a brigade in Hoke's division. General Mitchell asked the young gentleman if he had had his supper, and being told that he had not, he was politely sent in charge of a staff officer to the officer in charge of the prisoners in the rear, with orders that such supper as could be served should be furnished him. The information was well worth a better supper than could then be improvised. General Mitchell at once drew in his entire picket line, and gave orders that at the tap of a drum his whole

line should fire one volley, and that the picket line should then resume its position without further orders. By the time this was arranged, the marching and even the talking of the Confederate line in front could be distinctly heard. At the proper time one loud tap was given on a bass drum, and one volley was fired low. General Mitchell says, in a letter, "I never expect to hear again such a volume of mingled cries, groans, screams, and curses. The next morning there was displayed in front of our works, among the dead, a line of new Enfield rifles and knapsacks, almost as straight as if laid out for a Sunday morning inspection. When we reached Raleigh, a week or two later, some of my officers went to see Colonel Hardee, who was there in hospital, wounded. He told them that his men had been in the fortifications in and around Wilmington during the whole war; that they had never before been in battle, and had not participated in this fight during the day. They were brought out for this night attack, and were determined to go right over the Yankee lines; and, breathing fire, they had vowed to take no prisoners. But out of the stillness of that dark night came that tremendous volley right in their faces and flank. 'The fools' — these were Colonel Hardee's words — 'thought they were discovered and surrounded. They ran, and I have no doubt they are still running, for we have never been able to get ten of them together since their flight.'" No further attempt, it is needless to say, was made to disturb the Yankee lines during the night.

Considering the great disaster which was imminent, and which was averted, it is not too much to claim for this engagement that it was one of the most decisive of the lesser battles of the war. When Johnston, with skilful strategy, and with wonderful celerity and secrecy, had massed his scattered troops near the little hamlet of Bentonsville, and placed them, unknown to his great adversary, in a strong position directly across the road

upon which two "light divisions," as he expressed it, were marching, he proposed to himself nothing less than to sweep these two divisions from the field in the first furious onset; and then, hurrying on with flushed and victorious troops, to attack, in deep column and undeployed, the two divisions of the Twentieth Corps, which, through heavy and miry roads, would be hastening to the assistance of their comrades. These divisions he expected to crush easily, and their wagon-trains with their escorts would then be an easy prey, while General Sherman and the right wing were many miles from the field. Then, with half his army destroyed, with supplies exhausted, and far from any base, he believed General Sherman and his right wing only would no longer be a match for his elated and eager troops. Never before, in all the long struggle, had fortune and circumstance so united to favor him, and never before had hope shone so brightly for him and his Confederate troops. If Sherman's army were destroyed, the Confederacy might yet be inspired with new spirit, and ultimate success might at last be probable. Doubtless such dreams as these flitted through General Johnston's mind on that Sunday morning when his well-laid plans seemed so sure of execution. With what a sad and heavy heart he turned at night from the hard-fought field, realizing that the last great opportunity for final victory was lost, we can only imagine. As the sun went down that night, it undoubtedly carried with it, in the mind of General Johnston at least, the last hopes of the Southern Confederacy.

At nightfall of that eventful Sunday, General Sherman went into camp with the head of General Howard's column, at a distance of nearly twenty miles from the battlefield. At about eleven o'clock that morning, after the skirmishing had begun, General Slocum, then of the same opinion with General Sherman, had sent an officer to inform the General-in-chief that he had

nothing in his front but a division of cavalry, and that he could easily take care of it. This confirmed General Sherman's view of the matter; and so in spite of the heavy and continuous firing which resounded during all the afternoon in the direction of Bentonsville, he continued to march the troops of the right wing of his army farther and farther from the field where so much was at stake.

But meanwhile many of the officers and men of that marching right wing listened with deep anxiety to the distant sounds of battle. The diary of an officer in General Howard's command gives ample evidence of this. He says, "For a time, the General [Howard] and most of the staff thought it was nothing more than a spirited cavalry engagement; but at the end of an hour, and as battery after battery went into position, and the heavy rumbling of the guns increased, all shook their heads, and it was the universal opinion that the left wing was heavily engaged." Again, "We were all satisfied that the artillery fire we heard indicated heavy battle." And again, "The engagement was evidently a long way off; nevertheless, we could distinctly hear the deep, heavy, sullen *boom*, *boom*, of the guns. We estimated their number at not less than seventy-five." And farther on, the same diary continues, "All day long we have heard the heavy and continuous roar of artillery, which was indicative to us of a fierce and desperate struggle between the left wing and Johnston's army, and as hour after hour passed, and no word came, our anxiety increased." General Howard's notes of the day, which have since been printed, bear witness to the same uneasiness.

But General Sherman rode on, confident, and turned no head of column to the scene of conflict. His wonderfully acute military instinct, right at least ninety-nine times out of one hundred, usually so unerring and correct that he had learned to rely upon it as he would upon

actual knowledge, had decided that there was nothing there but cavalry, and this decision had been reinforced by Slocum's later despatch. His cavalry, under Kilpatrick, which should have been well-informed of the movements of the enemy on his exposed flank, had given him no intelligence of their rapid movements, concentration, and preparation, and he rode on, feeling sure that Johnston and his infantry were forty miles away to the northward, near Smithfield or Raleigh.

Late in the afternoon, General Slocum had sent Major Guindon with information of the true state of affairs. The great distance and the heavy roads had detained him, so that it was long after dark before he reached the General-in-chief at General Howard's headquarters. The diary of an officer who was present gives a graphic picture of his arrival: "At about half-past nine, one of General Slocum's aids came up at a dashing pace, and throwing himself from his horse, asked for General Sherman. We all gathered round, and listened attentively as he told the particulars of the battle. The Commander-in-chief would have made a good subject for Punch or Vanity Fair. He had been lying down in General Howard's tent, and hearing the inquiry for him, and being of course anxious to hear the news of the fight, he rushed out to the camp-fire without stopping to put on his clothes. He stood in a bed of ashes up to his ankles, chewing impatiently the stump of a cigar, with his hands clasped behind him, and with nothing on but a red flannel undershirt and a pair of drawers." No wonder the General-in-chief was thoughtless of appearances, for Major Guindon informed him that "the enemy had made four distinct assaults on our line, and been repulsed; but that just as he left they were coming again, and he feared we had lost the battle, as the enemy overlapped our troops on both flanks." Then, of course, there was hurrying to and fro, and mounting in hot haste; and the troops of the right wing under impetuous orders from General Sherman, spent most of the

night retracing their steps, and marching with all possible speed to the rescue of their comrades.

At daylight on the morning of the 20th the advance division — Hazen's — filed into position in support of their battle-tried comrades of the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps, and never were fellow-soldiers more heartily welcomed. The next two days were spent by our united army in manœuvring, skirmishing, and fighting under the personal direction of General Sherman; but the history of those two days has been frequently and fully given by General Sherman and others, and does not need repeating here. Johnston's one object then was to extricate his army from the very dangerous position in which his failure to overwhelm the left wing on the 19th had left it. He was now surrounded on three sides by Sherman's entire army, and Mill Creek was in his rear. But General Sherman, content with his success, did not deem it wise to press him sharply, and Johnston once more showed that he was a consummate master of the difficult art of retreat. On the morning of the 22d he had safely recrossed Mill Creek, and retreated northward; and we, happy over our escape, moved on to Goldsborough.

Why Johnston's great effort failed, it would perhaps be impossible to say. So well was the plan laid, and so completely was General Sherman for once deceived, that it would seem as if victory must have crowned the attempt. Probably the quick, wise, and decisive action of General Davis in hurling his one reserve brigade upon the flank of the enemy when in full tide of success was the chief factor in determining the result. But it must also be said that while this checked and paralyzed the enemy, and gained invaluable time, it could not have secured final success had it not been followed up by steady, plucky, persistent fighting on the part of the troops, such as has seldom, if ever, been excelled. The men were not used to defeat, and would not acknowledge it. It is even

rumored, and with such good foundation that I believe it to be true, that while at one time the regimental commanders of one brigade were considering whether their duty to their men did not demand a surrender, their deliberations were cut short by the action of a gigantic sergeant-major, who sprang forward with a cheer, and called for a charge, which was successfully made, and the dilemma was ended. It is possible, too, that Johnston's long practice in defensive fighting unfitted him for the confident and persistent dash which was necessary at the critical moment to secure success; while a lack of confidence in the steadiness of troops hastily gathered together, and consequently without perfect organization, must also have embarrassed him.

The history of this first day's fight at Bentonsville has been till now an untold story. Nowhere, so far as I know, can be found in the histories of the war any adequate account of it; and General Sherman's "Memoirs" make little more than an allusion to it, while two or three pages of his book are mainly occupied with the accounts of the operations of the next two days, when he had come up with the rest of the army. General Sherman's "Memoirs," it is true, are mainly confined to accounts of what he himself participated in and witnessed. It is singular, however, that his official reports of the campaign are almost as silent. In the battle of the first day, out of ten thousand men actually engaged on our side, we lost during the afternoon 1,200; and General Johnston, in his narrative, admits a loss on his side of 1,915. In all the fighting of the next two days, we lost in our whole army a little over 400 men; and Johnston states his loss at 428. These figures easily show when the severe fighting was done.

It is natural that the men who fought the battle of the first day, and were proud of doing, as they supposed, something toward saving their great leader and his great army from defeat, should have wondered that so little is known about Bentonsville. Many an old soldier who was

in that leaden rain and iron hail, and who perhaps carries with him a memento of it in a shattered limb or the recollection of a dead comrade, has smiled grimly as he has read General Sherman's scanty reference to it. If he was among Carlin's troops, or in Fearing's, or Coggswell's, or Mitchell's, or Vandervere's brigade, he may have looked back to Chickamauga, and to twenty pitched battles besides, and may still have thought that in none of them had he had a hand in such stubborn work as that at Bentonsville. And then he has been doubly amused as he has read in the "Memoirs" this sentence: "I doubt if after the first attack on Carlin's division, the fighting was as desperate as described in Johnston's narrative." He has probably remembered that General Johnston was there, while General Sherman was not; and he has therefore thought that General Johnston might fairly be considered the better witness of the two; and he has thought that his old chief, whom he deeply loved and respected, could have learned all about that fighting by asking some one nearer home than General Johnston, and he has felt like rising to a personal explanation such as I have here imperfectly attempted. It was due to the gallant troops who so heroically did their duty in that deadly breach, and to the commanding officers, — to Henry W. Slocum, to Jefferson C. Davis, to James D. Morgan and William P. Carlin, and their efficient brigade commanders, — whose cool judgment and quick intelligence aided to conduct the fight to so fortunate an end, that the truth about the battle of Bentonsville, as about all other battles, should have been told fully and frankly.

The reputation of the General commanding-in-chief is of such strong and stalwart stuff that he could easily have afforded it. There may be men who would not have made the mistake at Bentonsville; but they are probably men who could not have made that masterly five months' campaign, when every hour brought its skirmish, every day its fight, and every week its battle, which secured

the fall of Atlanta. Nor could they have planned and executed that great march, without example or precedent, which by its demoralizing effects crumbled the Rebellion in the hearts and minds of its stanchest upholders, and showed them that beyond a doubt its end was at hand. History may admit, and it surely will admit, that there was an error and a narrow escape at Bentonsville in the great game played between Sherman and Johnston; and yet she will find remaining enough of brilliancy and genius in the many masterly moves and combinations of General William T. Sherman throughout the long struggle to lift him into the front rank of great captains, and enough to overshadow and to dwarf most of the military reputations of modern history.

GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

By EPHRAIM A. OTIS.

[Read April 2, 1884.]

OF all those who acted a prominent part in the great drama of our Civil War, probably no man, living or dead, is remembered more kindly, or holds a higher place in the affection and confidence of his army than General George H. Thomas. Nor is this feeling of admiration confined to the particular army he led in battle; but among all the armies and by all classes his name and fame are held in grateful remembrance.

It is not practicable in this paper to follow in detail his long and useful career; and even a sketch of his life involves practically a history of the Civil War in which he was so prominent a figure. I can only hope to present here some of the leading incidents of his life and the more prominent features of his character.

But little is known of the early life of General Thomas. He was a native of the "Old Dominion," and was born in Southampton County, Va., on the 31st day of August, 1816. His ancestors on the father's side were of Welsh descent; but his mother was descended from one of the old French Huguenot families who at an early day in our history sought refuge in the new world from religious persecution in the old. He inherited the best characteristics of the two races; from his father came the sturdy, steadfast, and inflexible traits of Welsh character, and from the mother that genial and sunny disposition which made him so universally beloved by all with whom he came in contact, and the idol of the old Army of the Cumberland that he commanded so long. His birthplace was on a small plantation a few miles back

of Norfolk, where his ancestors had resided for many years. They were in moderate circumstances, and universally respected in the community where they lived.

Born in a Southern State where common schools were unknown, the early education of General Thomas was undertaken by his mother, by whom he was taught, among other things, the lessons of self-reliance; and while yet a boy he secured a situation as record-writer in the office of the clerk of Southampton County. While filling this humble position, he received an appointment as cadet at the Military Academy at West Point, from the hands of President Jackson, in 1836, when he was twenty years of age. He graduated in 1840, standing number twelve in a class of forty-two members. Among his classmates was General W. T. Sherman, with whom he was afterward intimately associated in the great war; and the pleasant relations formed at West Point continued unbroken up to the day when General Thomas died.

It is said he was chiefly distinguished at West Point by a loyal and faithful discharge of every duty imposed upon him. Fidelity to duty was his characteristic then, and also afterward throughout his long and distinguished career.

After receiving his commission as second lieutenant, Thomas was first assigned to service in the Everglades in Florida, where, in 1841, he received his first brevet for gallantry and good conduct. In the war with Mexico he rendered distinguished service, and was twice brevetted for gallantry, — once in the battle of Monterey, and again at Buena Vista, where his command was heavily engaged. He served in the battery commanded by Captain Braxton Bragg, toward whom Thomas afterward sustained relations of a very different character, while the two men were in command of opposing armies greater than any this country had ever before seen, — the one battling for the preservation, the other for the

destruction, of his country. After the war with Mexico was ended, General Thomas served at different stations, remaining nearly two years at Charleston Harbor, and for three years as an instructor at the Military Academy at West Point. It was while he was on duty at West Point that he made the acquaintance of Miss Kellogg, of Troy, New York, to whom he was married in November, 1852, and who survives him. She was a highly cultivated and accomplished lady, and a worthy associate of her honored husband, whom she cheered and consoled in all the cares and troubles of life, and to whose memory her life is now devoted.[1]

In 1855 a new regiment was organized; and General Thomas, then a captain of artillery, received at the hands of Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, an appointment as major in the famous Second United States Cavalry. The history of this regiment was in many respects remarkable. It was officered by the *élite* of the old army: Albert Sidney Johnston, afterward killed in battle at Shiloh, in command of the Confederate Army, was its first colonel; Robert E. Lee was lieutenant-colonel; W. J. Hardee was one of the majors; and nearly every officer in it held high command on one side or the other during the late war.

Thomas joined his regiment in Texas, where he served in command of several expeditions against hostile Indians, in explorations of the Upper Arkansas, and in the uneventful duties of military life in a time of peace, until the fall of 1860, when he applied for and obtained a leave of absence. At this time he was in

[1] Since this paper was written, Mrs. Thomas has died, under circumstances strikingly similar to those attending the death of her honored husband. Her later years were passed in Washington, almost in sight of the magnificent statue erected to the memory of General Thomas by the Society of the Army of the Cumberland. On Christmas night, 1889, she was unusually cheerful, and passed a delightful evening with her family and a few intimate friends. She retired in usual health, and was found dead in her bed the following morning.

the full maturity of his powers, forty-five years of age, and fully equipped by education and experience for the great career which was just before him. The Department of Texas was commanded in 1860 by the notorious General Twiggs,—a native of Georgia, and a man thoroughly in sympathy with the conspiracy already formed to bring about a dissolution of the Union. As soon as the plans of the conspirators had become ready for execution, Twiggs took the earliest opportunity to surrender his entire command, as well as every military post in his department, to the State of Texas, which early in February, 1861, had passed the Ordinance of Secession. When the intelligence of this dastardly act reached General Thomas, he expressed the greatest regret that he was not with his regiment; and when asked what he would have done, he replied, "I would have taken command of the men, marched them north until we reached the loyal States; and the Rebels should not have taken a prisoner, or captured a cannon or a flag." This he could have done without difficulty, as it will be remembered that although a large number of the officers of this regiment and others of the old army hastened to join the fortunes of the new Confederacy, yet scarcely a single private soldier could be induced by threats of punishment or promise of promotion to desert the flag and follow their example.

From his old home in Virginia, in the fall of 1860, Thomas looked out upon the gathering storm with the gravest apprehension. On his way east, in the autumn of that year, he had been severely injured by falling down a railway embankment at Lynchburg, Va., and for many weeks afterward he and his family fully believed that he never would be able to rejoin his regiment or resume military service. Early in January, 1861, he started for New York, but stopped a day or two in Washington, where he took care to call on General Scott and personally explain to him the situation of affairs in Texas

and his belief in the disloyalty of General Twiggs; and he warned General Scott that at the first opportunity Twiggs would desert to the enemy and endeavor to place his command at the disposal of the Confederacy.

General Thomas was one of the few officers from the South whose patriotism did not stop at State lines, but took in his whole country. He never for a moment wavered in unswerving loyalty; and when the flag was fired on at Sumter, although Lee and Johnston and hundreds of his associates in the old army abandoned their country in its hour of peril, Thomas, faithful among the faithless, surrendered his unexpired leave of absence, and although still suffering severely from his injuries, promptly reported for duty to the authorities at Washington.

When Virginia, his native State, finally passed the Ordinance of Secession, some one asked Thomas what course he would take, and the reply was, "I will help whip her back again." At intervals since his death, reports have been put in circulation, in the newspapers and elsewhere, to the effect that Thomas at one time hesitated in his loyalty to the Government, and had even offered his services to the Confederacy. Of these charges, it may be remarked that from 1861 to his death in 1870 his name was prominently before the public in high position, yet no insinuation of disloyalty appeared from any source until after his lips were sealed by death. The charge has been indignantly denied whenever and wherever made. General Garfield, in an address before the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, at Cleveland, in 1870, carefully examined the whole subject, and conclusively proved it to be untrue in every particular; and no man either has produced or can produce a scintilla of evidence that Thomas ever did a disloyal act or had a disloyal thought. On the contrary, (and my information comes directly from his wife, who was fully in his confidence,

and knew his secret thoughts), Thomas never hesitated in his support of the Government for one single moment, but his mind was made up from the very first; and among the earliest troops to cross the Potomac and invade the "sacred" soil of Virginia, was the brigade led in person by General George H. Thomas. Few of us at the North fully realize what such a course involved. All friendly intercourse with his brothers and sisters in Virginia was broken, and never again renewed. After his death in San Francisco, in 1870, his wife telegraphed the mournful intelligence to his family, but received no acknowledgment or reply. His loyalty was a fact that could not be forgotten or forgiven.

In August, 1861, General Thomas received the appointment of brigadier-general, and was assigned to duty with General Robert Anderson, the hero of Sumter, then in command in Kentucky, where, at old "Camp Dick Robinson," in the fall of 1861, he organized the nucleus of that grand old Army of the Cumberland, with which from that time his name and fame were to be inseparably united. The appointment was made at the special request of General Sherman, who assured Mr. Lincoln that the army did not have a more loyal or faithful soldier than Thomas, notwithstanding the fact that he was a Virginian by birth.

It was early in January, 1862, while serving in this department, that his command won the first Union victory of the war, at Mill Springs, Ky. The enemy in superior numbers, under General Zollicoffer, moved out of their works and attacked his command at daylight, in the hope of taking him by surprise, but were themselves surprised at meeting a line of battle where they hoped to find an unguarded camp. The contest was short, sharp, and decisive, and was ended by a bayonet charge from the Ninth Ohio and Second Minnesota; and the Rebel Army was routed, their leader killed, and their camp, artillery, and supplies captured. The victory was complete

in all its details, and the Rebel force escaped capture only by scattering through the mountains of East Tennessee, in little squads of four and five, and from that day forward ceased to exist as an organized army.

General Thomas was soon afterward made a major-general, and in the campaign that followed, under General Buell, rendered distinguished service. His division did not get up in time to take part in the terrible contest at Shiloh; but in the siege of Corinth that followed it he was placed in command of the right wing, composed of his own division and the already famous Army of the Tennessee. General Grant at this time held the equivocal and nominal position of second in command to General Halleck,— a position which was most unpleasant to General Grant, who seriously contemplated leaving the service on account of it.

After the capture of Corinth, in 1862, Thomas desired to be relieved of the command of the Army of the Tennessee, and at his own request was reassigned to the Army of the Cumberland under General Buell. In September following, after the army under Buell had followed Bragg back to the Ohio River, the command of the Army of the Cumberland was offered to General Thomas, with the most flattering assurances of confidence and support on the part of the authorities at Washington. At the time the offer was made, Buell had completed his preparations and formed his plans to drive the Rebels out of Kentucky; and it seemed to Thomas but fairness and justice that he should be allowed to execute them. Besides this, Thomas, with characteristic modesty, doubted his own ability for so important a command. After due consideration, he declined the flattering offer, and requested the Secretary of War to retain Buell in command. The order for the removal of General Buell was withdrawn, and he was restored to the command. It is the opinion of many who knew General Thomas that his reluctance to take command of the army when it was so offered to

him was a grave mistake. They did not and do not share in his own modest estimate of his ability and fitness for the position. He had already furnished ample evidence of the possession of the qualities of a great military leader, was thoroughly familiar with the army, and had its entire confidence. There is every reason to believe that if Thomas had accepted the command, he would have destroyed the army of Bragg in Kentucky, in 1862, instead of doing it in front of Nashville, two years later.

The actual result was widely different. Bragg, after the fierce but indecisive battle of Perryville, retreated to the mountains; but the pursuit was without vigor or spirit, and the entire Rebel Army returned from Kentucky, not only with safety, but with the prestige of having actually placed Northern cities under siege, and without meeting defeat or disaster. This ended the military career of General Buell, who was promptly removed, and General Rosecrans was assigned to the command of the Army of the Cumberland. General Buell remained without any command until the summer of 1864, when he resigned from the army.

It was while Buell commanded the army that the writer witnessed a scene that never can be repeated on American soil, — the return of a fugitive slave to his master by the Army of the United States. We were on the march toward Shiloh, early in 1862; and while in camp near Columbia, Tennessee, a considerable number of fugitive slaves sought freedom and protection within our lines. On this occasion, the owner of one of them — a coarse, brutal-looking man, thoroughly disloyal, protected by a guard, under the peremptory orders of General Buell — passed through our camp in search of his human chattel, who was surrendered to him by a Federal soldier. The air of hopeless misery of the poor slave, when given back to bondage, never will be forgotten. Such a scene occurred but

once. Its repetition in the Army of the Cumberland would have created a mutiny.

In all the campaigns of Rosecrans, in the battle of Stone River, and in the movements which resulted in the capture of Chattanooga, General Thomas took a prominent part. At Stone River, with only two divisions of his corps present, he did much to redeem the disasters with which the battle began, and to win ultimate victory. In the operations that followed, his corps was constantly at the front; and it is conceded that Rosecrans was indebted largely to Thomas for whatever of success he obtained. He had the entire confidence of his command; and none in the army were surprised when, at Chickamauga, he showed the ability, courage, and soldierly qualities that placed him at once among the foremost military leaders of the age.

The campaign which culminated at Chickamauga is familiar to all. Rosecrans allowed the summer of 1863 to slip by without making any attempt to follow the Rebels beyond Middle Tennessee; and it was only after peremptory orders from General Halleck and Secretary Stanton that on the 14th of August, he moved out from his position, and began the campaign for the capture of Chattanooga and the invasion of Northern Georgia.

Chattanooga was then the centre of the railroad system of the South, the gate to both East Tennessee and Georgia, and the possession of it was vital to the success of either side. Rosecrans pushed the corps of McCook and Thomas behind Lookout Mountain well toward the flank and rear of Bragg's army and line of connections, until Chattanooga was abandoned by the enemy and occupied by our troops without resistance. But Rosecrans was eager in pursuit, while Bragg fell back slowly, in perfect order, to meet the reinforcements which were poured in to him from every part of the Confederacy. The movements of Rosecrans

unfortunately were continued after the occupation of Chattanooga, until the two wings of his army under McCook and Crittenden were more than forty miles apart, while the entire Rebel Army, heavily reinforced, was directly between them. Why Rosecrans permitted this wide separation of his army in the immediate presence of the enemy, is one of the utterly unaccountable features of the campaign. An attack of the Rebels on either McCook or Crittenden could only have resulted in the defeat of the latter in detail. Why Bragg failed to take advantage of the opportunity which was offered, and delayed an attack until it was too late, is another of those mistakes which never has been and never can be explained. The week preceding the battle of Chickamauga was as critical and dangerous as the battle itself; but, fortunately, Bragg's delay gave Rosecrans an opportunity to unite his scattered troops, of which he promptly availed himself when the danger was ascertained; so that by the morning of the 19th of September, 1863, just ten days after the occupation of Chattanooga, Rosecrans had his army closed up and fairly in hand, behind Chickamauga Creek, and covering the roads to Chattanooga.

All realized that a contest was at hand which was to decide the result of the campaign. The battle began on the left of the Union Army, and General Thomas was placed in command of all the forces on that flank, and through all the first day's contest every attempt of the enemy to drive him from his position was repulsed. He held possession of the roads leading to Chattanooga, the key to the Federal position, and when night put an end to the first day's contest, his command bivouacked on the identical ground where they had begun the battle in the morning. All along the line of battle, extending several miles, the contest had raged fiercely with varying success. It was remarked by all that at every point they had been opposed by superior

numbers of the enemy; but the *morale* and discipline of the Army of the Cumberland was so high that the question of mere numbers was regarded as a matter of minor importance. The battle was renewed the next morning; and, as before, the first attack of the enemy was directed to carrying the position held by General Thomas, and, by turning the left flank of the army, to get possession of the roads in the rear of the Union position, between it and Chattanooga. But the compact column of Thomas stood as firm as a rock, and every attack was repulsed with great loss. At the right and centre, however, the Rebel forces had been more successful. An unfortunate order was given to change the position of Wood's division of the army, at the very moment of an attack upon it by the enemy, creating a gap in the line, of which the Rebels were swift to take advantage. The line of battle was broken, and by twelve o'clock the entire right wing of Rosecrans' army was driven from the field in utter disorder. General Rosecrans himself believed the battle was lost, and rode back to Chattanooga; but the booming of Thomas' guns showed that his position was unbroken. It is but the truth of history to say that General James A. Garfield did not share in this conviction of disaster; and he ultimately made his way to the front, past the retreating columns of the Union forces and Rebel skirmish lines, until he reached General Thomas, by whose side he remained during all that afternoon, and until the battle was ended. The official report of General Thomas states that General Garfield reached him about three o'clock in the afternoon, and gave him the first reliable intelligence of the great disaster which had occurred to the right and centre of the army. General Thomas was left in sole command of all the Union forces that remained on the field, and promptly made the necessary arrangements to meet the emergency. With a courage that never wavered, preparations were

made to meet the new attack of the enemy, flushed with success and determined on achieving a final and complete victory over what was left of the Army of the Cumberland. From that time until darkness closed the contest, he successfully resisted charge after charge of the enemy, in front, upon both flanks, and in the rear. His troops were inspired with his own indomitable courage, and repulsed every assault of the enemy with terrible loss.

What Thomas did on that memorable occasion cannot be better described than by quoting from an address by General Garfield, before the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, at Cleveland, in 1870.

"While men shall read the history of battles, they will never fail to study and admire the work of Thomas during that afternoon. With but twenty-five thousand men, formed in a semi-circle of which he himself was the centre and soul, he successfully resisted for more than five hours the repeated assaults of an army of more than sixty-five thousand men, flushed with victory and bent on his annihilation. Toward the close of the day his ammunition began to fail. One by one his division commanders reported but ten rounds, five rounds, two rounds, left. The calm, quiet answer was returned: 'Save your fire for close quarters, and when the last shot is fired give them the bayonet.' On a portion of his line the last assault was repelled by the bayonet, and several hundred Rebels were captured. When night had closed over the combatants, the last sound of battle was the booming of Thomas' shells bursting among his baffled and retreating assailants. He was indeed the 'rock of Chickamauga,' against which the wild waves of battle dashed in vain. It will stand written forever in the annals of his country that then he saved from destruction the Army of the Cumberland."

These warm words of eulogy are amply sustained by the literal facts of history. The annals of this country or any other will be searched in vain for an instance of more heroic and indomitable courage than was displayed

by Thomas and his entire command during all the second day's battle at Chickamauga. That the disaster was not complete was due first and foremost to the courage and resolution of Thomas himself, who seemed to inspire his command with his own unconquerable spirit. The discipline and soldierly qualities of his troops were also important elements in the result, and neither the army or its commander ever appeared to better advantage. From that day forward the fame of Thomas was secure. His name is as closely and naturally associated with Chickamauga as Napoleon's is with Austerlitz, or Wellington's with Waterloo.

On the 19th of October, 1863, just a month after the battle of Chickamauga, an order was issued by direction of President Lincoln, by which General Rosecrans was superseded, and General Thomas formally assigned to the command of the Army of the Cumberland. At this time the army was literally besieged; and though it still held Chattanooga, starvation stared it in the face. There had been no time to accumulate supplies, and the superior numbers of the enemy gave them practical control of the line of communication. The railroad between Nashville and Chattanooga must be opened and kept open, or the army would have to retreat or starve. The possession of Chattanooga was, however, of such vital importance that the authorities at Washington decided that it should be held until the last extremity. General Thomas himself afterward stated, in his report to the committee on the conduct of the war, that "the question of holding Chattanooga was simply that of supplies. The animals were perishing by hundreds daily, and the men were suffering from scantiness of food." The artillery horses were starving, so that there were not enough left to haul the cannon.

General Grant had just been appointed to command all the armies of the West; and his first order to Thomas, on the day when both entered upon their commands, was

a telegram: "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards." The reply of Thomas was: "We will hold the town until we starve." Both were characteristic of the men. All knew that such a promise from General Thomas would be faithfully kept. A few days later, Thomas was joined by General Grant in person. Under their direction, communication with the base of supplies was reopened and kept open; and within less than a month after General Thomas had taken command of the Army of the Cumberland, one corps of that army under Hooker had captured Lookout Mountain, while the following day the remainder, led by Sheridan and Johnson and Wood and other division commanders, carried by assault the summit of Mission Ridge. The Rebel Army was driven far back into Georgia. Hooker's "battle above the clouds" became historic, while the storming of Mission Ridge was one of the boldest and most successful operations of the war. These actions resulted in opening Thomas' communications, so that Chattanooga and all East Tennessee were held in his iron grasp from that time until the end of the war. These operations were all conducted under the joint personal direction of General Grant, General Sherman, and General Thomas, who had already loomed up as the central figures of the war.

General Thomas remained at Chattanooga during the winter of 1863 and 1864, and preparations for the coming campaign were pushed forward with the utmost vigor. His army was thoroughly organized, and he had formed a plan for turning the Rebel forces in front of him, which Sherman subsequently adopted. Early in the spring, General Grant was called to the Army of the Potomac, to direct personally its operations. He took with him General Sheridan, then commanding a division in General Thomas' army, and who, in the east, added to the brilliant reputation he had already won at the west. General Sherman succeeded General Grant in the command of all

the armies of the West, and early in the spring of 1864 he began the Atlanta campaign. His army was made up of the old armies of the Tennessee, the Ohio, and the Cumberland, making an aggregate of over one hundred thousand veteran troops, actually in line of battle, present for duty. We have the authority of General Sherman himself for saying, that of these three armies that of General Thomas was the best organized, the largest, and the best equipped.

In the Atlanta campaign, Thomas was at the front, and handled his fine army with coolness, judgment, and skill. His position was usually in the centre, while the other armies operated on either flank. The solid and compact columns of Thomas could always be relied on to hold the key of every position. In all the battles that finally resulted in the capture of Atlanta, General Thomas and his command took a prominent part, and were uniformly successful.

When General Sherman decided on his great march to the sea, it was vital to its ultimate success that the country behind him should be securely held. The same Rebel Army which had resisted the advance of his whole united command was unbroken, and was then commanded by General Hood, one of its boldest and most active leaders. All that had been gained in three years of war, from Louisville to Chattanooga, must be securely held, or the great march would result in still greater disaster. This important and responsible duty was assigned to General Thomas. General Hood's army had passed around to the rear of Sherman's, cutting his railroads early in the fall, and finally marched north and west in his rear, to Florence, Alabama, on the Tennessee River, where it was being rapidly supplied and recruited for an aggressive campaign against Nashville. General Sherman, in his march to Savannah, had no reason to expect serious resistance, for every day's march took his command farther away from the only Rebel Army that could offer opposition.

General Sherman took with him over sixty thousand men, made up of the flower of his army. Only two small corps, the Fourth and the Twenty-third, numbering together twenty-five thousand men, were sent back to Thomas, to oppose the veteran army of Hood, which exceeded sixty thousand in number. The main body of the Army of the Cumberland, which General Thomas had disciplined and organized, accompanied Sherman. Thomas was expected to organize a new army to oppose Hood, out of the small forces sent back to him, reinforced by the garrisons at posts along the railroads in the rear, and by A. J. Smith's corps, then in active service in Missouri. All this had to be accomplished before Hood's army should reach Nashville.

The grave difficulties of General Thomas's situation were never fully appreciated at the time nor since. Before Sherman started from Atlanta, Hood's army had begun to cross the Tennessee River at Florence, Alabama, only about ten days' march from Nashville, to invade Tennessee. General Thomas promptly pushed out the two corps of his command, under General Schofield, with instructions to delay the advance of Hood as much as possible, while every effort was made to bring up the expected reinforcements from Missouri and elsewhere. As Hood's army advanced, Schofield slowly fell back to Columbia, and from there to Franklin, at one point in the line of retreat barely escaping serious disaster. While Schofield was holding Columbia, Hood's army succeeded in getting squarely in his rear, and across his only line of retreat at Spring Hill. But, fortunately, Hood did not take advantage of his opportunity, and Schofield's army with his trains and supplies, marched in the night directly past the sleeping army of Hood, without resistance. The bivouac fires of two corps of Hood's army were in plain sight from the road over which Schofield's retreating columns, trains, and cannon, were quietly and silently passing all night long.

On the 30th of November, at daylight, Schofield reached Franklin, with Hood then in hot pursuit; and it was necessary to face about and fight, to cover the retreat. The battle of Franklin began in the afternoon and lasted until after dark, and ended in a complete Union victory. The Rebels were repulsed in assault after assault on the compact and solid columns of Schofield, with terrible loss. Over six thousand of the bravest men in Hood's army were killed or wounded inside of four hours. At the close of the battle, Schofield's little army moved quietly back to Nashville unmolested, where the preparations for the campaign were rapidly approaching completion. The reinforcements from Missouri came up the same day, and Tennessee was secure. Thomas was in a position to give a decisive battle, with reasonable assurance of success. One want was still unsupplied. While Hood had been fighting his way up to Nashville, Thomas had drawn together all the forces along the lines of railroad and the garrisons of different posts, and, with Smith's corps and what Sherman had left of his own army, was now equal in numbers to his enemy. An adequate cavalry force was indispensable to follow up the victory which he was ready to achieve. Until this could be provided, a battle could only result, at best, in the defeat of Hood; while what Thomas desired was the destruction of the Rebel Army. Sheridan, in the Valley of the Shenandoah, had already shown what could be accomplished with the assistance of a well-organized cavalry force, in the splendid results which followed each of his victories. The army of Hood was the true objective point, and its destruction was what the country desired, and what General Thomas determined to accomplish. Many of his cavalry had been dismounted to supply the column that accompanied Sherman, and horses were more necessary than men. It was not until the 19th of November that Hood had actually begun his campaign toward Nashville; and up to the time of the battle of Franklin, on the 30th, it had been absolutely im-

possible to remount the cavalry force, which was to play so important a part in the final results.

From the 3d to the 15th of December, 1864, the Rebel Army under Hood was in front of Nashville, while behind the earthworks which had been erected, the forces of General Thomas were being prepared to take the offensive, the cavalry remounted and organized, and every preparation made that could insure the most complete ultimate success. The last week of this period, the ground was covered with ice, the weather was cold beyond precedent in that climate, and the movement of our army absolutely impossible. This delay on the part of General Thomas was the occasion of serious misunderstandings on the part of General Grant and the authorities at Washington. They did not know his plans nor appreciate the difficulties under which he was laboring, but insisted on immediate action. Early in December, 1864, General Grant, from the lines in front of Richmond, telegraphed, advising an immediate attack. General Halleck also telegraphed, expressing great dissatisfaction because an immediate attack on Hood was not made, and intimating that further delay on the part of General Thomas would result in his being relieved from the command, by order of General Grant. But General Thomas knew better than they when to strike, and felt that the time to do so had not yet come. On the 8th of December he replied to General Halleck as follows: —

"I regret that General Grant should feel dissatisfied at my delay in attacking the enemy. I feel conscious that I have done everything in my power to prepare, and that the troops could not have been gotten ready before this. And if he should order me to be relieved, I will submit without a murmur. A terrible storm has come on since daylight, which will render an attack impossible until it breaks."

An order was actually made, by the direction of General Grant, relieving General Thomas from his command, and putting General Schofield in his place; but it was

never issued nor published, and was finally withdrawn. A few days later, General John A. Logan was ordered to proceed immediately to Nashville, to take the command of the army in the place of General Thomas. Finally, General Grant himself started for Nashville. He had reached Washington, and General Logan had reached Louisville, when both were met by the intelligence that the battle of Nashville had begun. General Thomas did not know that either General Grant or General Logan was expected, or was *en route*, to join or relieve him; and having completed his preparations for the destruction of Hood's army, he was ready for battle. General Logan went back to his command, satisfied that his presence was not required.

On the 15th day of December, 1864, — less than a month after Hood's army had advanced from the Tennessee River, — Thomas moved out of his works in front of Nashville, and at the end of two days of battle had utterly defeated the Rebel Army, driven it from every position, and captured over five thousand prisoners and fifty-three pieces of artillery. The cavalry which Thomas had organized and equipped, took up the pursuit, and pressed it vigorously until all that was left of Hood's veteran army was driven back across the Tennessee River in utter rout. Hood began the campaign with over sixty thousand men. In less than sixty days, over twenty-five thousand were killed, wounded, or captured, including seventeen general officers. Thousands more deserted on the retreat, nearly all the cannon were captured, and but a small portion of Hood's army, demoralized, discouraged, and disheartened by defeat, finally escaped, with the cavalry of Thomas in hot pursuit. That veteran Rebel Army, which for three years had steadily confronted the Army of the Cumberland, and had contested every foot of ground from Kentucky to Atlanta, ceased to exist as an army, and never afterward fired a hostile shot.

The result was a complete vindication of the judgment and military skill of General Thomas, which was promptly admitted at the time by General Grant, and was acknowledged by the authorities at Washington in terms as frank and earnest as they were gratifying to Thomas and his army. It is conceded that all the plans of the campaign were arranged with the utmost care, and the splendid results did not come from mere accident or good fortune. The battle of Nashville showed that General Thomas was as powerful in the aggressive as he had proved himself skilful in defence. An impression had previously prevailed with those high in command, — and General Grant himself expressed the opinion in a telegram to General Halleck, — that while there was no better man than Thomas to repel an attack, he was over-cautious in taking the initiative. All impressions of this character were removed by the result of the Nashville campaign, where Thomas showed himself to be a master of all the elements of aggressive warfare. The statement has been made by those who ought to know better, that the action of General Thomas was *slow* in conducting the Nashville campaign; and the great name of General Grant has been invoked by his biographer, General Badeau, in support of the proposition. A simple reference to dates and well-known facts furnishes a complete answer to the charge. Sherman started on his great march November 12, and on the 19th of that month Hood, already across the Tennessee River, began his advance on Nashville. At this time the reinforcements under General Smith were still in the interior of Missouri, many hundred miles distant, and their presence was indispensable to make the force under General Thomas strong enough to meet and defeat Hood. Telegrams and special messengers were sent to hurry up Smith's command at the earliest date, while the work of organizing a new army at Nashville was pushed with all possible despatch; and Schofield, with

whom General Thomas was in constant communication, was directed to delay the Rebel advance as long as possible. On the 30th of November, just eleven days after Hood began his march, the battle of Franklin occurred, and a day or two later Hood's forces arrived in front of Nashville. On the 9th of December, Thomas' arrangements for battle were completed; and nothing but the storm of sleet, which made the fields and roads a mass of ice and a movement of troops impossible, delayed the attack. The storm broke December 14, and on the 15th the battle began; it was finished on the 16th, and Hood's army annihilated. I venture the assertion that General Badeau cannot point to an instance during the whole war where so much was accomplished in the same period of time. A most important campaign was planned and executed, two desperate battles fought and won, and the opposing army swept out of existence, in less than thirty days. The army which accomplished these splendid achievements was, with the exception of two small corps, created and organized for the occasion. As if these duties and cares were not sufficient, Thomas was constantly hampered and interfered with, and threatened with removal from his command on the eve of battle. Orders for his removal were actually issued, but ultimately recalled. The plan and execution of the Nashville campaign were the work of Thomas and his gallant army, and to him and them alone belong the glory of its complete success, which finds its only parallel during the war in Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. Like Sheridan's, the victories of Thomas were complete; and no army was left to oppose him.

With the Nashville campaign the work of Thomas was practically over. There was no longer a Rebel Army left to oppose him. The winter of 1864 and 65 was occupied in the distribution of his improvised army to points where they were needed. Schofield, with one

corps, was sent to North Carolina to join Sherman; A. J. Smith, with another, was sent to the capture of Mobile; while the cavalry, under General Wilson, made one of the most dashing and destructive raids of the war. Setting out from the northern part of Mississippi, Wilson and his bold riders attacked and defeated every cavalry force of the enemy with which they came in conflict, stormed and carried by assault Montgomery and Selma, both strongly fortified, marched clear through Alabama, and into the very heart of Georgia, where they were only stopped by the collapse of the Rebellion, participating at the close in the capture of Jefferson Davis.

The recognition of the great services of General Thomas at Nashville was prompt and generous. Congratulatory messages were received by him from President Lincoln, General Grant, and Secretary Stanton, as soon as the result was known. A few weeks later the thanks of Congress were tendered to him and his command for "their skill and dauntless courage, by which the Rebel armies under General Hood were signally defeated and driven from the State of Tennessee." The first general assembly of the State of Tennessee that met after the war passed similar resolutions, thanking General Thomas in the name of their State for his wise, brave, and patriotic defence of Nashville. A magnificent gold medal was ordered to be struck in commemoration of the victory, which, at an anniversary of the battle a year or two later, was formally presented to General Thomas with imposing ceremonies. A joint resolution was also adopted by the Legislature of Tennessee, referring to the fact that Virginia, his native State, had attempted to secede from the Union, by which General Thomas was released from any obligations of citizenship, and formally adopting and declaring him to be a citizen of the State of Tennessee. General Thomas accepted this tender of citizenship, and from that time

forward regarded that State as the home of his adoption; and it is worthy of remark that it was under its laws that his estate was distributed after his death a few years later.

After the surrender at Appomattox, General Thomas was assigned to the command of a military division, or district, embracing the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. In all these States but the first, every vestige of civil government had been overthrown by the Rebellion, and for a time the military authorities were the only protection against utter chaos and anarchy. The situation was a delicate and responsible one, until the military arm should be superseded by civil authority. While these State governments were in process of reconstruction, questions were constantly coming up which were as novel as they were important. In all cases the protection of the military was afforded to such civil authorities as were recognized by the general government, but the boundary lines between military and civil jurisdiction were shadowy and undefined. During all the administration of President Andrew Johnson, General Thomas continued in the discharge of these civil as well as military duties; and while collision with civil authorities was avoided, loyal men all over the South recognized him as a firm and stanch friend.

Not long after the war ended, General Thomas visited Washington for the first time since his appointment as brigadier-general by Mr. Lincoln in 1861. His fame had long preceded him. It was on this occasion that he first met Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, by whom he was received with the greatest cordiality and consideration. This was in marked contrast to the treatment which the great war minister often showed to officers high in rank and position. General Thomas was made a major-general in the regular army of the United States, his commission to date from the 15th of December, 1864, the day when the battle of Nashville began. This was the

highest rank in the army to which he could be appointed under the law as it then existed. He was later, however, tendered the appointment of brevet lieutenant-general, which compliment he modestly declined to accept, giving as the reason that in his own judgment he had done nothing to merit so great an honor. The offer was made by President Johnson, and was one of the acts of his administration for which he will be kindly and gratefully remembered.

On the occasion of General Thomas' visit to Washington, at the solicitation of many personal friends, he was persuaded, with a good deal of difficulty, to allow himself to be presented to the House of Representatives. He was escorted to the Speaker's desk, and received from all the most enthusiastic greeting. Speaker Colfax said afterward, in speaking of it: "I noticed as he stood beside me that his hand trembled like an aspen leaf. He could bear the shock of battle, but shrank before the storm of applause."

When General Grant was inaugurated, General Thomas was relieved from duty in the South, and assigned to the Division of the Pacific, commanding all the forces west of the Rocky Mountains. The summer preceding his death was passed in a most thorough and careful inspection of his new department, from California to Sitka. He was tired of the constant care and responsibility incident to a command in the States so lately reconstructed, and was only too willing to be again assigned to duties connected only with his military profession. It was while he was engaged in this service at the post of duty that his sudden and unexpected death occurred at San Francisco on the 28th day of March, 1870. The event is fresh in the recollections of all. His remains were removed, accompanied by a military guard of honor, to Troy, New York, where they were buried with appropriate honors. At all the principal cities on the route across the continent, the most profound respect was paid to his memory.

A joint resolution was passed by Congress, expressing the deepest regret at his unexpected decease, and acknowledging his unbroken and patriotic services for a period of thirty years, and his unfailing zeal and faith in the maintenance of the Union and the integrity of the Government. A general order from the headquarters of the army was issued by General Sherman, detailing some of the leading incidents of his life, and paying a most warm and generous tribute to his memory. In it General Sherman said: —

"The General has known General Thomas intimately since they sat as boys on the same bench, and the quality in him which he holds up for the admiration and example of the young, is his complete and entire devotion to duty. Though sent to Florida, to Mexico, to Texas, to Arizona, when duty there was absolute banishment, he went cheerfully, and never asked a personal favor, exemption, or leave of absence. In battle he never wavered. Firm and full of faith in his cause, he knew it would prevail, and he never sought advancement of rank or honor at the expense of any one. Whatever he earned of these were his own, and no one disputes his fame. The very personification of honesty, integrity, and honor, he will stand to us as the beau ideal of the soldier and the gentleman. Though he leaves no child to bear his name, the old Army of the Cumberland, numbered by tens of thousands, called him Father, and will weep for him in tears of manly grief. His wife, who cheered him with her messages of love in the darkest hours of woe, will mourn him in sadness chastened by the sympathy of a whole country."

It has been well remarked of General Thomas that his growth and development for high command were gradual, and that he was fully prepared by actual experience for each successive step of advancement in his whole military career. He held every position in the regular army, from second lieutenant to major-general, and held each in regular order. General Garfield, in his very eloquent address at Cleveland, in 1870, speaking on this subject, says: —

"In the army he never leaped a grade either in rank or command. He did not command a company until after long service as a lieutenant. He commanded a regiment only at the end of many years of company and garrison duty. He did not command a brigade until he had commanded his regiment three years on the Indian frontier. He did not command a division until he had mustered in, organized, and commanded a brigade. He did not command a corps until he had led his division in battle and through many hundred miles of hostile country. He did not command an army until in battle, at the head of his corps, he had saved it from ruin."

General Thomas will be especially remembered as having been uniformly successful. In every battle and campaign where he had chief command, he was signally fortunate, and his victories were always decisive and complete. He did not owe this success to chance. It was no lucky accident by which at Chickamauga he saved the army from destruction, and at Nashville destroyed finally and forever the army of Hood. This continued success was won by deserving it. His campaigns were carefully planned, and every possible preparation made to insure victory. His army was so organized and equipped that he knew its capacity, and could reasonably predict the results. In addition to all this, amid the shock of battle General Thomas was cool, collected, and never carried away by excitement. His mind moved rapidly; and in emergencies such as occurred at Chickamauga he was able to make new dispositions of his troops to meet the shifting changes of battle, and repel new and unexpected attack. No great soldier in history, Marlborough perhaps alone excepted, was more universally victorious; and his victories, unlike those of Marlborough, were never achieved at the cost of great loss of life. The battle of Malplaquet, the last of the great victories of Churchill, was won at such a fearful loss of life that even now we cannot help shuddering at the ghastly details. The loss of General Thomas at Nashville, in killed and

wounded, was exceedingly light, being less than the number of prisoners actually captured from the enemy; while at Chickamauga the loss in his corps was less than that of the enemy to which he was opposed. General Thomas achieved his greatest fame at Chickamauga and in the campaign of Nashville.

When the war began, General Thomas was forty-five years of age. He was grave and dignified in manner, above the medium height, with light hair and full beard closely trimmed and beginning to be tinged with gray. His manners were simple and unostentatious, and he was uniformly courteous to all with whom he came in contact, without regard to rank or position. But he was by no means a cold man, and under his grave, simple, and dignified manner his heart beat as tenderly as a woman's. With the private soldiers he was universally beloved. Some one has said that soldiers never apply nicknames of their own to their leaders unless these possess some qualities that inspire affection as well as respect. Napoleon was "The Little Corporal" of his soldiers, while "Old Pap Thomas" was most affectionately remembered by the Army of the Cumberland. Every soldier in the ranks took the warmest interest in all that concerned him, and resented any reflection upon him as a personal affront. General Thomas thoroughly reciprocated this warm personal attachment, and many a private soldier remembers a pleasant word or a little favor from their great leader. While he was modest and simple in his manners, he was by no means without ambition. He wore his laurels firmly, and had a soldier's pride in the services he had rendered his country, and the honors it had bestowed upon him. During the four years following the war, while he was stationed in the South, he took a warm personal interest in those of his old army who were then residing in that country, and they owe him many an act of kindness that never will be forgotten. One instance of it happened to come under the writer's

personal observation. A couple of poor ex-private soldiers were so unfortunate as to become involved in litigation over a claim they did not owe, and all their property was seized under a landlord's attachment, and could only be released by giving a sufficient bond for the payment of the pretended and unjust claim. They were without friends or credit, and had about given up in despair. Finally one of them determined to go up and see General Thomas about it. He was promptly admitted and kindly received by the General, who was satisfied of his truthfulness; but instead of giving any order which should interfere with the civil authorities, he went down to the little dingy office of the justice of the peace in Nashville, and personally signed the bond they had to give as surety, and was enabled to send them home with their property restored, quietly remarking, "Now, boys, don't get me into any scrape about this." It was a little thing to do, but it illustrates the simple and kindly nature of the man.

On another occasion a private soldier, very homesick, came to headquarters personally to get a leave of absence. The General asked him why he wanted a furlough; and the poor fellow, in the most dejected manner, replied, "General, I have n't seen my wife for more than three months." "Why," said the General, "that 's nothing. I have n't seen my wife for over three years." "Well," said the soldier, "that may be, General, but me and my wife ain't them kind." I may remark that this is the true literal version of the incident, — and that the soldier got his furlough.

General Thomas took great interest in the affairs of Tennessee, which he regarded as the State of his adoption, and interested himself personally in introducing emigration and capital to develop its resources. The first Legislature of that State which assembled after the war was composed of loyal men, many of whom had served under General Thomas during the Rebellion. At

the official request of the two houses he sat for his portrait, which now hangs in the library of the State House, among those of former governors and other high officers of that State.

General Thomas had decided political convictions, yet he had no ambition for political office. Not long after the war ended there was a good deal of quiet discussion, especially among the loyal people in the South and West, as to the propriety of presenting his name as a Republican candidate for the Presidency, to succeed Andrew Johnson. Those who were nearest to General Thomas know that this did not meet his approval. Finally, at a Republican State Convention at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1867, a resolution was adopted amid the wildest enthusiasm, instructing the delegates from that State to present his name for that position. General Thomas immediately addressed a letter to Governor Senter, who introduced the resolution, which was at once given to the press, in which he absolutely refused to permit his name to be used in connection with that or any political office. The letter was characteristic. In it he said that he had simply done his duty to his country, and had been honored for it, in his own estimation, far beyond his merits; that he was a soldier by profession, and was not qualified by education or experience for so exalted a position. In conversation with personal friends afterward he gave the additional reasons, that as a soldier he had "done the State some service," and had won fame and position, and he was unwilling to risk the laurels he had earned for the chances of success in civil office. He had a soldier's dislike for the shoals and quicksands of political life; the past was secure, and he was unwilling to put its honors in peril. The question was not pressed further at that time, but there are many who firmly believe that nothing but his early death prevented him from finally becoming the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. That position could add nothing to his fame, which he

preferred should rest on his achievements as a soldier. In private life General Thomas was of a genial and sunny temperament, social, and devoted to his friends. In all business and official transactions he was the soul of honor, and, like many of our great men, he died leaving but little property. All that he owned at the beginning of the war happened to be located in Virginia, and was promptly confiscated by the Confederate authorities. He never could be induced to accept a gift from any source. At the close of the war, the patriotic citizens of Cincinnati desired to buy and present him with a suitable home in that city; but he declined to accept it, and asked that the money might be appropriated for the benefit of wounded and disabled soldiers. England voted vast sums to Wellington. Thomas was content with the modest pay of a major-general in the army, to which he was entitled by law.

Many have received the impression from the biography of General Thomas written by Chaplain Van Horne, that he was captious and discontented, disposed to raise questions of rank and precedence with his superiors and associates. Any impression of that character does him great injustice. His relations with Buell, Rosecrans, and Sherman, under whom he served during nearly the whole period of the war, were always of the most cordial and friendly character. He declined the command of the Army of the Cumberland at Louisville, in the fall of 1862, because he feared it might operate unjustly toward General Buell, who was ready to move out and attack Bragg. He was always loyal to Rosecrans, who relied on his counsel, and was his most trusted adviser and warm personal friend. Every act of his public life shows that he was not captious over questions of rank, but often submitted to injustice without a murmur. He was modest to a fault, brave, generous, and magnanimous always, and any biography which gives a different impression is incorrect.

General Thomas entertained no bitterness toward the people of the South, though the fact that he was a native of Virginia and did not follow in the footsteps of Lee and others was one that they could not easily forget or forgive. During his lifetime no one dared to question the purity of his motives; but after his lips were sealed by death there were some who were prompt to charge that his adherence to the Union was the result of disappointment in not receiving rank or position with the Rebel authorities. The charge that he ever wavered for one moment in his duty to his country needs no denial. It was impossible for General Thomas to have been other than he always showed himself to be from the beginning to the end of his public career, — a faithful and loyal servant of his country. The Virginia of the future will yet honor him as one of her noblest sons; and his countrymen have already assigned him a high place on the roll of our greatest and purest soldiers and patriots.

From the "Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan," published by Charles L. Webster & Co.

LAST DAYS OF THE REBELLION.

By PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

[Read February 7, 1883.]

PUBLIC attention having of late been occasionally called to some of the events that occurred in the closing scenes of the Virginia campaign, terminating at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865, I feel it my duty to give to history the following facts: —

When, April 4, 1865, being at the head of the cavalry, I threw across the line of General Lee's march at Jettersville, on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, my personal escort, the First United States Cavalry, numbering about two hundred men, a tall, lank man was seen coming down the road from the direction of Amelia Court House, riding a small mule and heading toward Burkesville Junction, to which point General Crook had, early that morning, been ordered with his division of cavalry, to break the railroad and telegraph lines. The man and mule were brought to a halt, and the mule and himself closely examined, under strong remonstrances at the indignity done to a Southern gentleman. Remonstrance, however, was without avail, and in his boots two telegrams were found from the commissary-general of Lee's army, saying: "The army is at Amelia Court House, short of provisions; send three hundred thousand rations quickly to Burkesville Junction." One of these despatches was for the Confederate Supply Department at Danville, the other for that at Lynchburg. It was at once presumed that, after the despatches were written, the telegraph line had been broken by General Crook north of Burkesville, and they were on their way to some station beyond the break, to be telegraphed. They revealed where Lee was,

and from them some estimate could also be formed of the number of his troops. Orders were at once given to General Crook to come up the road from Burkesville to Jettersville, and to General Merritt, who, with the other two divisions of cavalry, had followed the road from Petersburg on the south side of and near the Appomattox River, to close in without delay on Jettersville, while the Fifth Army Corps, under the lamented Griffin, which was about ten or fifteen miles behind, was marched at a quick pace to the same point, and the road in front of Lee's army blocked until the arrival of the remainder of the Army of the Potomac on the afternoon of the next day.

My command was pinched for provisions, and these despatches indicated an opportunity to obtain a supply; so, calling for Lieutenant-Colonel Young, commanding my scouts, four men, in the most approved gray, were selected, — good, brave, smart fellows, knowing every cavalry regiment in the Confederate Army, and as good "Johnnies" as were in that army, so far as bearing and language were concerned. They were directed to go to Burkesville Junction and there separate. Two were to go down the Lynchburg branch of the railroad until a Confederate telegraph station was found, from which they were to transmit by wire the above-mentioned Rebel despatches, represent the suffering condition of Lee's army, watch for the trains, and hurry the provisions on to Burkesville, or in that direction. The other two were to go on the Danville branch, and had similar instructions. The mission was accomplished by those who went out on the Lynchburg branch, but I am not certain about the success of the other party; at all events, no rations came from Danville that I know of.

I arrived at Jettersville with the advance of my command, the First United States Cavalry, on the afternoon of the 4th of April. I knew the condition and position of the Rebel Army from the despatches referred to, and also from the following letter (erroneously dated April 5),

taken from a colored man who was captured later in the day: —

AMELIA C. H., April 5, 1865.

DEAR MAMMA, — Our army is ruined, I fear. We are all safe as yet. Shyron left us sick. John Taylor is well; saw him yesterday. We are in line of battle this morning. General Robert Lee is in the field near us. My trust is still in the justice of our cause and that of God. General Hill is killed. I saw Murray a few minutes since. Bernard Terry, he said, was taken prisoner, but may get out. I send this by a negro I see passing up the railroad to Michlenburg. Love to all.

Your devoted son,

WM. B. TAYLOR,

Colonel.

I accordingly sent out my escort to demonstrate and make as much ado as they could, by continuous firing in front of the enemy at or near Amelia Court House, pending the arrival of the Fifth Corps. That corps came up in the course of the afternoon, and was put into position at right angles with the Richmond and Danville road, with its left resting on a pond or swamp on the left of the road. Toward evening General Crook arrived with his division of cavalry, and later General Merritt, with his two divisions; and all took their designated places. The Fifth Corps, after its arrival, had thrown up earthworks, and made its position strong enough to hold out against any force for the period which would intervene before the arrival of the main body of the Army of the Potomac, now rapidly coming up on the lines over which I had travelled.

On the afternoon and night of the 4th, no attack was made by the enemy upon the small force in his front, — the Fifth Corps and three divisions of cavalry, — and by the morning of the 5th, I began to believe that he would leave the main road if he could, and pass around my left flank to Sailor's Creek and Farmville. To watch this

suspected movement, early on the morning of the 5th I sent Davies' brigade of Crook's division of cavalry to make a reconnoissance in that direction. The result was an encounter, by Davies, with a large train of wagons, under escort, moving in the direction anticipated. The train was attacked by him, and about two hundred wagons were burned, and five pieces of artillery and a large number of prisoners captured. In the afternoon of April 5, the main body of the Army of the Potomac came up. General Meade was unwell, and requested me to put the troops in position, which I did, in line of battle, facing the enemy at Amelia Court House. I thought it best to attack at once, but this was not done. I then began to be afraid the enemy would, in the night, by a march to the right from Amelia Court House, attempt to pass our left flank and again put us in the rear of his retreating columns. Under this impression I sent to General Grant the following despatch: —

CAVALRY HEADQUARTERS, JETTERSVILLE,
April 5, 1865, 3 P. M.

Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT,
Commanding Armies of the United States.

GENERAL, — I send you the enclosed letter, which will give you an idea of the condition of the enemy and their whereabouts. I sent General Davies' brigade this morning around on my left flank. He captured at Fames' Cross-Roads five pieces of artillery, about two hundred wagons, and eight or nine battle-flags and a number of prisoners. The Second Army Corps is now coming up. I wish you were here yourself. I feel confident of capturing the Army of Northern Virginia, if we exert ourselves. I see no escape for Lee. I will put all my cavalry out on our left flank, except Mackenzie, who is now on the right.

(Signed) P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General.

On receipt of this, General Grant immediately started for my headquarters at Jettersville, arriving there about

eleven o'clock of the night of April 5. Next morning, April 6, the infantry of the army advanced on Amelia Court House. It was found before reaching it that the enemy had turned our left flank and taken another road to Sailor's Creek and Farmville. The cavalry did not advance with the infantry on Amelia Court House, but moved to the left and rear at daylight on the morning of the 6th, and struck the moving columns of the enemy's infantry and artillery, with which a series of contests ensued that resulted in the battle of Sailor's Creek, where Lieutenant-General Ewell lost his command of about ten thousand men, and was himself taken prisoner, together with ten other general officers.

We now come to the morning of the 7th. I thought that Lee would not abandon the direct road to Danville through Prince Edward's Court House, and early on the morning of the 7th directed General Crook to follow up his rear, while with Merritt (Custer's and Devens' divisions) I swung off to the left, and moved quickly to strike the Danville road six or eight miles south of Prince Edward's Court House, and thus again head or cut off all or some of the retreating Confederate Army. On reaching that road, it was found that General Lee's army had not passed, and my command was instantly turned north for Prince Edward's Court House. A detachment ordered to move with the greatest celerity, *via* Prince Edward's Court House, reported that Lee had crossed the Appomattox at and near Farmville, and that Crook had followed him. On looking at the map it will be seen that General Lee would be obliged to pass through Appomattox Court House and Appomattox station on the railroad, to reach Lynchburg by the road he had taken north of the Appomattox River, and that that was the longest road to get there. He had given the shortest one — the one south of the river — to the cavalry. General Crook was at once sent for, and the three divisions, numbering perhaps at that time seven thousand men,

concentrated on the night of the 7th of April at and near Prospect station on the Lynchburg and Richmond Railroad, and Appomattox station became the objective point of the cavalry for the operations of the next day, the 8th.

Meantime my scouts had not been idle, but had followed down the railroad, looking out for the trains with the three hundred thousand rations which they had telegraphed for on the night of the 4th. Just before reaching Appomattox station, they found five trains of cars feeling their way along in the direction of Burkesville Junction, not knowing exactly where Lee was. They induced the person in charge to come farther on, by their description of the pitiable condition of the Confederate troops. Our start on the morning of the 8th was before the sun was up; and having proceeded but a few miles, Major White, of the scouts, reached me with the news that the trains were east of Appomattox station, that he had succeeded in bringing them on some distance, but was afraid that they would again be run back to the station. Intelligence of this fact was immediately communicated to Crook, Merritt, and Custer, and the latter, who had the advance, was urged not to let the trains escape, and I pushed on and joined him. Before reaching the station, Custer detailed two regiments to make a détour, strike the railroad beyond the station, tear up the track, and secure the trains. This was accomplished, but on the arrival of the main body of our advance at the station it was found that the advance-guard of Lee's army was just coming on the ground. A sanguinary engagement at once ensued. The enemy was driven off, forty pieces of artillery captured, and four hundred baggage-wagons burned. The railroad trains had been secured in the first onset, and were taken possession of by locomotive engineers, soldiers in the command, whose delight at again getting at their former employment was so great that they produced the wildest confusion by running the trains to and fro on the track, and making such an unearthly screeching with

the whistles that I was at one time on the point of ordering the trains burned; but we finally got them off, and ran them to our rear ten or fifteen miles, to Ord and Gibbon, who with the infantry were following the cavalry. The cavalry continued the fighting nearly all that night, driving the enemy back to the vicinity of Appomattox Court House, a distance of about four miles, thus giving him no repose, and covering the weakness of the attacking force.

I remember well the little frame house just south of the station where the headquarters of the cavalry rested, or rather remained, for there was no rest on the night of the 8th. Despatches were going back to our honored chief, General Grant, and Ord was requested to push on the wearied infantry. To-morrow was, in all reasonable probability, to end our troubles; but it was thought necessary that the infantry should arrive, in order to doubly insure the result. Merritt, Crook, and Custer were at times there. Happiness was in every heart. Our long and weary labors were about to close, our dangers soon to end. There was no sleep; there had been but little for the previous eight or nine days. Before sunrise General Ord came in, reporting the near approach of his command. After a hasty consultation about positions to be taken up by the incoming troops, we were in the saddle and off for the front, in the vicinity of Appomattox Court House. As we were approaching the village, a heavy line of Confederate infantry was seen advancing, and rapid firing commenced. Riding to a slight elevation, where I could get a view of the advancing enemy, I immediately sent directions to General Merritt for Custer's and Devens' divisions to fall back slowly, and as they did so, to withdraw to our right flank, thus unmasking Ord's and Gibbon's infantry. Crook and Mackenzie, on the extreme left, were ordered to hold fast. I then hastily galloped back to give General Ord the benefit of my information. No sooner had the enemy's line of battle

reached the elevation from which my reconnoissance had been made, and from whence could be distinctly seen Ord's troops in the distance, than he called a sudden halt, and a retrograde movement began to a ridge about one mile to his rear. Shortly afterward I returned from General Ord to the front, making for General Merritt's battle-flag on the right flank of the line. On reaching it, the order to advance was given, and every guidon was bent to the front; and as we swept by toward the left of the enemy's line of battle, he opened a heavy fire from artillery. No heed was paid to the deadly missiles, and with the wildest yells, we soon reached a point some distance to his right and nearly opposite Appomattox Court House. Beyond us, in a low valley, lay Lee and the remnant of his army. There did not appear to be much organization, except in the advanced troops under General Gordon, whom we had been fighting, and a rear-guard under General Longstreet, still farther up the valley. Formations were immediately commenced, to make a bold and sweeping charge down the grassy slope; when an aide-de-camp from Custer, filled with excitement, hat in hand, dashed up to me with the message of his chief: "Lee has surrendered; don't charge; the white flag is up!" Orders were given to complete the formation, but not to charge.

Looking to the left, to Appomattox Court House, a large group was seen near the lines of Confederate troops that had fallen back to that point. General Custer had not come back, and supposing that he was with the group at the Court House, I moved on a gallop down the narrow ridge, followed by my staff. The Court House was, perhaps, three fourths of a mile distant. We had not gone far before a heavy fire was opened on us from a skirt of timber to our right, and distant not much over three hundred yards. I halted for a moment, and taking off my hat, called out that the flag was being violated, but could not stop the firing, which now caused us all to take shelter

in a ravine running parallel to the ridge we were on, and down which we then travelled. As we approached the Court House, a gentle ascent had to be made. I was in advance, followed by a sergeant carrying my battle-flag. Within one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards from the Court House and the Confederate lines, some of the men in their ranks brought down their guns to an aim on us, and great effort was made by their officers to keep them from firing. I halted, and hearing some noise behind, turned in the saddle, and saw a Confederate soldier attempting to take my battle-flag from the color-bearer. This the sergeant had no idea of submitting to, and had drawn his sabre to cut the man down. A word from me caused him to return his sabre, and take the flag back to the staff-officers, who were some little distance behind. I remained stationary a moment after these events, then calling a staff-officer, directed him to go over to the group of Confederate officers, and demand what such conduct meant. Kind apologies were made, and we advanced. The superior officers met were General J. B. Gordon and General Cadmus M. Wilcox, the latter an old army officer. As soon as the first greeting was over, a furious firing commenced in front of our own cavalry, from whom we had only a few minutes before separated. General Gordon seemed to be somewhat disconcerted by it. I remarked to him: "General Gordon, your men fired on me as I was coming over here, and undoubtedly they have done the same to Merritt's and Custer's commands. We might just as well let them fight it out." To this proposition General Gordon did not accede. I then asked, "Why not send a staff-officer, and have your people cease firing? They are violating the flag." He said, "I have no staff-officer to send." I replied, "I will let you have one of mine," and calling for Lieutenant Vanderbilt Allen, he was directed to report to General Gordon and carry his orders. The orders were to go to General Geary, who was in command of a small brigade of South Carolina

cavalry, and ask him to discontinue the firing. Lieutenant Allen dashed off with the message; but, on delivering it to General Geary, was taken prisoner, with the remark from that officer that he did not care for white flags, that South Carolinians never surrendered.

It was about this time that Merritt, getting impatient at the supposed treacherous firing, ordered a charge of a portion of his command. While General Gordon and Wilcox were engaged in conversation with me, a cloud of dust, a wild hurrah, a flashing of sabres, indicated a charge; and the ejaculations of my staff-officers were heard: "Look! Merritt has ordered a charge." The flight of Geary's brigade followed; Lieutenant Allen was thus released. The last gun had been fired, and the last charge made in the Virginia campaign.

While the scenes thus related were taking place, the conversation I now speak of was occurring between General Gordon and myself. After the first salutation, General Gordon remarked: "General Lee asks for a suspension of hostilities pending the negotiations which he has been having for the last day and night with General Grant." I rejoined: "I have been constantly informed of the progress of the negotiations, and think it singular that while such negotiations are going on, General Lee should have continued his march and attempted to break through my lines this morning with the view of escaping. I can entertain no terms except the condition that General Lee will surrender to General Grant on his arrival here. I have sent for him. If these terms are not accepted, we will renew hostilities." General Gordon replied: "General Lee's army is exhausted. There is no doubt of his surrender to General Grant on his arrival."

General Wilcox, whom I knew quite well, he having been captain of the company to which I was attached as a cadet at the military academy, then stepped to his horse, and taking hold of the saddle-bags, said in jocular way: "Here, Sheridan, take these saddle-bags; they

have one soiled shirt and a pair of drawers. You have burned everything else I had in the world, and I think you are entitled to these also." He was alluding, of course, to the destruction of the baggage trains which had been going on for some days.

When the terms above referred to were settled, each army agreed to remain *in statu quo* until the arrival of General Grant, whom Colonel Newhall, my adjutant-general, had gone for. Generals Gordon and Wilcox then returned to see General Lee, and promised to come back in about thirty minutes, and during that time General Ord joined me at the Court House. At the end of thirty or forty minutes, General Gordon returned in company with General Longstreet. The latter, who commanded Lee's rear-guard back on the Farmville road, seemed somewhat alarmed lest General Meade, who was following up from Farmville, might attack, not knowing the condition of affairs at the front. To prevent this, I proposed to send my chief of staff, General J. W. Forsyth, accompanied by a Confederate officer, back through the Confederate Army, and inform General Meade of the existing state of affairs. He at once started, accompanied by Colonel Fairfax, of General Longstreet's staff, met the advance of the Army of the Potomac, and communicated the conditions.

In the mean time, General Lee came over to McLean's house, in the village of Appomattox Court House. I am not certain whether General Babcock, of General Grant's staff, who had arrived in advance of the General, had gone over to see him or not. We had waited some hours, and, I think, about twelve or one o'clock General Grant arrived. General Ord, myself, and many officers were in the main road leading through the town, at a point where Lee's army was visible. General Grant rode up, and greeting me with, "Sheridan, how are you?" I replied, "I am very well, thank you." He then said, "Where is Lee?" I replied, "There is his army down in that valley; he is over in that house," pointing out McLean's, "waiting

to surrender to you." General Grant, still without dismounting, said, "Come, let us go over." He then made the same request of General Ord, and we all went to McLean's house. Those who entered with General Grant were, as nearly as I can recollect, Ord, Rawlins, Seth Williams, Ingalls, Babcock, Parker, and myself; the staff-officers, or those who accompanied, remaining outside on the porch steps and in the yard. On entering the parlor, we found General Lee standing in company with Colonel Marshall, his aide-de-camp. The first greeting was to General Seth Williams, who had been Lee's adjutant when he was superintendent of the military academy. General Lee was then presented to General Grant, and all present were introduced. General Lee was dressed in a new gray uniform, evidently put on for the occasion, and wore a handsome sword. He had on his face the expression of relief from a heavy burden. General Grant's uniform was soiled with mud and service, and he wore no sword. After a few words had been spoken by those who knew General Lee, all the officers retired, except, perhaps, one staff-officer of General Grant and the one who was with General Lee. We had not been absent from the room longer than about five minutes, when General Babcock came to the door, and said, "The surrender has taken place; you can come in again."

When we re-entered, General Grant was writing on a little wooden elliptical-shaped table (purchased by me from Mr. McLean and presented to Mrs. G. A. Custer) the conditions of the surrender. General Lee was sitting, his hands resting on the hilt of his sword, at the left of General Grant, with his back to a small marble-topped table, on which many books were piled. While General Grant was writing, friendly conversation was engaged in by General Lee and his aid with the officers present, and he took from his breast-pocket two despatches, which had been sent to him by me during the forenoon, notifying him that some of his cavalry in front of Crook were vio-

lating the agreement entered into by withdrawing. I had not had time to make copies when they were sent, and had made a request to have them returned. He handed them to me with the remark, "I am sorry. It is possible my cavalry at that point of the line did not fully understand the agreement."

About one hour was occupied in drawing up and signing the terms, when General Lee retired from the house with a cordial shake of the hand with General Grant, mounted his chunky gray horse, and lifting his hat, passed through the gate, and rode over the crest of the hill to his army. On his arrival there, we heard wild cheering, which seemed to be taken up progressively by his troops, either for him, or because of satisfaction with his last official act as a soldier.

THOSE WHO FOUGHT WITHOUT GUNS.

By ARTHUR EDWARDS.

[Read June 2, 1886.]

THE surface terms of my theme would seem to imply that I am expected to discuss the valor and value of the unarmed surgeon, chaplain, and sutler who followed our armies in the field. Indeed, there is no question that even the last-named worthy — the sutler — occasionally furnished heroic and unselfish material fit for historic record. I know of one instance in which a patriotic citizen served as a sutler, in order that he might be near his three splendid boys who had enlisted. Too old himself for the march, and possibly wise enough to anticipate convenient bodily freedom for rearward movements in military emergencies, he sold "varieties" to a brigade, actually resented all suggestion of unusual profits, was the good genius of the force, acted as guide, philosopher, and friend to those who learned to respect him, was a peripatetic and genuine Mark Tapley where none but he found space to be "jolly," and when toil and trouble and casualty began, was revealed as an angel in hospital, field, and mortal struggle. Beginning as father to three, his camp family made him like a patriarch among his thousand beloved boys. Miscellaneous services, funds of stories, tides of unaffected patriotism, utter devotion to the Union cause, his personal sunshine when all were down in the doleful valley of humiliation, his knapsack of inexhaustible supplies to rival Mother Robinson's famous bag, his occasional presence in battle, where he re-supplied many a cartridge-box, his assistance to the wounded, his record of dying home-messages from heroes who were promoted on the field to the gates of the sol-

diers' heaven, and his general blessed weight's-worth of glowing gold to all who knew the dear old man, — all these illustrate that there were noble possibilities within the reach of even the not generally venerated army sutler.

Of the army "doctor" I veritably believe I could write several books. We all know something of the exceptional medical upstart who apparently would prefer that the patient should die rather than that a point should be yielded respecting the traditional battle between the "flap" and the "circular" mode of amputation. I well remember our prompt horror of a certain corps of medical cadets who, after that awful battle at Fredericksburg, came down to the front in all the glory of gold lace, inexperience, and bottomless assurance (all in full allopathic proportions), and were protected from instant assassination solely by the fact that they came on a chartered steamer and flourished under the ægis of special permits from the surgeon-general's office in Washington. Their campaign was brief, even if glorious, when they returned to appall spinster listeners at the dinner-tables of their Washington boarding-houses. Presently we felt safer, when authority and facilities returned to the noble surgeons who were loyal and royal men before the war began. How often have I seen their sterling worth admitted and their wondrous skill demonstrated at the field amputation-table, as when a wounded commander's eye that flashed in battle an hour ago meekly and obediently sought the sympathetic face of the skilled surgeon upon whose hands and sympathetic verdicts hung the literal issues of life and death. It is ten times more easy to lead a charge than to assume surgical responsibility when men like Baker, McPherson, Lyon, Kearney, Sickles, and other Achillean heroes fall desperately wounded. Yet I have seen these calm surgeon arbiters minister to patriots amid showering bullets, screaming shell, the rush of a panic, the confusion of advance, or the plucky half-

despair of a retreat. It is singular if our old song, "Come and get your quinine," is omitted when soldiers meet. What bundles of significant issue — and tissue, too, for that matter — are shadowed forth in a character-sketch like that immortal song! The very fact that all commanderies and posts sing it now, reveals some of its interior meaning. I have measured at times a total of almost half-bushels of the pungent delicacy; and while the boys' wry mouths were regaining their puckered powers to whistle, I have heard the "doctor" solicitously weigh the probabilities of saving his charges from invasion and destruction by malarias, fever, typhoid pneumonia, or the gastric plagues that shade from simple ague and chills to dire yellow fever. I have felt the joy of a morning report, "All well and present for duty," and have shared the field hospital's midnight watches when an epidemic of typhoid pneumonia had prostrated hundreds, and was claiming dead dozens of daily victims.

That experience made plain several points not so clear before the war: First, protracted camps cost more lives than do the most sanguinary campaigns; second, the surgeon who preserves average health in a command in camp excels even the most accomplished master of the amputation table; and, third, the skylarking, wakeful and nervous city boy-recruit can out-march, out-watch, out-fast, out-dissipate, and out-endure the rural soldier, and can come up smiling to renewed exposure and hard blows which utterly back down and break down and disable his comrade from the farm. The majority of our soldiers were from the country, while the skylarking city men were a host in more senses than one. Between the two our poor doctor had his hands full. The abundant temptations of the cities and towns overcame the bucolic volunteer; and the delights of abounding green corn, melons, and immature fruits and vegetables were too much for the urban roisterers to whom living fields of green corn, melons, or other tempting edibles were

a novelty. The physical penalties of this two-sided valley of delights overcame more victims than did bullet and shell. The Rebellion diary of the campaigning physician would reveal worlds of rare material, and suggest whole universes of perplexity, labor, and splendid service performed by our heroes of the green sash. In one sense, our army was a host of unsophisticated, careless, boylike men, whom the officers drilled in the afternoon and the doctors must need care for in the morning. Calls to drill and guard were unavoidable, and the summons to "quinine" expressed their childlike dependence upon that famous corps of surgeons without whom victorious war would have been well-nigh impossible.

As to the genuine chaplains, I am willing that the best of the doctors and other officers shall testify. At first no law authorized my guild to go to the field, — as I have reason to know. I simply insisted upon going, to help care for scores to whom I had preached the gospel of armed castigation of rebellion. I confess to prompt unreasoning and perhaps unreasonable impulse toward the field. Enough to say, I went; and until my service ended — with proper definition — I enjoyed every hour in a department that yielded to my regiment fifteen historic battles. Splendid chaplains abounded, — though it has been my mortification to blush for a few clerical simpletons who were laughing-stocks in camp and always were acquitted in battle by reason of uniform abstraction of their personal presence. I have known some chaplains to be endowed with the contempt of the enlisted men by reason of gratuitous toadyism to regimental field and line officers, and other chaplains who weakly thought it necessary to sneer at "epauletted authority" in order to be accepted by and welcomed among enlisted men. Often it has been my regret that officers and men did not always perceive that these gowned goslings were goslings long before they were gowned, and that they would be human misfits in every possible walk of life. Simply to illustrate my esti-

mate of the grand good within the reach of an army chaplain who strives to obtain, because he deserves, the co-operation of regimental officers, I record that I know the exact present location of a file of official documents that show that a certain chaplain in the field was formally tendered from home, and entirely unsought, in succession, the rank and command successively of a major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel of cavalry, each and all of which were declined solely because of previous pledges given to parents of enlisted boys, and because of some success in performing duties that, I must believe, swayed some human hearts. I bear frank and sincere testimony to the manliness, the generous co-operation, the prized friendship and patriotic appreciation of regimental officers and of generals in command, who enabled at least one chaplain to realize that guns and swords are not the only weapons with which a citizen may combat his country's foes. When I was a boy, my father's indirect association with the survey of the Great Lakes brought me into relations with many of the older army officers. Scott, Hooker, Meade, Marcy, Macomb, indirectly Burnside, and others were often on my father's steamers which were chartered for survey service, and at our home table. When the war opened, those early associations were revived, and the results, in their own quiet and uneventful grade, gave me material for reminiscence concerning these and as many more historic names, all of which might go to show that the perplexity of campaigns, the solicitudes of responsible commands, the clamor of Congress, and the competitions of position, did not make those noble men less sensitive to the home and church aspect of the multitudes of citizen soldiers committed to their care.

It will be remembered that provision for field chaplaincies were among the earliest plans for war. In this Congress simply recognized the point that church-going citizens, who by temporary exigency must needs go armed to the field, should in that field be not unsupplied with

whatever of church associations and privileges they might have been accustomed to prefer or need at home. These provisions illustrate the splendid liberty and liberality that inheres in the very tissue of our republican fabric. Thereby, citizen soldiers were left free to be as unchurchly as they might choose to be; while others could realize that they might, even in the field, sing songs of worship in unison with the devout at home.

I do not think that I am alone professionally prompted, when I accept this simple state of things as a clew by which to identify and duly glorify the grand host of those who really fought the Rebellion to its close, and fought it, too, "without guns." The churches did not thus alone "fight it out," though to omit the churches from the estimate would be historically and physically as great a blunder as to omit gunpowder itself. If, however, one should magnify the churches' grand agency in subduing rebellion, the apparent momentous responsibility is instantly modified by the defensible statement that some of the churches were an overmastering element in making rebellion possible. There is an ecclesiastical as well as a political aspect to the historical fact that when the issue is reduced to its last analysis, the war grew out of slavery. He who denies that the South rebelled to save slavery, leaves but a varied re-statement of the fact that the armed North refused to accept the demand that slavery should be extended to new territory. That contest was measured for its fighting-clothes after Lincoln was elected; but the entering wedge of secession precedents was shaped seventeen years earlier. That precedent, I grieve to say, was churchly and Methodist. When, in 1844, the Northern half of the Methodist Church declared that a Methodist bishop shall not hold slaves, even though he happen to marry a widow with even one slave, the Southern half of that Church rebelled, and actually seceded. Though our opponents declared that only *one* slave was scarcely enough to contend about, we declared that if the slave

were but one, that one could be the more easily set free. Not as a churchman, but as a citizen seeking the roots of things, I recognize that precedent in secession as being as significant to mould men's minds and expectations as was the John Brown raid to bring into focus the vision of tented fields and armed squadrons. That churchly and unhappy historic record could not be put aside. That church, not having recourse to material weapons of coercion, endures that secession down to this very hour. When, however, in 1861, the outward struggle began, men's rights to the forms of worship in the field were recognized, and the laws regarding chaplaincies abound in historic suggestions. If armed men preferred to worship, they had right to conveniences therefor. The people simply took their churches with them to the field. If some other men in arms were accustomed to disregard or even attack the churches, the Republic recognized freedom by moving the target up within range.

In very fact, all the Republic fought, and the vast majority carried no gun. The army proper was but the fore-front of contending millions, — just as the very tip of a bayonet is the gleaming, avenging expression of the musket, the man, and the cause behind the bayonet.

A vivid book tells of a warrior who went out to meet his foes, unattended, save by one servant, whose heart failed him when he saw the countless horses and chariots of the enemy. In agony of solicitude, but not of fear, since he knew the master's power, he cried out, "Alas! what shall we do?" In calm confidence the prophet-master replied, "Fear not; those that be with us be more than those that be with them." The record proceeds to relate that supernal power presently opened the servant's blind eyes; and lo! the very mountain-side fairly swarmed with men, horses and chariots, to reinforce the mighty master and his now reassured and victorious servant. There is no mountain slope or valley of struggle in all the South on which the opened patriot's eye did not

perceive millions of reinforcements invisible to the natural eye, who do not figure in our Rebellion records. Not a single man or boy went out alone to battle. Not a soldier went out to conflict as an individual. There were hosts behind and above and beside him. I say this not as a poet, but as a sober chronicler. Eyes blinded by smoke sometimes in heat of battle saw not even the foe at his front. The bank of smoke and blare of battle revealed only the bayonet-point and the belching musket-throat; but the touch of a zephyr wandering toward more peaceful scenes swept aside the obscuring smoke, and revealed the angry glance of the boy in blue, whose reproving eye gleamed more terribly than the flash of his weapon. In very fact, that veteran was not a mere "proxy." Just as he, sighting along his musket, saw not his foe alone, but also the bad cause behind that foe, so the foe himself, reversing the line of sight, ought to have seen behind the Union soldier the Union father and mother, wife and children, sweetheart, public school, sanitary and Christian commissions, churches and newspapers, and the very genius of genuine liberty, — all pledged to the last dollar and last man and last prayer and last drop, to resist for all time even congenital brothers in liberty for liberty's own sake.

We are accustomed to say, "There was never such an army as ours." Then, sometimes, follows the amplified but not quite as true statement, "There were never two such armies as ours in the Rebellion." That is not quite as true as it is "fraternal." I plead for the original and unamplified statement, and my plea is based on the earlier just claim that "there never was such a cause as was ours in 1860." No, not one! Even in the Revolution in 1776, or the Swiss wars for liberty, or the Hungarian or Italian contests for autonomy, unity, and freedom, there was not a comparable motive.

History, to our undying honor, will write down the unapproachable, incomparable record, and Honor will seek

new designs for her novel laurel-wreaths. Never before has Liberty essayed to vindicate her white robes save for the benefit of those who had already demonstrated their claim to freedom by sturdy fight for freedom. But in the struggle of 1860, freemen, already crowned as such, seized the sword to give liberty to others. In all history there is no precedent for this fadeless glory. Men have interestedly wielded the sword for others, or have done so blindly as hirelings and soldiers of fortune. As mankind have surged upward, they have fought for their own altars and sires and gods; but though there were political complications and unbrotherly competitions and unholy hesitations, in this golden and grander age we have achieved the very superlative in unselfish devotion as "our brother's keeper."

Let us not falter in this statement. That our human brother was black but heightens the honor, and deifies the heroic unselfishness. Men have tired themselves out fighting for kings. Anybody will struggle for a crown; but who, save God's noblemen, will undertake for the lowly? As time flows on, history, like laws, must be codified and laconized. Train-loads of books treat of fresh, unseasoned, uncondensed events in the wars of our Republic. As compends of history grow needful, the records become compact and briefer. In another century, our Rebellion will need less than a volume. In five centuries, the entry will be chapter-like, and the issue will be expressed in a section. Presently our first-born will be in our places, and our chief concern will be, not full record, but an accurate statement of that war issue. I know of no grander thought than the laconized entry that our patriotic aim was, — first, liberty; second, liberty for others; and third, that liberty for our lowly brothers.

Returning now to the query whether that year of grace 1860 revealed *two* of the grandest armies in history, I reply, *No, no, no!* The converse of what I have been saying, excludes even our brave brethren of the South

from the incomparable category that includes the "Loyal Legion" and the "Grand Army of the Republic." Brave men should be generous, but we have no right to juggle with distinctions that confuse Abraham Lincoln with Jefferson Davis.

There is cause for gratitude that Decoration Day is growing into a holy, patriotic American festival. It has been blossoming into importance, but it needed the departure of that grand, patient, loyal chief-soldier, to put into its place in the firmament of shining sepulchres the real centre and governing shrines at the graves of Lincoln and Grant. The old saying that republics are ungrateful is utterly refuted as a superseded lie. The garlands of grief and honor that carpet the very Republic in May each year seem soon faded to the bleared eye; but the very fading proves the seeding process through which each petal shall become a forest, and every seed a promise of perpetual tribute.

These honors are for the dead; but the living are not forgotten. All the kings of the earth could not endure such a pension list as that which declares that "nothing is too good for a soldier of the Republic." Now and then a flower may flutter down upon an undeserving grave, and now and then a poor penny may wander into the wrong pocket; but what of that? It were better to pension a proportion of two rogues to one hero, than that the deserving third patriot should lack bread. As to the national cost, I am not unwilling that the living who rush after gain, shall be reminded that rebellion is expensive, and that enduring peace is procured far more cheaply than are ordinary life and fire insurance.

It is almost appalling to note how many who took part in some degree in the war of 1861 are now gone out of this life. It is almost equally startling to estimate the host who now live, but were unborn when that Civil War began. The control, the indoctrination in patriotism, the correct civil and political education of this new and

unmustered host of youth, are matters of grave solicitude to the thoughtful citizen.

In this unprecedented Republic, made after its own sole and glorious pattern, we need no immense standing army. During the Civil War nearly two and three-quarters millions of men were mustered to defend the Union. At its close eleven hundred thousand men were mustered out. For years after we saw men ploughing in the blue clothes they once wore in battle. When war began, wondrous Titan machinery forged weapons for heroes, most of whom had never shot at a squirrel. The magical gathering of war material was a marvel second only to the grander transformation and din of hammer, when, as in one day, all our spears were beaten into pruning-hooks. The instantaneous creation of our army, and its as sudden and thorough rehabilitation as citizens, to whom battle is but a temporary, because the last, resort, will forever rank as the world's eighth wonder. There is, however, danger, grave danger, in that precedent in citizen army mobilization. In 1861 the Republic flew to arms at the call of God. May that same divine Father of freemen grant that amid the din of voices that shall sound in our children's ears, no false summons to arms shall be mistaken for a heavenly clarion!

By what schools in patriotism shall our boys be taught to discriminate, so that their swords never shall be stained in an unholy cause? By what tests in loyalty shall their ears and hearts be so attuned and governed that they shall, as in one day, and when need be, be forged into an avenging thunderbolt to smite disloyalty and treason?

I shall not even outline those schools or those tests,—for the simple reason that I have faith in the common-sense and future inspired instincts of our growing boys and girls. It is a cause for gratitude that the Loyal Legion, the Union League, and the Grand Army of the Republic propose to answer for their proportions of responsibility toward American youth. As pure

schools of unpartisan patriotism, the League, the Post, and the Legion will for centuries grow in the high regard of every discriminating citizen. While, therefore, we may heartily pray that no future war may waste treasure and destroy human life, there can be no doubt that peace will be assured only in proportion as we are prepared for war. That preparation, however, is theoretical, immaterial, and invisible. It does not consist in forts that may prove to be erected in the wrong places, or in huge cannon or other weapons that may be superseded and obsolete to-morrow. Our very best fortifications are in the hearts of loyal citizens, and our most admirable military and naval academies for the mass of citizens are in pure homes that teach the Golden Rule, and are ornamented by the most beautiful flag that ever tautened and thrilled a halliard.

God grant that all successive mornings as they dawn, may witness the peaceful spectacle of fathers going to business and happy children flocking to school! Should, however, the war-spectre again appear, each home shall suddenly muster a mailed hero, who will strike hard because he proposes to strike but once and have done with it, and then return again to peaceful pursuits. The resistless power of our citizen-soldiery consists in part in its high resolve to have *no more fighting in America*. General Sherman once said in a public speech, "There are wars of opinion not fought out with the musket." The age tends to unarmed arbitrament. Presently, therefore, the Republic shall unanimously fight without guns. That golden age will be the ripe fruit in part of still one more statesmanlike dictum by the great general, from whom I again quote. Speaking to youth, he said: "If ever it is a question whether you or the flag must die, you will instantly choose that it shall not be the flag." Thus shall we, as General Sherman said, "be true to ourselves, to our country, and to our God."

TWO STONE WALLS, FROM A SEASIDE VIEW.

By JAMES NEVINS HYDE.

I.

A REBEL RAM IN EUROPEAN WATERS.

[Read May 4, 1881.]

CAPTAIN JAMES D. BULLOCH, of Georgia, who resigned a lieutenancy in the United States Navy in 1854, was the principal agent in Europe for the purchase of vessels for the Confederate Government. His operations extended into France, and on the 16th of April, 1863, he signed an agreement, "on account of his principals," with Lucian Arman, a shipbuilder of Bordeaux and a member of the French Legislative Assembly, for four steamers, each to be of four hundred horse-power, and arranged for the reception of an armament of from ten to twelve cannon. His ostensible object was to establish regular communication between China, Japan, and California; and for this purpose Captain Bulloch desired that the vessels should be possessed of great speed, and fitted to carry an armament suitable for their protection on those distant seas. Upon this latter pretence, permission was obtained from the French Government to supply them with arms.

On the 16th of July, 1863, Captain Bulloch entered into a fresh agreement with Mr. Arman for two screw steamers, of wood and iron, with turrets, each to be of three hundred horse-power. Bulloch was to supply the armament, and the vessels were to be finished in six months. One fifth of the price was to be paid in advance. It is said that 5,250,000 francs (about $1,050,000) were expended in this way.

On representations made by our Government to that of France, declaring the real purpose for which the Bordeaux fleet was intended, the authorization to arm them was withdrawn, and Arman or Bulloch was forced to sell them as clipper-ships, two to the Prussian Government and two to the Peruvian Government.

Of the two turreted vessels contracted for under the second agreement, one was sold to Prussia for 2,075,000 francs (about $415,000). The other, known as the "Sphinx," was said to have been sold to the Danish Government, then at war with the German Confederation. This was, however, soon contradicted by the former. It was next represented that she had been sold to Sweden, but this statement was met with a similar denial.

Notwithstanding these statements and counter-statements, it appears that a reputed agent of the Danish Government refused to accept the vessel at Bordeaux, as it was then said; and thus it became necessary that she should proceed to Copenhagen to be inspected. Taking advantage of this contract, *bona fide* or otherwise, the vessel succeeded in getting out of French waters, and went to Copenhagen, under the name of the "Stoerkodder." She lay there some three or four months, the report being that the Danish Government had declined to accept her, on the ground that the time for her delivery under the contract had lapsed, and the war with the German Confederation had been brought to a conclusion. The person in possession of her had received power of attorney from Arman and Bulloch, and soon after, while acting in one capacity, delivered the vessel over to himself in another. Under the pretence of taking her back to Bordeaux, he obtained the necessary permission to do this, rechristening her the "Olinde," and sailed with her from Copenhagen under Danish colors.

On arriving off the Island of Houat, coast of Brittany, in French waters, she received, by preconcerted arrangement, from the English steamer "City of Richmond"

a crew, an armament of artillery, and munitions of war. She then hoisted the Confederate flag, was again rechristened the "Stonewall," and sailed at once for Coruna, in Spain. The officer who assumed command was Thomas J. Page, of Virginia, formerly of the United States Navy, who had been engaged in the survey of the La Plata. Nearly all of her officers had been in the service of the United States.

The United States steam frigate "Niagara," Commodore T. T. Craven, and the United States steam sloop "Sacramento," Captain H. Walke, were then in European waters, watching the movements of all suspicious vessels. Commodore Craven heard at Flushing on the 31st of January, 1863, of the departure of the "Olinde" from Copenhagen, and at once proceeded in search of her. Tracing her to Spain, after her change of character at Houat, he proceeded to Coruna, arriving there on the 21st of February, where he learned that the "Stonewall" had touched about ten days previously for the purpose of making some repairs, and that she had gone thence to Ferrol, about twelve miles to the northeast of Coruna. The "Sacramento" also then came in from Lisbon, arriving at Coruna on the same day with the "Niagara."

At about two o'clock P. M. of February 21, the "Stonewall" made a movement to leave Ferrol, when the "Niagara" and "Sacramento" at once started out from Coruna to meet her. The weather was bad, and the sea rough, both circumstances unfavorable for the "Stonewall," and she returned to her berth. The "Niagara" and "Sacramento" showed themselves off Ferrol, and then resumed their old anchorage at Coruna.

On the 23d, the "Stonewall" started from Ferrol at ten A. M. and the "Niagara" got under way and stood out from Coruna to meet her. The ram, however, soon went back, the "Niagara" meanwhile running over to the entrance of the harbor of Ferrol, after which she returned once more to her former anchorage.

On the 24th, at 10.30 A. M., the "Stonewall," accompanied by the Spanish frigate "Conception," again steamed out of Ferrol. The sea was very smooth, and in other respects favorable for a display of her fighting qualities. Commodore Craven considered that under these circumstances the odds against him would be too great, and that an engagement would probably result in the destruction of the "Niagara." He therefore deemed it prudent not to give her battle. The "Conception" returned alone at 3.45 P. M.

Hearing on the next morning that the "Stonewall" was still in the vicinity, the "Niagara" and "Sacramento" got under way and proceeded out of the harbor; but the ram was missing, and was reported as having been last seen steering westward.

Commodore Craven reported officially that the "Stonewall" was much more formidable than any of our monitors; that she was encased in five inches of iron plate; that under her top-gallant-forecastle she had a casemated three-hundred-pounder Armstrong rifle, which could be fired either directly ahead or on either beam. Abaft her main-mast, in a fixed turret, were two other rifled guns, one-hundred-and-twenty-pounders, both of which could be fired directly astern, and one on each beam. She carried also two other small guns in broadside, had four engines, two screws, two rudders, and a long spur projecting at the bow. She was also said to be capable of great speed. In smooth water and on an open sea, she would be, according to the report, more than a match for three such vessels as the "Niagara." In rough weather the last-named vessel might annoy and possibly succeed in destroying her.

The "Stonewall" arrived at Lisbon February 26, thirty hours from Ferrol, and the "Niagara" and "Sacramento" entered the Tagus the next day. They were assigned an anchorage near Fort Belem, as there was much anxiety lest a conflict might be precipitated between them in the neutral harbor.

At three o'clock P. M. on the 28th of February, the "Stonewall" proceeded to sea. A few hours later, Commodore Craven decided to change the anchorage of his vessels to a more convenient station near the city of Lisbon. The tide was running out at the time, and the "Niagara's" prow was turned toward the sea. As soon as she got under way, three shots were fired at her in rapid succession from the Belem fort, without previous warning. The "Niagara" at once dropped or lowered her colors. The guns were reloaded and fired again, when the "Niagara" hoisted the national flag of the United States at the peak. After her bow had been turned toward the city, the fort again opened fire. The "Niagara" was in all struck three times, but without injury to any of her company, and without sustaining serious damage. The fire was at no time returned by Commodore Craven.

The facts were duly reported to the American minister resident at Lisbon, who demanded immediate explanation and suitable reparation from the Portuguese Government. The explanation given by the latter was that the officer in command of the fort supposed that the "Niagara" was about to go to sea, her bow being turned toward the bar, for the purpose of engaging the "Stonewall," in violation of the usual requirement that twenty-four hours shall elapse before one belligerent can follow another out of a neutral port.

In the year 1866 I was on duty in the European squadron as one of the medical officers of the United States steamer "Ticonderoga," and while in the city of Lisbon had the opportunity of viewing the scene of these occurrences, and of making the acquaintance of some of the actors in them. Prominent among the latter was my esteemed friend, C. A. Munro, Esq., then and during the war United States Consul at Lisbon, a gentleman of Scotch birth, long resident in Portugal, one not only familiar with the language of that country, but well versed

in the methods and manners of diplomacy. For these reasons, it was to him rather than to the American minister that we were indebted for the success of the negotiations which resulted in the reparation for the outrage subsequently made by Portugal. Mr. Munro was an accomplished and scholarly gentleman, thoroughly informed in the duties of his office, and as well aware of the intensity of the hereditary pride of the nation to which he was accredited as of the peculiar sensitiveness of the people whose representative he was. From him I gathered the following facts: —

The negotiations were tediously full of detail. The delay on the part of the Portuguese Government in granting the terms demanded by us arose chiefly from the character of one of these demands. We asked, first, that the officer in charge of the fortress from which the shots had been fired should be publicly dismissed. Second, that a national salute should be fired from the same battery which had opened on the "Niagara." Third, that during the salvo, the royal standard of Portugal should be hauled down from the staff of the fortress, and the colors of the United States substituted for it. It was on this last specification that objection was encountered. The justice of the other demands was not, I believe, brought into question. Let us stop for a moment to inquire into the reasons for this exception taken to a single one of the demands.

The *Torre de Belem* suggests its moresque history in its very name. Built by the Moors, at some period either in the tenth or eleventh century, it stands to-day an historical evidence of the Moslem invasion of the Spanish peninsula, and a souvenir, dear to the heart of the Roman Catholic Church, of the reconquest by the Christians o the land long held by the infidel. Though it does not exhibit quite so much of the lacelike delicacy displayed in the stones of some of their other edifices, there is here enough to betray at a glance that high order of architec-

tural skill with which the world of art has long been delighted. Its exterior and interior alike declare its kinship with the superb structures on the banks of the lovely Guadalquivir, and the halls of the Alhambra, repeopled by our own Washington Irving with the poets, philosophers, statesmen, scientists, and warriors who were, though the worshippers of Mahomet, the founders of a civilization which the world has yet scarcely appreciated. The Belem Tower is remarkable for the delicate grace of its battlements and its oriel-like hanging buttresses, whose open mullions seem better fitted to admit the soft breath of the southern summer than the grinning lips of a black gun. From the four angles of the tower, as also from those of its annex, rise four watch-towers, which in their light airiness suggest the minaret of the farther East, and the call of the muezzin to the faithful to bow in prayer. The tower stands by the side of the noble Tagus River, — a stream of sufficient breadth to float at once upon its waters the navies of the world, — and so near to the stream that it is the most prominent object in the view of one who approaches the city from the sea. The rushing river wears this rare relic upon its breast, as a knight setting forth upon a tourney might wear the precious jewel of some ancient and venerable order. Since its first capture from the Saracen, no other flag than the royal standard of Portugal had ever floated from its battlements; and who, knowing this, will wonder that there was some hesitation in yielding to one of the terms in the proposed reparation?

But the Portuguese had reason, on the other hand, to be thankful and grateful for the forbearance of Commodore Craven. The guns of the tower had failed to inflict any injury upon the "Niagara" simply because they were, like the casemates which contained them, totally inefficient for the purposes of modern warfare, relics of a remote antiquity far better calculated to stimulate curiosity than to awaken dread. Different indeed was it

with the "Niagara." A single volley from her powerful battery would have tumbled the Belem Tower into a heap of ruins, from which not all the architectural skill of Europe could have restored the original. It was a sentiment of gratitude for this forbearance that decided the question at issue. The demands of the United States were not only fully conceded, but the thanks of the royal family were extended to our Commodore for his action in the premises. The Portuguese officer was dismissed, the royal standard lowered, and the stars and stripes hoisted over the ancient stronghold of the Moors, while the national salute was fired in its honor.

Consul Munro was not only a diplomat and a scholar, but an accomplished amateur photographer, and had adorned the walls of his lovely home in Lisbon with views of the surrounding country, taken by his own hand. The occasion was to him too interesting to be neglected. He did not fail to fix upon one of his plates the scene which represented the triumph of his diplomatic labors, and I remember well his large photograph of the tower, with our national colors floating from its staff. There was something curiously incongruous in the juxtaposition of the two, — the emblem of the young Republic in the far West, doubly powerful in its emergence from the most trying test to which a nation can be subjected, and the ancient fortress, built by a nation as old as the records of their history, in the distant East, in a land from which they had been driven for nearly seven centuries. Somehow it suggested to me, as I looked on the picture, the incongruity I had observed, of a similar character, on a different occasion and in a distant land. It was the crossing of the Turkish and American flags in the confectionery and ornaments of a dinner given to the officers of our fleet by the Pacha at Constantinople.

It remains merely, before tracing the history of the "Stonewall" on this side of the Atlantic, to refer to the dissatisfaction and disappointment occasioned by the

failure of Commodore Craven to attack and injure or destroy the ram. This finally took expression in the general court-martial convened at Washington in November, 1865, composed of Vice-Admiral D. G. Farragut, Rear-Admirals Hiram Paulding, Charles H. Davis, and John A. Dahlgren, with four commodores and three captains. The charge was made that Commodore Craven "did fail to use any exertions or to make any effort whatever to overtake and capture or destroy the vessel [the "Stonewall"], as it was his duty to have done" (*sic*).

The court found the charges proved, except as to the words "as it was his duty to have done," and sentenced the accused to two years' suspension from duty on leave pay. These proceedings were subsequently returned to the court for a reconsideration of the finding; but the court declined to reconsider, and Secretary Welles, in general order Number 68, December 6, 1865, set forth the facts in the case, set aside the finding, and released Commodore Craven from arrest.

It would serve no useful purpose, at this distant date, to enter into a discussion of the merits of the controversy which then agitated the naval branch of the service from one sea to another. It will be more to my purpose to show how the gage of battle was, at another time and by another wooden vessel of the United States Navy, fairly thrown down before the ram, and on that occasion by the latter abjectly refused.

II.

THE "STONEWALL" IN AMERICAN AND JAPANESE WATERS.

[Read June 1, 1881.]

WE lost sight of the Confederate ram "Stonewall," as she steamed out of the harbor of Lisbon, Portugal, on the afternoon of the 28th of February, 1864, with her prow turned toward the west. Let us now proceed, in advance of her, to the shores of our own country, which at that time were surrounded by a cordon of our war vessels, many of them engaged in the trying and tedious labor of blockading our Southern ports, — a labor generally unrelieved by the excitement attending the alternation of successes and reverses of our armies on the field of battle.

At this date, the East Gulf blockading squadron, with its wings chiefly extending along the coast line of Florida, was emerging from a contest with whose horrors the field of sanguinary conflict can scarcely compare. Officers and crews of its several vessels had been scourged with yellow fever, till about twelve per cent. had perished, and a large part of the survivors were suffering from the prostration incident to convalescence from that disease. The sky above their heads seemed brass; the sea, showing its milky blue above the reefs of coral, could be well pictured as the abode of an enchantress luring to destruction; and the waving cocoanut palms of the distant keys, as fair as Paradise to the view, exhaled a pestilence which it was well-nigh fatal to inspire. We had to learn the solemn rites by which the bodies of our brave fellow-officers and men were committed to the keeping of the great deep for their last resting-place. The volleys we fired over their shotted caskets were answered alone by the

scream of the sea-gull aloft, and the ominous fin of the shark beneath that followed our wake, waiting for his prey. We sang at night the dirge "to the dead already," each with the fullest knowledge that the morrow might bring the summons to "the next man that dies."

At this time I was one of the medical officers of the flag-ship of the squadron, the U. S. steamer "Powhatan," — a large wooden bark-rigged and navy-built side-wheel steamer, carrying the usual heavy battery of a sloop-of-war of the United States, and a full complement of men and marines. It was with a feeling of exhilarating pleasure that we received orders to proceed to Havana, for the purpose of engaging the "Stonewall," of whose departure from Europe and destination in America we were promptly informed.

We lost no time in steaming out of Key West; and not many hours elapsed before we could detect, in the land breezes blowing off Cuba, the peculiarly spicy fragrance which usually announces to the voyager his near approach to the queen of the gulf islands. On the morning of the 14th of February, 1865, we rounded the Moro Castle, and steaming into the harbor of Havana, dropped anchor immediately alongside the Rebel ram. She had proceeded hither, *via* Teneriffe and Nassau, from the Portuguese coast, and had arrived but two days previously, — on the 12th of February, 1865. The news of this arrival had been brought to Rear-Admiral Stribling, commanding our squadron, by the mail steamer "Columbia," on the day following that upon which the ram reached her anchorage. The "Powhatan" at this time carried merely her own proper equipment of officers and crew, as the headquarters of the squadron were located in commodious buildings at Key West, where the Admiral and his staff, with the clerks and others necessary for the transaction of the large business involved in the maintenance of an extensive blockade, had found suitable accommodation. This explanation is needed, simply because of

the statement previously made, that the "Powhatan" was the flag-ship of the fleet; and it remains merely to say that if the squadron had been cruising rather than blockading, she would have also carried with her its Admiral and all his *attachés*. Thus it happened that the chief officer of the "Powhatan" was Commander Reed Werden, he having chanced to relieve Commander J. F. Schenck in the same position but a few hours before the necessity for the expedition against the "Stonewall" had become apparent.

There we lay, in the Havana, side by side, so near that one could have tossed a biscuit from one deck to the other, — the representatives of loyalty and treason, sundered only by the invisible power of the Spanish authority. Since that date, I have had opportunity of observing many of the iron-plated vessels in the navies of France, England, Turkey, Russia, Austria, and Italy; and I still think, as I thought then, that the "Stonewall" presented more of the features of a yacht than any armored vessel that could venture on the open sea. She was fresh with paint, and with her yards exactly squared she looked as taut and trim as any man-of-war afloat. Small wonder this, for her officers had been instructed in the same school with our own, and had learned their naval lessons from the same lips and in a similar experience. Unlike in other respects the clumsily constructed rams of the Confederacy, which were for the most part wooden hulls covered with extemporized iron rails, she also differed from them in this, that her officers and crew were well uniformed. Thus attired, they scarcely resembled their shabbily dressed comrades, some of them covered with rags and vermin, whom I had seen during a brief experience on the Peninsula. In the morning, at sunrise, the brand-new Confederate flag of the ram was thrown out to the breeze at the same moment with our own, and the dip of the setting sun was the signal for a similar roll and salute, as the two flags were simultaneously lowered.

Neither, to the outward view, appeared to be at all conscious of the presence of the other; but each, fearful of a surprise, watched the other incessantly, with shotted guns and boilers charged with steam.

In pursuance of our orders to attack the enemy as soon as he abandoned his position in a neutral harbor, we steamed out of Havana on the following day, and then, taking up a position three leagues beyond the Moro Castle, we ran to and fro on a line parallel with the coast, its extremities equidistant from the mouth of the harbor, and sufficiently long to insure accurate observation of the ram and impossibility of its escape without our knowledge. Upon this line we travelled backward and forward, forward and backward, for two full weeks.

To say that the officers and crew of the "Powhatan" were more than anxious to meet the enemy on those smooth seas and in that season of gulf weather, would be short of the actual truth. We were all informed of the affair with the "Niagara," and felt impatient for an opportunity to wipe away even the semblance of a reproach on account of the course taken by Commodore Craven. It was well understood among the officers of the "Powhatan" that it were better for her and the country, better for the prestige of the flag, that the wooden hull of our ship should be sunk, if need be, then and there, into the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, than that any opportunity of an engagement should be lost. So the "Powhatan" steamed outside of the harbor, and day after day, in smooth water and rough, challenged her adversary to come forth in his armor and strike, if he chose, at her old wooden ribs. It is one thing to say, and another to do; but the only part that she had to do was done, and I need not add, I suppose, for the benefit of those who know what naval warfare is and has been, that the most dangerous ship is that whose officers and men are intent on the destruction of the enemy, and careless of themselves and their own craft. No better proof of this can

be adduced than the magnificent fight in the Austro-Prusso-Italian war of 1866, when Klint, the brave commander of an Austrian wooden frigate, in the fleet of Admiral Tegethoff, rushed upon a squadron of Italian iron-clads, sinking one and crippling several of the others. "Wooden walls," said the brave Farragut, "are sufficient, if there are hearts of steel behind them!"

I am quite sure that the "Stonewall" would have met with a very warm reception if she had ventured outside; and what is more, I am sure that her officers knew it. We had not failed to meet them when we visited the *cafés* of the city of Havana; and though there had been no direct communication, they had learned enough to know the temper, not merely of our officers, but also of our crew. Among the several plans which were suggested at the time, was one which met with some favor, inasmuch as it looked to an attack upon the most vulnerable portion of the ram; and this, on account of her armed sides and turrets, was her exposed deck. It was proposed to unship one of our heaviest guns, run upon the ram with full steam, and as soon as the collision occurred, to drop from our higher deck, immediately upon hers, which was much lower, the extraordinary missile intended for destruction by quite a different method of usage. The immense momentum acquired by the falling mass of iron might have completely broken the steamer in parts, and in any event would have proved as much of a surprise as a catastrophe to the ram.

Thus persistently and faithfully running her course and in wait for the prey, it happened on one eventful night, near the midhour, when one half the ship's company was wrapped in sleep, that all were startled and aroused by the shrill cry from the gun-deck, ringing clear through the still night air, "The ram! the ram! the ram!" Instantly the call was made to general quarters, the decks cleared for action, and the magazines opened for supplies of ammunition. Suddenly there flitted over the deck,

and through the lines of the men, a figure clad in ghostly white, from whom evidently the cry had proceeded. It was the tall and angular form of the paymaster of the ship, who, having had a somnambulistic dream, had succeeded, in his airy garments of the night, in making a sensation of which he did not hear the last for many days!

Why did not the ram venture forth? The only reasonable answer would impute a lack of courage to her officers. I am inclined to think that this was the real state of affairs at first, — for the spectacle presented by an American man-of-war persistently waiting for her through all weathers, day after day and night after night, was well calculated to assure her that at any rate no child's play was contemplated, and that when the "Stonewall" left her berth in neutral waters, she would be given an opportunity of displaying her fighting qualities to her heart's content. Later, however, another, and a more serious reason took form, and finally resulted in the well-known fact that when the ram left the Spanish harbor, she sailed out under the flag of the United States. This latter fact was the unmistakable symptoms of the collapse of the Confederacy and the drying up of those sources of supply which are more important to the requirements of war than even brave hearts and willing hands.

The rapid progress of events, after Sherman's successful March to the Sea, including the fall of Richmond and the flight of the President of the late Confederacy, declared more loudly than words that the cause of disunion was doomed. As rats are said to leave a sinking ship, so the officers and crew of the "Stonewall" hastened to desert her. They awoke one morning to find that while waiting to summon up courage, and risk all in one last effort to distinguish themselves and their craft in an action which might have proved historic, and in any event would have always been tinged with the halo of romance that surrounds the last desperate struggle in a lost cause, they were without a country, a flag, or a name, and in danger-

ous nearness to the status of the pirate. They hastened to save themselves from a questionable position of this sort, by turning over the "Stonewall" to the authorities of Havana, on the 19th of May. Shortly before this disposition of the ram, the "Powhatan" had been reinforced by the arrival of the United States steamships "Tallapoosa," "Iuka," "Aries," and the tug "Sunflower," insignificant wooden vessels of small size, attached to the East Gulf squadron, and useful chiefly for the blockade of small inlets of our southeastern coast-line.

The Government of the United States, when anticipating the arrival of the "Stonewall" at Havana, had complained to the Spanish minister at Washington of the assistance which the ram had received in other ports of Spain, and had expressed the hope that similar proceedings would be arrested at Havana. As soon as the President and Vice-President, with the other officers of the so-called Confederate States, were prisoners of war, clearly all belligerent rights were swept away. The Spanish Government was informed that if the "Stonewall" were permitted to remain in Spanish harbors no naval vessel of Spain would be allowed to enter any port of the United States. Whatever may have been the language of diplomacy used by the Spanish Government in response, there can be no doubt in the mind of any naval officer who took part in these occurrences that the animus of the people in Havana was one of overpowering friendship for the enemy and bitter hostility to the United States. If the city of Havana had been a Confederate stronghold at that day, the officers of the United States would have scarcely been able to distinguish a difference in the behavior of its citizens, which, so far as related to ourselves, was expressive of a contempt which it was scarcely attempted to conceal.

On receiving news of the Confederate surrender, we demanded that the vessel should be at once turned over to the United States Consul at Havana, maintaining that

she could only have entered there to prevent her capture or destruction by our armed vessels. It was not conceived how, by the law of nations, Spain could acquire, by commercial possession, any title to the "Stonewall." If the person who made a transfer of her to the authorities at Havana were at the time a belligerent Rebel, yet he could convey no title in an armed and hostile vessel to a neutral State. The officers and men were pirates, — no more, no less. The "Stonewall" belonged to their true sovereign, the United States, without capture. It was therefore expected that she be turned over to the United States Consul at Havana at an early day.

The claim of the United States was acknowledged by Spain, and notice given in July that the vessel was at our disposal. On account of the prevalence of yellow fever at Havana, we asked for a postponement of her delivery to us till the ensuing fall.

While she lay in Havana nominally in possession of the Spanish Government, I had the opportunity of examining her carefully, both within and without. She looked then far different from the defiant and jaunty yacht in armor that had flung the Rebel rag so defiantly in our faces but a few weeks before, — fit type of the change which in the mean time had overcome the entire scheme of secession and disunion, of which the "Stonewall" was at once the fruit and expression. She was now soiled with filth, and all the evidences of bright paint and smooth exterior had completely disappeared.

An empty freight vessel is merely an idle carrier. One looks down her empty hold and says, "Here is a vacant storehouse, which can be filled at will with goods for transportation on the water." But when a man-of-war hauls down her flag and goes out of commission, the impalpable spirit with which she was formerly possessed vanishes utterly. That spirit, easily recognized, lurked in every line of her rigging, spoke in the pennant that fluttered at her mast-head, peered out through the wide-mouthed guns in her ports, glittered in the flashing bayonets on her

decks, and in every feature suggested that she could in an instant exchange the grace of a courteous bearing for a voice that could speak in tones of thunder and an arm that could strike a blow of steel. Such a vessel passed out of commission is like the corpse of a strong man, into whose glazed eyes we vainly look for some token of the soul that has vanished.

The following figures will convey some idea of the character and dimensions of the "Stonewall": —

Length over all	196 ft.	
Length between perpendiculars	167 ft.	
Breadth of beam	32 ft.	
Length of prow under water	23 ft.	
Draft, aft	15 ft.	9 in.
Draft forward	13 ft.	6 in.
Breadth of armor on the sides	8 ft.	6 in.
Breadth of armor under water	5 ft.	3 in.
Thickness of side armor		3 to 4 in.
Length of point to ends of straps of prow	10 ft.	1 in.
Length of prow under water	7 ft.	7 in.
Plating backed by wood of thickness of		18 in.
Plating of forward turret	3 and 3-4 to 4 and 1-2 in.	
Greatest thickness of iron on beak, apparently solid	23 in.	
Complement of persons		90 to 100
Tons' burden		about 700
In licated horse-power		500

Maximum consumption of coal, anthracite, per diem, 30 tons, carrying about 200 tons.

Certain it is that leaving out of consideration the rifled guns and the armor of this powerful vessel-of-war, nothing made her so terrible in the view of her antagonists as her formidable prow. I remember well that I grounded upon it in a small boat at the time when I made the examination of her to which I now refer, and succeeded with difficulty in getting off from the iron spur. More disastrous was the fate of the schooner which attempted to run across her bows at a later date, while she was steaming up the Chesapeake in the darkness of the night. The schooner sank immediately, probably pierced through the ribs by the projecting spur of the ram.

In October, 1865, Commodore Alexander Murray, commanding the "Rhode Island," was ordered to proceed to Havana with that vessel and the United States steamer "Hornet," Lieutenant-Commander George Brown, in order to receive the "Stonewall" and bring her to Washington. Commander John C. Febiger, with a sufficient number of officers and men, went with these vessels for the purpose of manning the ram. They sailed from Washington October 21, the "Rhode Island" arriving at the port of destination on the 30th, and the "Hornet" soon after. Commander Febiger with his officers and men, having prepared the ram for sea, sailed from Havana with her, under the flag of our own country, on the 15th of November. The trip was marred by the death, from yellow fever, of Acting Assistant-Paymaster J. Clifford Boardman, and of James Gallaher, one of the crew of the "Stonewall," whose body was discovered floating in the harbor.

On the 19th they were compelled to anchor under the lee of Cape Lookout, and to remain there till the 21st, on account of a furious gale from the northeast. Washington was reached on the 24th of November, 1865. The entire cost of getting the "Stonewall" out of Havana, and preparing her for sea, amounted to about eighteen thousand dollars.

We have now followed the fortunes of the vessel from her cradles at Bordeaux to her anchorage in the navy-yard at Washington, during which time her career will always possess an interest for him who studies the vicissitudes of our great Civil War. Here we might well leave her, with the disused monitors and torpedo-boats, sleepily waiting for the passions of men to call them again into active service. But as the career of the ram under another flag cannot fail to serve as a fitting conclusion to this short sketch of her history, I will make no apology for following her fortunes briefly to the present date.

She lay at the Washington navy-yard till the spring of 1867, when a proposition was made by the commissioners of the Tycoon of Japan looking to her purchase. Our Government offered her at $400,000, as her engines and boilers were valued at $200,000 for use to the United States. At the request of the commissioners an eleven-inch gun, with carriage and equipments, was supplied to her, at a cost of $7,769.24.

The Government of Japan assumed the entire responsibility of her reaching that country. Lieutenant-Commander, afterward Commander, and now Captain George H. Brown, United States Navy, was given permission to take the vessel to Japan, for which hazardous and responsible service he was liberally compensated by the Japanese Government.

Having been duly fitted by the Navy Department for sea, she was turned over to Captain Brown, August 5, 1867. She carried the Japanese flag, and the officers and crew were selected and enlisted by Captain Brown with the understanding that they would be governed and protected by the United States mercantile laws, under which alone enlistment of seamen by a foreign vessel in the United States can be made.

The "Stonewall" sailed from Washington on the 9th of August, stopped at Norfolk, where she went into dock, sailed thence August 26, touched at Barbadoes, Maranham, Bahia, and reached Rio de Janeiro November 1. Thence she proceeded to Montevideo, and through the Straits of Magellan to Valparaiso and Callao. She arrived in Honolulu on the 12th of March, where Queen Emma paid her a visit, and sailed thence on the 25th, reaching Yokohama April 24, 1868.

Captain Brown has kindly sent me a memorandum relative to the part played by him in the delivery of the vessel, which possesses special interest in this connection. Since the purchase of the vessel by the Japanese commissioners, a revolution had occurred in that country,

and of course nothing was known of this by the company of the vessel till she cast anchor in the port of Yokohama, flying the Japanese flag.

At about ten A. M. on the date mentioned, Captain Brown went ashore to report his arrival to the American minister, when he learned, to his surprise, that there was no Japanese Government which our country at that time recognized. He returned to the ram at about four P. M. with an old friend, Mr. Allman, who was conversant with the Japanese language, and on approaching his vessel, saw that she was surrounded by about twenty large-sized Japanese boats, which he supposed had gathered there under the stimulus of curiosity. On reaching the deck, however, he learned that over eighty Japanese of high rank, each carrying two swords, were not only on board, but claimed to be in possession of the vessel, and, "I must confess," writes Captain Brown, "it did have very much that appearance."

With Mr. Allman acting as interpreter, Captain Brown called for the ranking officer of the foreigners and asked why so many armed men were on board, informing him that they must leave the ship. The answer was that the vessel had been purchased by the Japanese Government, and that the officer had orders from the Mikado to take charge of her as soon as she arrived, and he had merely obeyed those orders. The question was discussed for some time; and while it was not denied that the vessel belonged to the Japanese Government, Captain Brown was informed that there was still due the United States $100,000, as a part of the purchase-money, and that the legal transfer of the ship must be made through the American minister, and that until the minister gave instructions to the contrary, the command would be retained by Captain Brown. To this the question was asked: "What has the United States minister to do with a vessel flying the Japanese flag?" and saying this, they pointed to the colors of their country at the peak. After talking with

them for over an hour, and coming no nearer to a conclusion of the difficulty, and with no prospect of convincing them that he had a right to either enforce or even demand their departure, Captain Brown called his first officer, and quietly directed him to take a trustworthy man, thoroughly arm himself and his assistant, get from below a large American flag, secrete it under his coat, slip up to the poop, and at the same time haul down the Japanese flag and substitute the other for it. He was also directed to shoot any one interfering with the execution of the order. The flag was in this way changed without a single Japanese officer on board noticing the change, and they were then immediately informed that as they were on the deck of an American man-of-war, they must leave immediately, and that if one of them remained on board at sunset, he would be thrown overboard. They were also informed that if necessary the two American men-of-war then in the same harbor would be summoned to the assistance of the "Stonewall." When they were shown the American flag at the peak, guarded by two resolute men on either side with drawn revolvers, their astonishment and surprise were unbounded. There was a great deal of excitement and loud talking among them, and when they asked the reason for the change, they were told to go to the American minister for an explanation, and to leave the ship at sunset or prepare to swim or drown. Captain Brown then went below, stationing a trusty officer at the skylight, who soon reported that the Japanese were leaving the ship. On the following day this action was reported to the American minister, who sanctioned it; and it was subsequently given the authority of law by action of Congress, with the full approval of Secretary Seward.

Captain Brown remained at Yokohama, with eight seamen from our navy, in charge of the "Stonewall," until May, 1879. At that time the Mikado's Government was recognized by our own, and the amount due on the pay-

ment being tendered and received, the "Stonewall" was transferred to the Japanese.

Through the kindness of the Japanese legation at Washington, I have received a note containing final information respecting the vessel. Her name was changed by the Japanese to the "Azuma," meaning "the East." On the 10th of March, 1869, she started, in behalf of the government of the Mikado, for the harbor of Hakodadi, having in view an attack on the forces of the Tycoon, as the hostilities between the old and new governments were then not terminated. On her way to the north she was attacked by one of the ships of the Tycoon, but received no injury. She arrived at Hakodadi in the month of May, and engaged in at least two fights with vessels of the enemy, which she speedily disabled. She then turned her attention to the headquarters of the rebels, succeeding in demolishing their fort and in killing a large number of those defending it. She fought also with many other vessels, and was always successful. It was at one time reported that she had gone down in a typhoon, but this was an error. She is still in active service; and judging from the facts, we should be disposed to conclude that she has proved to be one of the best investments the Japanese, under the circumstances, could have made.

One of the greatest of English artists, the famous Turner, has painted a superb picture, representing "The Fighting Téméraire tugged to her last berth to be broken up." No one can look at it and fail to be thrilled with the memory of the heroic deeds of the veteran war-ship, wrapped in the halo of glory which not even the glowing colors of the master could perfectly portray. How different will be the final lot of the ram whose fortunes we have followed, and which, during a part of her career, made a brief record on the pages of American history? She started from her ways with deceit written in her papers, and sailed across the honest ocean with a painted lie at her mast-head. She gained for herself no such renown as

even crime can achieve, when it consorts with a mighty courage; and she shed no lustre on our arms, by reason of her failure to meet us fairly on the open sea. But when the old "Powhatan" is tugged to *her* last berth to be broken up, the memory of her long and loyal service will make every stick in her timbers precious in the eyes of her country. We cannot forget the tears we shed over the bodies of our brave fellows, stricken down upon her decks with the breath of a terrible pestilence; yet we are grateful to-day for the bright picture they set before us of unmurmuring and heroic sacrifice to their country. While we live we shall remember the old ship, not with a foreign device floating above her and a miscellaneous assortment of chop-sticks and pig-tails below, but with the union-jack at the fore, the stars and stripes at the peak, and the heart of her mighty engine responsive to the pulses of a nation's honor and pride.

THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.

By EZRA B. McCAGG.

[Read November 5, 1884.]

ON the 15th of April, 1861, appeared the proclamation of the newly inaugurated President, calling for seventy-five thousand men, to cause the laws to be duly executed, and to repossess the forts, places, and property which had been seized from the Union. The intense feeling with which the loyal people of the country had waited for legal and authoritative action was at once manifest. Men sprang to arms with alacrity and in numbers, their pride and patriotism and courage being stirred to their very depths; and unceasing and tireless energy, the fruit of stern resolve and long endurance of provocation, took the place of apparent lethargy.

The nation had been for a long time at peace, and the field for the exercise of its energies in other directions had been so vast, and the danger of war so remote, that its military service was wholly inadequate to the demands of an active campaign of large bodies of troops. Thoughtful men, recognizing the fact that "the waste of human life and the destruction of health and happiness in time of war have been in all ages many times greater from disease than from actual encounter in battle," looked upon this outburst of pent-up feeling with painful forebodings. Some of the most vital forces of the nation, its trained and educated men, with little or no knowledge of camp life, and because of their ignorance in this respect doubly in danger, were enrolling themselves as soldiers; and their hastily chosen officers were at once uninstructed in their duties and hampered in their efforts to enforce obedi-

ence to rules by the friendship which had given them command.

Unless the teachings of history were worthless, it was manifest that deaths in the hospital would outnumber those in the field; that more insidious and more to be dreaded than all the physical forces that the Rebels could bring to bear was the danger from those sure attendants on army life, — fever, measles, pneumonia, diarrhœa, and their allied forces. It was evident also "that the faithful records of all war are records of preventible suffering, disease, and death;" and seeking to have such action taken as would mitigate as far as possible the misery which military necessities must surely occasion, a delegation of gentlemen from New York visited Washington and petitioned the Secretary of War "for some rigor in the inspection of volunteers, that unsuitable persons might not be sent to certain death in the army; that the War Department should receive on wages during actual duty as many nurses as the exigencies of the campaign might require," and suggested the appointment by the Government of a mixed commission of civilians, distinguished for their philanthropic experience and acquaintance with sanitary matters, — of medical men, and of military officers who should consider the general subject of the prevention of sickness and suffering among the troops, investigate the best system of methodizing and reducing to practical service the already active but undirected benevolence of the people toward the army, and suggest the wisest ways which they could use to manifest their good-will toward its comfort, security, and health.

Their memorial was not favorably received; but persisting, they sent in a sketch of a plan for a commission, asking no legal powers whatever, and none of the public money, but simply official public recognition during the war, or until it should be found unserviceable, and a room in one of the public buildings in Washington or elsewhere, with the insignia of a recognized public office.

They proposed, as the general object of the commission, through suggestions reported from time to time to the Medical Bureau, to bring to bear upon the health, comfort, and morals of the troops the fullest and ripest teachings of sanitary science in its application to military life, whether deduced from theory or observation, from general hygienic principles or from the experience of the Crimean, the East Indian, or the Italian wars; a practical inquiry into the material of the volunteer force, and a careful and thorough investigation of the subject of diet, cooking, camping-ground, tents, clothing, precautions against damp, cold, heat, malaria, infection, the organization of military hospitals, hospital supplies, nurses, extra medical aid, and whatever else related to the care or cure of the sick and wounded. Reluctant consent was given by a document which authorized "a commission of inquiry and advice in respect of the sanitary interests of the United States forces," and ended thus: "The commission will exist until the Secretary of War shall otherwise direct, unless sooner dissolved by its own action." The Secretary evidently had not much faith in the idea or the men.

On the 12th of June, these gentlemen met at Washington and organized the "United States Sanitary Commission," and the War Department at once issued orders for its recognition. Its membership at this time was thus described: "Its presiding officer, a man of learning and a divine, was able to speak with authority of the demands of the philanthropy of the country. Of the military members, one was chief of the staff of Lieutenant-General Scott, another the active head of the Medical Bureau, another the active head of the Commissary Department, two others had previously been in the service of the War Department, and one other had been in foreign military service. One was a man of distinguished reputation in science; another was a man of science and of medical skill and experience of a special character; another had

the same professional reputation, and had also been a medical military officer; another was a physician who had been in charge of the most important government hospital of the country; another was a member of the directory of several important corporations; and another was the chief executive officer of a public work employing more than three thousand men," in the conduct and management of which he had gained distinguished success.

The Commission had necessarily in the beginning certain elements of weakness. It sought vigorous precautionary action to prevent and forestall a prospective danger, while problems of the most difficult and disturbing character, requiring immediate action, compelled the attention of the Government and its officials. It was without power to enforce any of its ideas; it encountered at the outset a certain amount of jealousy, for its functions began in criticism, and criticism is ever disagreeable; and it was subject to the apprehension and the danger of unwarrantable interference. It was a self-constituted adviser, with no power to correct the most manifest errors, and for a time there was (though in the main it was received most kindly by the officers of the army, both regular and volunteers) some hesitation and unwillingness to accept its well-intended offices. To insure a high health-rate in the army, untrained and unaccustomed as it was, was a work scarcely less difficult than the accumulation of material of war; and this was the work which the Commission at once set itself about.

At this time the Medical Department was a bureau simply, caring for fifteen thousand men on a peace establishment, and the Government had done little or nothing toward its organization for war purposes beyond the appointment of a surgeon-general, who at once pronounced against the Sanitary Commission, and declared that he "would have nothing to do with it," for it was "a perilous conception to allow any such outside body to come into being." It having, however, been authorized, he

consented to its action for the volunteers, on condition that it never meddled with the regular troops.

Of the twenty-eight surgeons then in commission, more than half were unfitted for field duty; and the assistant surgeons, younger and brighter men, were scattered at the outposts and along the frontiers. The machinery was wholly inadequate to the work demanded of it. Manifestly the Government had little time to study sanitary science. Its army of ten thousand men was rapidly increased to five hundred thousand, and all its energies were taxed to buy guns and munitions of war, overcoats and blankets, wagons and knapsacks, tents, horses for cavalry, ships for a navy. The army had no medical inspectors, and there was no law authorizing their appointment. The acts of Congress under which, at a later date, inspectors were appointed, were due to the Commission.

For more than a year after the beginning of hostilities, the only systematic efforts for obtaining reliable information as to the hygienic condition of the army, or attempts to apply to it while in the field, and to the sick in hospitals, the principles of sanitary science, were those made by the Commission. There were no general hospitals. To the Quartermaster's Department belonged exclusively the erection and equipment of military hospitals, and the transportation of the sick and wounded; the Subsistence Department had charge of the supplies for them, and these two departments were alike outside of the control of the Medical Bureau. Recalling the immense pressure of the various duties more directly belonging to them, with which these departments were severally charged at the beginning of the war, one can in some measure appreciate the confusion, insufficiency, and mismanagement thus occasioned. Nothing short of an uprooting of the whole system and the interposition of one better suited to the emergency would answer, and to this end the Commission set itself reso-

lutely at work. It was permanently in session, with but brief intervals, for the first three months after its organization. It asked that promotion in the medical staff by seniority be abandoned; for a complete and thorough system of inspection; that general hospitals should be erected upon plans of recognized value; that the transportation service of the sick and wounded should be transferred from the Quartermaster's to the Medical Department; that an enlarged ambulance service should be created; that depots of medicines and hospital supplies should be maintained, and that some arrangement be made by which men incapable of further military service should be discharged and sent home.

There was much delay; the evils complained of were said to be given an exaggerated importance, but finally an act was passed which was in effect a radical reorganization.

But meanwhile, in furtherance of its proposed aims, the Commission, to aid the very large number of physicians necessarily drawn from ordinary practice for duty as army surgeons, issued and distributed gratuitously many short practical treatises containing information upon military hygiene and army medicines and surgery, such as "Directions to Army Surgeons on the Battlefield" by the great English surgeon, Guthrie; "Advice as to Camping," first issued by the British Sanitary Commission at the time of the Crimean War; "On Pain and Anæsthetics," and "On Hemorrhage from Wounds and the Best Means of averting it," by Valentine Mott; pamphlets on army vaccination, amputations, treatment of fractures, scurvy, and fevers. It circulated of its publications over 150,000 through the country, and these were very extensively reprinted in the newspapers; and it at once established a Bureau of Sanitary and Vital Statistics at Washington, in and by which reports embracing the results of observations over a wide field might be compared and analyzed, and the several influences of different diseases and their

causes and means of prevention measured, and thus life economized.

Under its direction, sixty of the most skilful surgeons and physicians in the nation were, eight or ten at a time, engaged for six months in a systematic and scientific survey of all the general hospitals. They inspected seventy thousand beds, saw two hundred thousand patients, and reported, in four thousand written pages, the critical results of these inquiries.

As early as July 9, 1861, the Secretary of the Commission made an extended report respecting the present and prospective wants of the volunteer regiments, based upon facts already observed, discussing, among other subjects, encampments and camp drainage, malaria, water, tents, sunstroke, personal cleanliness, latrines, camp-police, clothing, and food. The hygienic condition and medical wants of the hospitals were investigated, their defects of construction and management reported to the proper authorities; plans and details for their improvement were prepared and matured; from its own funds the Commission paid the wages of cadet surgical dressers until they could be recognized by law; and though the new medical act, with its corps of sanitary inspectors, greatly relieved it from responsibility and expense, yet the rapid increase of the army and of wounds and sickness so augmented the demand for this kind of service as to make it necessary that it should keep all through the war a corps of medical inspectors for the field and the hospital whose duty it was to report wants, condition, personnel, and capacity for improvement.

The Medical Bureau did all that was in its power, but the increase was beyond its strength. The permanent and regimental hospitals together contained in the summer of 1862 more than one hundred thousand sick and wounded, and the ratio of sickness had more than doubled in two months.

The value of a preventive work like this of course can-

not be stated in figures, but must be measured by its necessity and influence. There was no doubt in the minds of the gentlemen composing the Commission that important as its relief work became, it was less so than what was done for the prevention of disease.

"Hospitals," said Sir John Pringle, the distinguished army surgeon of the Walcheren campaign, "are among the chief causes of mortality in armies;" and an eminent French surgeon of the same period asserted that "hospitals are a curse to civilization." Miss Nightingale wrote that the mortality from disease and wounds among all the troops in the first seven months of the Crimean campaign was sixty per cent; and that during its last five months, after sanitary improvements came into operation, the mortality did not exceed one tenth of one per cent per annum.

Does anybody doubt the necessity of the work?

In a report upon the condition of certain military hospitals, twenty-one in number, where fevers and a threatening mortality were prevailing, the inspecting surgeon wrote: "I do not hesitate to say that such a condition of affairs does not exist in any other hospital in the civilized world, and that this hospital is altogether worse than any which were such opprobria to the allies in the Crimean War."

The constant sickness-rate of the Federal Army during the Peninsular campaign was one seventh the total force. How much vital force the army was needlessly wasting, and what could be done to prevent this waste, were questions which concerned every household in the land.

At the time when the Secretary of War made his ungracious order, the army was deficient in the commonest requirements of clothing, bedding, and hospital staff, and there was great suffering from the want of blankets, stockings, overcoats, and tents. I can but repeat, this was necessarily so; I am stating facts with no intention or thought of finding fault.

When the standing army of Prussia took the field against Denmark in the Danish-Holstein War, the Royal Commissioners called upon the people for aid, asking for warm clothing, socks, and shirts; and when the Minister of War was asked if this was necessary, he replied: "It is true that it is the duty of this department to give our troops clothing suited for winter, but it is equally true that owing to the suddenness with which we have been obliged to move our army, it will be difficult to give the men a full supply of proper clothing, unless we receive the patriotic help of all good citizens. For these reasons, I shall be very grateful for a full and prompt supply of woollen socks, gloves, undershirts, and drawers, and for articles of hospital use."

"The history of the great contests in our times," said Dr. Liffler, representative of the King of Prussia at the Geneva Conference, and physician-in-chief of the Fourth Corps of the Prussian Army, "has demonstrated that when war is about to break out, it is impossible for the official authorities to provide the means of succor with sufficient rapidity, and even in a sufficient degree for all possible exigencies. It is to the charitable support and co-operation of the public that we must address ourselves, to surround the victims of the contests with all the care to which they have a well-deserved right, and which the heart of the true philanthropist must demand for unfortunate fellow-beings."

Our people, with swift understanding, had seen and felt this necessity; and local associations, undirected and without system, were endeavoring as far as might be to fill the gaps. The women of the land, tears raining down their cheeks, were loyally sending their beloved ones to the field, and then organizing themselves into associations with passionate ardor, to do whatever might seem to add to their comfort or their pleasure. Their work was in the beginning spasmodic and without system, and much of it was of lessened value because not suited at the moment

to existing necessities. It was zeal without knowledge, and in the face of difficulties quite insurmountable with the means at their employ. There was need of a medium between them and the soldiers to advise what was most needed, to enforce more steady and regular methods of collection and transmission, and to put to the best use the supplies gathered.

One of the ends proposed by the Commission was to systematize this work, to give it recognized place and standing instead of leaving it to chance, and to make individuals and associations understand that they could best subserve the interest of the troops and accomplish the object they had in view through a central controlling organization, looking to a general result, wholly impersonal in its character, and having a direct relation to the official authorities, — in other words, to organize a Department of Relief.

In its scheme of organization as approved by the President and Secretary of War, it proposed "a sub-committee in direct relation with the State governments and with the public associations of benevolence, to secure uniformity of plans, and proportion and harmony of action; to organize, methodize, and reduce to serviceableness the vague, disproportioned, and haphazard benevolence of the public." It accordingly established depots for such supplies at different important points, made an earnest appeal to the loyal men and women of the land for gift-offerings, with a statement of the facilities which its organization gave it for their proper and certain use, and arranged a system of distribution which continued during the whole war. At these depots the articles received were properly assorted, packed, and made ready for shipment, and then forwarded as the movements and needs of the army or of the hospitals demanded. It supplemented the supplies that came through the regular channels, recognizing the truth of what Miss Nightingale so graphically said, "The soldier wants according to his circumstances, but the pur-

veyor purveys according to his warrants;" and to this end it had as part of this branch of its work, besides these permanent depots, a movable or temporary depot and distributing office in every department and with almost every corps of the army. It had its own means of transportation; it paid its employees from its own funds; it could and did many times establish depots nearer to points of attack than the stricter and less elastic rules of medical service permitted.

That there was an enormous amount of unrelieved suffering on many a battlefield and in many a hospital that should not have been, who can doubt? but the Commission most earnestly tried to prevent and diminish it. Fortunately, the aid societies saw at once the advantages it offered in these respects, and consented to act as auxiliary to it, and so complete was their allegiance that the greater measure of their supplies soon became known as "Sanitary stores."

In no respect was the sacrifice of self more fully made than in this. In the beginning the supplies gathered in each locality were intended for the volunteers who had gone from it, if not for a particular person, at least for the company or regiment made up from the neighborhood to which he belonged; and it was no light thing to consent that they go into a common stock, to be distributed as and where most needed. But once understood, the women of the North made yet another sacrifice of personal feeling; and the shirt and the sheet and the blanket intended, perhaps, for a regiment or company from Minnesota, made by wives and daughters for fathers and sons and brothers, stained with tears and covered all over with blessings, were without a murmur permitted to be sent to a hospital with perhaps not a Minnesota volunteer in it; and it was done not to the sound of trumpets, but by aching hearts in sad and lonely homes, — in the language of the gifted author of "Romola," "By valiant workers, whose names are not registered where every day we turn

the leaf to read them, but whose labors make a part, though an unrecognized part, of our inheritance, like the ploughing and the sowing of past generations."

This gathering of material supplies through individual effort, begun to relieve the sick and wounded on the battlefield and in the hospital in cases of emergency, resulted in a systematic and prolonged effort, ending only with the disbanding of the army, and not even then, to aid sick, wounded, and unfortunate men, and to some extent their families, magnificent in its proportions and its results, — probably the grandest charity which the world ever saw.

When General Lee surrendered, the Commission had at its back thirty-two thousand auxiliary societies, and embraced a series of "Homes," "Lodges," "Hospital Trains," "Hospital Boats," a "Hospital Directory," and a "Back Claim and Pension Agency," supported wholly by volunteer contributions, the bountiful gifts of an earnest people, not always out of their abundance, but often the mite of the widow, to the sick and the suffering, — gifts that brought no reward of fame, but were covered all over with blessings. It was not the most important work of the Commission, but it was the one best known, and popularly is supposed to be all that it did.

Homes were established at Boston, Hartford, New York, Philadelphia, Cairo, and other places, twenty-five in all, thirteen of which were in the Western Department. In these, during the year 1864 (the only year of which I have statistics) about twenty-three hundred soldiers (different ones) daily received shelter, food, medical aid, protection, and care. "They were men crowded out of the regular channels, left behind, astray, who had lost their military status, convalescents, discharged men not able to get their pay, men for the time deprived of governmental care, yet never needing it more, on furlough, and yet not at home, sick, yet not in the hospital, the creditors of the Government, yet out of money." "Imag-

ine," said the Rev. Dr. Bellows, the President of the Commission, "without this, the amount of suffering which a multiplication of twenty-three hundred by three hundred and sixty-five days in the year would hint at."

The Home established at Cairo, which was under the immediate supervision of the Chicago Branch, gave shelter, clothing, and subsistence to 198,457 men, who, except for it, would have lacked a place of refuge.

Started early in the war, it was soon found to be quite insufficient in size for its needs, and the outlay required was so large that application was made to General Grant for aid. His answer addressed to the commanding officer at Cairo was as follows: —

"Direct the Post Quartermaster at Cairo to call upon the United States Sanitary agent at your place and see exactly what buildings they require to be erected for their charitable and humane purpose. This Commission has been of such service to the country, and at Cairo is doing so much for the army at this time, that I am disposed to extend their facilities for doing good in every way in my power. You will, therefore, cause to be put up at government expense suitable buildings for the Sanitary Commission, connecting those that they already have, and also put up for them necessary outbuildings."

Listen to an extract or two from reports from this Home:

"In the past week we have had very unpleasant weather, much rain and several inches of snow, and it is still raining and the Ohio River rising. The Home has been full, some days so thronged that we could scarcely pass from one room to another. Our rooms have been wet and muddy, and it has been very unpleasant. Cairo mud is like sin; it sticks to people."

Again: —

"You, sir, may be amused at some scenes that transpire. For instance, last evening, amongst the crowd (at the wharf) you might have seen an aged man with gray hairs; while one was saying 'Baggage for the St. Charles,' and another 'For

the Commercial Hotel,' he would say, 'This way for the Soldiers' Home; all discharged soldiers free of charge.' Then you might have seen him leading eighteen men, a knapsack on his shoulder, three of the crowd on crutches, others so weak they could scarcely walk."

Again the agent writes: —

"Discharged soldiers sometimes wait here for their papers; sometimes our soldiers are robbed of their money and papers; sometimes they lose them. Of late, I have had several lads here, rejected by their officers, being under age. There is no provision made for transportation of such."

And again, speaking of soldiers whom he had picked up on the levees and at the depot: —

"One I found yesterday lying in the lumber-yard, and had been for several hours; he had only a coat and shirt on, and was in a terrible state of sickness. I armed him to the Home, had him washed thoroughly, and put clean garments on him. He felt like the man picked up on the way to Jericho."

Twelve thousand inmates registered in nine months. Good, kind, unselfish though improvident and careless old Father Maddy, living up to the idea, as he expressed it, "Never use the hasher way when love will do the steed." In twenty-five Homes this work was daily going on; earnest men and women, their hearts full of sympathy, gave to it time and strength and oftentimes tears.

Let us turn for a moment to some statements, a little more in detail, of the Supply Department of the Sanitary Commission.

Its Western branch distributed during the war $2,803,144 worth of bedding and clothing; hospital furniture and surgeons' supplies to the amount of $243,000; $1,841,011 worth of articles of diet and $236,000 in value of other articles, which I have not the time to specially designate; in all, a total of $5,000,000, and much more was distributed at the East. These figures run

easily off the tongue, and may make small impression on the mind; but sum up, if you can, the weary hours made more comfortable by the supplemental aid thus added to the provision made by the Government, and recollect that this merely represents supplies furnished, and but a part of what was done.

Up to the first of January, 1863, the Chicago Branch alone, in addition to its other work, had forwarded to the army forty-five hundred packages of stores. In March, 1863, its then President, Judge Skinner, issued a circular, which was supplemented by short telegrams to important points, and also published in the newspapers, asking for anti-scorbutics for General Grant's army, then before Vicksburg and threatened with scurvy. I make a couple of extracts from the history of this branch respecting this call.

"Then ensued a passage in the history of the Northwest that was one of the most remarkable of the varied experiences of the aid societies. It was March, the month of the vernal equinox. Vigorous rains had taken the place of the cloudy, sullen weather of the winter. The rich black soil of the Northwest, saturated and more than ever adhesive, offered an almost impassable barrier to locomotion. But neither rain nor mud was heeded. Wherever the telegrams were sent, wherever the circulars were directed, wherever the newspapers were read, there immediately went abroad committees, begging anti-scorbutics for the soldiers.

"The towns were divided into districts, and every house was visited; a central depot of deposit was appointed, to which humble and rich were alike invited to send contributions. In the country, committees went in wagons, begging as they went, and taking possession of what was given, as they labored from house to house. This was done day after day, first in one direction and then in another, through mud and rain, by men and women. . . .

"There were but small quantities of these articles in the Northwest compared to the usual abundance; for what had

escaped the destructive *drought* which prevailed the preceding summer had been in a great measure destroyed by the 'rot' of the wet winter just closing. Illinois had but few of the desired vegetables; in some localities 'not enough for planting,' in others none at all; Michigan was better off; Wisconsin was still more fortunate, and so was Iowa; but whatever the supply, whether great or small, it was cheerfully divided with the soldier. Pickles were gathered in a similar manner. Cabbage pits were opened, explored, and rifled; horse-radish was dug, and added to the collection.

"From Wisconsin and those localities which had not suffered through the causes mentioned, the consignments came 'rushing forward.' They filled the depot; they overflowed upon the sidewalk; they encroached even upon the street in front of the Commission rooms. As fast as they arrived they were forwarded, and their places occupied by others.

"The aid societies gave themselves up to the occasion; regular meetings, extra meetings, and canvassing expeditions filled up the time. Begging committees were ordered to report on certain days; and the whole society, in its anxiety, came together to hear of their success."

Besides the large quantities of anti-scorbutics so freely given, the Commission purchased all that could be found in Chicago; this resource exhausted, aid societies and agents were employed to buy in the surrounding country. On this and on several similar occasions, it thus swept the market. As rapidly as possible during the month of March, 1863, were shipped from Chicago to the army of General Grant all the anti-scorbutics that could then be collected by free-will offering and by purchase, amounting to not less than a hundred barrels a day. The average of vegetable shipments was a thousand barrels a week, and other sanitary supplies were not sensibly abated. One delegation alone from the Chicago branch to Vicksburg took with it during this month thirty tons of supplies.

Scarcely was the struggle ended that had been instituted during March against scurvy in the Army of the

Mississippi, when it became necessary to renew it on behalf of the Army of the Cumberland. Beginning on April 18, the Chicago Commission sent a car-load of vegetables, or about one hundred and twenty-five barrels daily, for several successive days, to the army of General Rosecrans. Two car-loads were shipped on two successive nights to Louisville, for the hospital in charge of Dr. Woodward, near Murfreesboro. For a time the great piles of vegetable shipments for Murfreesboro crowded out all other supplies.

From January to July, the Chicago Branch had thus shipped 18,468 bushels of vegetables; of other anti-scorbutics it forwarded in that time 61,056 pounds of dried fruit, 3,658 cans of fruit, and 387 packages of pickles. In the month of June alone, it shipped 2,937 packages, of which 2,869 were for the army investing Vicksburg. One of these shipments filled eight cars, and this was only from one branch. There were eleven of these branches in the Northwest, and more than as many more at the East.

"We find," said Dr. F. H. Hamilton, Medical Inspector of the United States Army, "in the absence of vegetable diet a cause for a great part of the mortality of our troops, both after the receipt of wounds and from disease. Indirectly it may account for suppuration, gangrene, pyæmia, erysipelas, diarrhœa, dysentery, fever, rheumatism, etc.; and we fully believe that one barrel of potatoes is to the Government equal to one man."

The steady prolonged labor in almost every town, village, and hamlet of all the broad North, which resulted in so enormous a collection of stores, is past description as it is past praise.

But money was also necessary to pay agents in the field and employees at the various offices, homes, and lodges; for the purchase of stores and the replacing of those sent; for transportation where that had to be paid for, and for the many other expenses attendant upon so large a work.

There were many persons who were ready and willing to give time and effort to this work, without pay, influenced by many motives: sometimes pure motives of humanity controlled; often they desired to be near some friend; often curiosity was sufficient, — a desire to visit the army. But such aid was necessarily spasmodic and uncertain; it was uncontrollable as to time, and it was largely unskilled. The Commission was satisfied that to have its work well done, it must secure the permanent services of capable and trained men, and therefore it paid its servants; it required them to engage for an agreed period; it gave them some training in the lower positions before advancing them to those of more importance. It was not easy work, nor was it to be learned by inspiration; it was sometimes repulsive, and often full of drudgery. The Commission thought, and as it grew in experience found no occasion for change in this respect, that better, cheaper, and more abundant results were to be had in this as in all other kinds of work, by the payment of moderate compensation, than through the efforts, however zealous and well-intended, of volunteers.

Much of the amount needed came from California, much in the form of individual donations, in large and small sums. I will give an example or two of the latter. An aged man, accompanied by his wife (the two alike browned by exposure to the rays of an August sun, toil-worn and careworn), one day came to the rooms of the Commission in Chicago, and asked if that was the place where they helped soldiers. Receiving an affirmative reply, he continued: "I have brought something for you; I had three sons; one died on the field, and two in hospitals, and my old wife and I had to get in our crops ourselves. We live in Iowa, but we went to see about it, and I have brought something for the boys." And he handed out his small roll of fractional currency, — seventy cents.

Did the men who were in the field know that all over this broad land they stirred hearts like that?

A little girl not nine years old came into the rooms of the Commission, and laying a five-dollar gold-piece on the desk, said in a half-frightened way: "My uncle gave me that before the war, and I was going to keep it always; but he 's got killed in the army, and Mother says now I may give it to the soldiers if I want to, and I 'd like to do so. I don't suppose it will buy much for them; will it?"

A poor seamstress entered. "I do not feel right," she said, "that I am doing nothing for our soldiers in the hospitals, and I have resolved to do something immediately; which do you prefer that I should do, — give money, or buy material and manufacture it into garments?"

"You must be guided by your circumstances," was the answer; "we need both money and supplies."

"I prefer to give the money, if it will do as much good."

"Very well, then give money, which we need much, and without which we cannot do what is most necessary."

"Then I will give you the entire earnings of the next two weeks. I 'd give more, but I have to help support my mother, who is an invalid. Generally I make but one vest a day, but I will work earlier and later for the next two weeks."

In two weeks she came again, her face radiant with the consciousness of good intent, and opening her portmonnaie, she counted out nineteen dollars and thirty-seven cents. Every penny of it had been earned with her needle, and she had stitched away into the hours of the night on every working-day of the week.

The first fair for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers was held in Chicago. I epitomize part of a description of it: —

"The contributions were large; but it was the tone of deep-seated earnestness that was largest. It was not merely what men and women said and did, but the *way* the thing was done, which carried with it this impression of wholesale generosity of spirit. Delicately wrought articles, such as usually adorn

the tables of fairs, — the work of ladies' hands, — were not wanting; but then the farmers for miles and miles around kept coming in with their wagons by twenties and fifties and hundreds, loaded down with their bulky farm produce; others came leading horses or driving before them cows or oxen or mules, which they contributed instead of money, of which they perhaps had none; others brought live poultry which had been fed for months at the poor man's door. They brought them because they must bring something, and this was all they had. Some wagons were loaded from rich dairies with butter and cheese by the ton; then came great loads of hay from some distant farm, followed by others just as large from farms farther off.

"The mechanics brought their machines and gave them in, one after another, — mowing-machines, reapers, thrashing-machines, planters, pumps, fanning-mills, — until a new building, a great storehouse, had to be erected to receive them; and here were ploughs and stoves and furnaces and millstones, and rails by the hundred, kegs and wagons and carriage-springs and axes and plate-glass and huge plates of wrought-iron ore (then the largest ever rolled from any rolling-mill in the world), block tin, enamelled leather, hides, boxes of stationery, cases of boots, cologne by the barrel, native wine in casks, purified coal-oil by the thousand gallons, a mountain howitzer, a steel breach-loading cannon, and a steam-engine made by the working-men in one of the manufactories of engines in Chicago.

"Loaded wagons came in long processions, toiling into the city from far-off country places, bearing marks of frontier service; and the horses or mules, together with the drivers themselves, most of them told of war. Many of them were sunburnt men, with hard hands and rigid features; and a careless observer would have said that there was surely nothing in those wagons, as they passed, to awaken any sentiment. Yet something there was about it all which brought tears to many eyes as the old farmers with their heavy loads toiled by.

"Among the crowd of spectators there was noticed a broad-shouldered Dutchman with a face expressive of anything but thought or feeling; he gazed at the singular procession as it

passed, — the sunburnt farmers, and the long narrow wagons, and the endless variety of vegetables and farm produce; he gazed as these men, with their sober faces and their homely gifts, passed, one by one, until, when finally the last wagon moved by, this stolid, lethargic-looking man "broke down" with a flood of tears, and could say nothing and do nothing but seize upon the little child whom he held by the hand, and hug her to his heart, trying to hide his tears behind her curls."

The projectors of this fair hoped to realize twenty-five thousand dollars from it; their net gain was over sixty thousand dollars.

The several railroads centring in Chicago, and the express companies, carried its packages free during all the war. The Illinois Central Railroad sometimes attached a Sanitary supply car to its passenger train, and again and again gave the Commission cars more than once a whole train at a time, without charge, when the demand for rolling-stock to enable it to fulfil its contracts was most imperative. By estimate, three hundred thousand dollars would not have paid the freight charges of the Chicago Branch alone had freight been charged.

I have given these details, as I shall give more, because, although many of them only show work done through one branch, yet they evidence the practical working of the Commission. They were in no respect peculiar or particular; the same thing, in character and in kind, was being done at Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Louisville, and other points east and west, in Maine, Minnesota, Missouri, and every intermediate State.

Owing to the rapidity with which our army had moved, the Medical Purveyor was almost without supplies at the battle of Antietam. The Sanitary Commission was two days in advance of the Government, with twenty-five wagon-loads of stimulants, condensed food, and medicines; and within a week it despatched by teams from

Washington to the field 28,762 pieces, — shirts, towels, bed-ticks, etc., — thirty-six barrels of bandages and old linen, 3,000 pounds of farina, 2,620 pounds of condensed milk, 5,050 pounds of beef stock and canned meats, 3,000 bottles of wine and cordial, several tons of lemons and other fruit, besides large quantities of tea, sugar, crackers, and other material.

Prior to the battle of Gettysburg, the Commission had accumulated stores at several points to await the result and probable necessities of General Meade's advance.

Its inspectors and wagon-trains marched with his army, one with each column. The Government had anticipated the wants of ten thousand men; the battle left twenty-three thousand wounded (our own and the enemy's) on an area of about four miles square. The outlay of the Commission was but little short of seventy-five thousand dollars on account of this battle alone, in a period of about two weeks.

Mr. John F. Seymour, the brother of Governor Horatio Seymour, of New York, spent eight days at Gettysburg. He wrote in respect to the wounded: "There were some in churches, some in barns, some in tents among forest-trees, some in tents on open field, some under such shelter as a farmer would be ashamed to show for his cows, some under blankets hung over cross-sticks, and some without even so much shelter as that." He continues: "As soon as the railroad was repaired, the Sanitary Commission sent an ice-car daily from Philadelphia loaded with fresh meats, milk, and vegetables. With its ambulances it poured in among the suffering multitude thousands of pounds of bread and meat, clothing, blankets, bandages, beef-tea, condensed milk, liquors, — in short, everything that human kindness could devise, was gathered up by the wide benevolence of this Commission and poured out among the wounded soldiers, friend and foe alike."

In reference to the condition of things after the battle,

Dr. Bellows wrote: "Every day since Tuesday (a week) a car-load of delicacies costing two thousand dollars, and containing one thousand pounds of mutton, one thousand pounds of chickens, twelve hundred dozen eggs, fifteen hundred loaves of soft bread, with condensed milk, beef stock, etc., has been ordered, forwarded, and distributed." Ceaseless wagon-loads of hospital clothing were also sent. This was part of the field-work of the Commission. During the month of May, 1864, it expended $328,351 for the National forces in Virginia alone.

I am not criticising the Government, or its Medical Department. The army was always well fed, so far as the ordinary army ration was concerned. It is of the sick and wounded that I write, and the best and best-prepared government that ever existed could not have satisfactorily taken care of such an immense number of helpless men as were suddenly thrown upon its care.

Accusations of misappropriation of money and supplies were not frequent, but they were made. That it occurred may not be doubted. All that watchfulness could do to prevent it was done; the Commission was always obliged for any information which threw light on any abuse, and never failed to investigate. Some of these accusations were traceable to a bad motive, some to a mistake. How easily the latter could be made, a couple of instances will illustrate.

A respectable gentleman wrote that his son, a member of a battery stationed at Falmouth, had bought and was wearing stockings with the United States Sanitary Commission's mark on them, for which he paid thirty-five cents, and that his company had bought and paid for sixty-five pairs at the same rate. This was strictly true; the soldiers had bought the stockings and paid for them, and a great many other companies had done the same thing. But how and why?

Colonel Ingalls, the United States Quartermaster, had borrowed of the storekeeper of the Commission five

thousand pairs of stockings, in lack of an immediate supply of his own, which at the moment he could not obtain elsewhere, to supply the naked and half-frozen feet of the rank and file in the field and among the well, not in the hospital or sick, which he returned as soon as his supplies arrived. They were good for five thousand stories of sales of Sanitary supplies.

The stores collected were distributed by the army surgeons as their judgments dictated; and often and often the patient was, without his knowledge, lying in blankets, wearing a shirt and socks, and consuming food not obtained from the Quartermaster, but from the Sanitary Commission. He had been in hospital days or weeks or months, and so far as he knew had never seen a Sanitary agent or supply, while many, perhaps all, of the more delicate appliances for comfort with which he was surrounded came from the Sanitary Commission. Still less was he in the way to know such a fact as was stated by an army surgeon to the Medical Society of General Granger's army corps: "All the potatoes, onions, dried apples, etc., used in this great army at this time are not from the Quartermaster, but from the Sanitary Commission." As a rule, the soldier understood Sanitary supplies to mean jellies, jams, and such things; he did not know that potatoes, onions, sour-krout, crackers, codfish, butter, condensed milk and dried fruit, bedding and clothing, were its staple articles.

There were rumors that Sanitary Commission stores of lint and bandages were in the hands of paper-makers. While the Commission was seeking for evidence, a friend wrote Dr. Bellows that they had a solid foundation, — that some paper-makers, naming a firm in Connecticut, had informed him that they had bought of an agent of the Commission in Baltimore several *tons* of linen rags and bandages designed for soldiers. A special agent was at once sent to this firm, and found they had bought rags and bandages of a person they supposed to be a

Sanitary Commission agent, and gave his name. The Commission had no connection with him, but determined to find out how he got such articles for sale, and sent an agent to Baltimore to that end. He had sold the material by the order of a lady, the respected head of a State Relief Association at Washington, who, having on hand more linen rags and bandages and less of other things than she needed, had, with the consent of the donors, sold her rags and purchased more necessary stores with the proceeds.

The noted temperance orator, John B. Gough, stated in a public meeting in Chicago — going quite out of his way to do it — that army surgeons appropriated these supplies. It fell to the lot of the writer to ask when and where, promising an investigation. He declined to state, giving as a reason that he had heard the story on which he based the statement at a private dinner (if I recollect rightly), and it would be an abuse of confidence to give the name of the narrator. The reply to this was that the charge was a matter of public concern, made so by him, and it was a grave one, — accusing the Commission of carelessness and an army surgeon of theft, thus weakening the confidence of the public in the Commission, and doing harm to sick and wounded men; that if the communication was in confidence, that confidence had been already abused; and that the Commission would make an investigation if he would enable it to do so, and punish the offender. He left the city without further answer.

It should not have been difficult to organize, both on land and water, a system for the removal to permanent hospitals of such of the sick and wounded as could bear transportation and were without proper provision where they were. But it was in fact very difficult. The medical officers, however anxious they might be, were without the means of transporting them (that belonged to the Quartermaster's Department), and this latter was over-

whelmed with its own more direct duties. Its necessity was soon emphasized.

The condition of the sick and wounded at Donelson, immediately after the battle, was deplorable. Over seventeen hundred (1,733) of our men had been wounded, and a thousand disabled Confederates (1,007) were left on our hands. The battle had lasted for three days, our troops all the time exposed to cold and hunger; and there was no hospital for them there, and no provision made for their removal. The medical stores provided by the Government were insufficient; surgeons were wanting, and men were left for days with their wounds undressed, their clothes unremoved, smeared with blood and filth, snow covering them. Such of them as had been taken from the field had been put on two steamers which the Government furnished, and laid side by side on the floor without either mattresses or blankets; while corn-meal, hard bread, and bacon were the sum total of the hospital stores. The medical attendants were doing what they could, but it was far short of what the emergency required, and there could be no doubt of the necessity for active measures to supplement the provision made by the Government. The pride, the patriotism, and the tenderness of the Northwest were deeply stirred, and great effort was made for their relief, but alas! it was long in coming, — sometimes too late.

Taught thus a lesson, the Commission equipped two steamers as hospital boats, manning them with a corps of surgeons and nurses, and furnishing them with proper supplies; and they soon came into use. Within two months the battle of Pittsburg Landing was fought, and much the same condition of affairs ensued as at Donelson. No adequate provision had been made for the care of the sick and wounded, and every possible place for their reception was crowded with them. The surgeons and nurses were inadequate in number, and their resources so meagre in bedding, clothing, and diet as to be almost

nothing. The scene to a looker on was one which only war can bring: men hurrying to and fro; mule teams dragging wagons through the mud in every form of confusion, upset, interlocked, broken, blocking the roads; wounded men on litters; the dead lying on the wet ground; busy squads of indifferent grave-diggers rapidly putting the bodies into hastily prepared trenches and throwing on them a few spadefuls of earth. As soon as the news of the battle reached Nashville, the Western Secretary of the Commission started for that point on one of these steamers, taking with him several surgeons and a good supply of stores. There were nearly two thousand sick and wounded at Savannah, and thirty-five hundred at Hamburg with two to three hundred arriving daily, — all desperately in need of just the stores he had brought. The Secretary wrote: —

"I took on board our steamer two hundred and eighteen sick, . . . mostly from Michigan, as Illinois and Ohio had been well represented in the Sanitary efforts at Pittsburg Landing and vicinity, and most of the sick from those States had been carried away. . . . I took more than our boat could conveniently accommodate, urged by the evident necessity that they should leave Hamburg, and their tearful, trembling eagerness to go home; but I left on the banks of the Tennessee at Hamburg a tottering, woe-begone crowd, some of whom, I fear, will never receive the warm greeting that awaits them at home, because I could not add them to my long list. God help them! . . . I never had a more sad and painful duty than to say to the throng of eager applicants, 'I cannot take you;' to dash to the ground the hope created by the surgeon's permission of exchanging the dreadful suffering, monotony, and exile of hospital life in Tennessee for a rapid and pleasant voyage on a hospital transport."

The Chicago Branch of the Commission had accumulated nearly a thousand boxes of supplies at Cairo to meet this emergency. A hundred of these had been as-

sorted and re-packed and forwarded about a week before the battle. The remainder were sent as soon as possible, and with them went Dr. Isham of Chicago. The battle was fought on Sunday and Monday; he arrived the following Friday; and in a letter written the day after, he remarks, —

"When you know that there are no stores here but ours, so far as we can learn, and that we are first on the ground and as yet the only volunteers here, you will see how much work there is for us. There is not a bandage, rag, or sponge, or any chloroform (except as Dr. Gristed tells me he has three pounds) to be had. We have given out all our rags and bandages, and God knows what we shall do without these articles to dress wounds. I worked until one last night, after we distributed our stores, assisting in dressing wounds. Disabled men are still being brought aboard the boats, and many are yet in tents upon the wet straw; for you must know that it rains, and has rained steadily since Sunday."

The steamboat "Lancaster," chartered by the Commission, and used as a hospital boat, in the two months following made six trips to Pittsburg Landing and Hamburg, carrying large supplies of hospital stores, and bringing fifteen hundred sick and wounded to the hospitals on the Ohio River; in all, twenty loads of helpless men were taken by the boats of the Commission from Pittsburg Landing and its vicinity to the hospitals at the North.

It is scarcely possible to measure the value of this work, sentiment, if it must be so called, having so large a share in it. "Oh, my son, my son," in the bitterness of her grief sobbed an Illinois mother, looking at the dead body of her son, "that you should die so, on the floor and in a corner!"

This was at the West. Experience had proved that this volunteer system was in no respect perfect, yet it had so much of value as to induce the Commission to offer its

services to the Army of the Potomac, and the Secretary of War placed a steamer at its disposal, which was equipped and at once sent to York River. On its arrival the condition of things was thus stated: —

"The first sick men whom they saw were crowded in a number of log huts which had been previously used by the Rebels as barracks. The place was a most pestilential one, and men who had been attacked by sickness were dying by scores of fever, still clothed in their uniforms, and even wearing their caps. There were few attendants, no clothing, no medicines, and the surgeons in charge seemed bewildered in their helplessness."

Two hundred and fifty men were taken on board, well and carefully nursed, and taken to New York. I cannot go over the details of a most exhausting, onerous, and harassing service at that point. The Commission had no power to enforce obedience, and yet was in practice responsible for results; more than once it happened that after fitting up a steamer which had been assigned to it for hospital purposes, it was ordered given up for other needs. It succeeded in transferring from the Peninsula in comparative comfort over eight thousand sick and wounded. The result was by no means equal to the labor expended, and was far short of what had been hoped for; but certainly it did in some degree mitigate the horrors of that most disastrous campaign.

The defects in the system, or rather the utter want of system in the transportation of sick and wounded men *by land* had before this time arrested the attention of the Commission, and it had asked that an "Ambulance Regiment" should be formed, to be under the direction of General McClellan on the Peninsula; but the request had been denied, and men sick and wounded, near to death, were put in freight cars without any previous preparation, with an insufficiency of food, passing hours and sometimes days of agony. At the battle of Perryville, in October, 1862, over twenty-five hundred men were

wounded, and had to be cared for in a country almost entirely stripped of resources; and from a combination of circumstances their condition was exceedingly distressing. There was a want of adequate provision for their care; medicine and hospital stores were lacking; there were very few tents, almost no ambulances, no hospital furniture, and no proper food; men lay for days helpless and neglected on the field, their blood slowly oozing from their undressed wounds, dying from heat, thirst, starvation. It is hard to say that this was the fault of any one. "It was," writes the Secretary of the Western Department of the Commission, "incident to the workings of a defective system, in special instances aggravated by individual incompetency."

Cars, such as could be had, were used, and, with little or no provision for their wants and none for their comfort, sick and wounded men were transported from the field to the general hospitals. It is needless to say that only necessity, sudden and most pressing, could excuse what was done, and that the want of some better method was keenly felt. In this emergency, a member of the Commission devised a hospital car, thirty litters swung on each side, suspended by stout tugs of india-rubber, so arranged that there was scarcely a perceptible jar; some invalid chairs, a pantry furnished with medicines, utensils, beverages, food, towels, socks, blankets, and nurses for those who needed them. In this car the severest medical and surgical cases could be carried long distances, at the minimum of suffering and danger to the patient.

One of the agents wrote: "Since my connection with the hospital train I have removed 2,472 patients, with the loss of only one man, who was removed against the wish of his surgeon and my own judgment, at his earnest desire to 'die at home.'"

General Rosecrans in 1863, and General Grant in 1864, authorized a train of these cars; but it was not until the spring of 1864 that the Medical Department of the army

took the entire responsibility of the transportation of the sick.

These hospital trains sometimes carried a well man. "You can't get on the train *if I see you*," said an agent of the Commission at Nashville, to an old man who was taking home the body of his son. He was at Louisville that night with his precious freight, and he came on that train. It is to be presumed that the agent did not see him.

The convalescents in one of the cars were told that if a negro who was selling "white oak" pies (particularly bad for diarrhœa patients, who as particularly craved them), and who had been ordered off the train, came into the cars again, they should confiscate his stock in trade. That darky afterward turned up in Ohio, stoutly asserting that he had been " 'fiscated by the sojers."

The Commission never lost its interest in these trains, and after their transfer to the Medical Bureau, and until the close of the war, many of the persons in charge of them were paid from its treasury, and most of the suitable food provided for patients came from it. The whole number of sick and wounded thus conveyed during the war was about two hundred and twenty-five thousand.

The men who found refuge in the "Homes" were the subjects of a great variety of misfortunes; many of them were wounded, most if not all of them helpless in some respect; they had perhaps been captured and shut up in Rebel prisons, or their leave had expired while they were sick, and not reporting for duty they had been dropped from the rolls of their company or marked as absent without leave, or as deserters; they had been by the rigidity of military rules crowded out of the regular channels, and so were not able to get their back pay; had lost their rights to a pension, and to reinstate them it was necessary to show where they had been for each day of the missing time. The condition of many of them had been such that they could not give an intelligent account of them-

selves; and it frequently occurred that they had been honorably discharged, but their discharge papers were imperfect. "I am sorry to say," writes the agent at Cairo in July, 1864, "that about one in four of the discharge papers that come from the front are incorrect." For these and other like reasons, they had not been paid, sometimes for months, and their ignorance and poverty made them especially subject to unjust and dishonest dealing, the prey of claim-agents and sharpers. In one of the hospitals at Philadelphia there were at one time fifteen hundred men wounded and helpless, who had lost their descriptive lists, some of whom had not been paid for two years.

The Commission undertook the gratuitous collection of these claims, establishing a claim agency and a back-pay agency. A few details will give a fair idea of results. The agent at Cairo reported back pay drawn and paid over, from November 1, 1863, to July 31, 1864, — nine months, — $120,005.38. The one at Washington, from January 1 to October 1, 1863, — nine months, — $130,159; for the quarter ending June 30, 1864, $75,591.11; for the quarter ending December 31, 1864, $144,378.61; altogether it collected back pay and bounty, nearly $3,000,000, — all for men, it must not be forgotten, too feeble to attend to their own accounts, or unable to obtain their pay because of some charge against them on the pay-rolls, or some errors in their papers. I will give one case in the words of the record, as an illustration: —

"William Bentz, private, Company F, Sixteenth United States Infantry, enlisted at Clayton, Iowa, November 6, 1861, discharged on a surgeon's certificate of disability, given at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md., April 7, 1863, 'because of a gunshot wound, the ball never having been extracted.' The wound has not healed, and it troubles him very much; he is anxious to get home; says 'he cares very little about his pay, if he can only get home.' He was wounded at Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, sent to hospital, Newport, Kentucky, where he remained

nearly three months. The surgeon considered him unfit for military duty, and was willing to give him a discharge, but could not, as he could not obtain his descriptive list. At his own request, the commander of the post gave him a pass to go to his regiment, then in Northern Alabama, to get his descriptive list. On his way back he was taken prisoner by guerillas (this was about the 22d of August, 1862), his money and effects taken from him, and his papers destroyed. He was sent to Chattanooga, thence to Macon, Georgia, and after nearly two months' confinement was sent to Richmond, and paroled on the 18th of October, 1862. At the expiration of his pass, given by the commander of the post at Newport, Kentucky, as nothing had been heard from him, he had been marked 'a deserter,' and so reported to his commanding officer, who marked him 'a deserter' upon the regimental pay-rolls. A statement 'of paroled prisoners' was procured from the Commissary-General, giving the date of his capture and parole, and with all the important facts of the case gathered one by one, forwarded to his company commander, so that at length a certificate was obtained from him that the man had been wrongly marked 'a deserter.' Upon this evidence the charge was removed, and his pay, amounting to nearly one hundred and fifty dollars, secured and collected; meanwhile the Commission had furnished him transportation home, and very likely — for in thousands of cases it did so — maintained him while collecting his money."

And manifestly the soldier needed the same protection as well as aid in getting his pension. Totally unfamiliar with the necessary legal prerequisites, his papers lost, often and often his name stricken from the rolls of his company because of some unexplained absence, which might have resulted, as I have before stated, from sickness, capture, a prolonged detail without fault on his part, or an ignorant or careless superior, — he was the prey of dishonesty in manifold forms. This led to the establishment of a Pension Bureau by the Commission, with agents in several of the large cities paid by it to collect the facts, draw the proper papers, make application for the pension, and collect and pay over the amount. It

was done without cost to the soldier. Through the instrumentality of this Bureau, the evidence to support nearly one half the claims presented to the Government for pensions, up to the close of the war, was collected, put in shape, and presented. The cases thus prepared numbered something like sixty thousand, representing a money value of $7,500,000; and for a period of two years after the war ended, the Commission kept many offices to this end.

Many will perhaps remember a clever sketch published in the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1862, styled "My Hunt after the Captain," written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, describing in a pleasant way a father's trip in search of his son, who had been wounded at Antietam. One reads, in and between the lines, how heart-sickness and apprehension and pain were prolonged and increased and intensified by the father's inability to find where his son was; the weary going from point to point; the want of information, and the incorrectness of much that he received. Once when within ten miles of where his son was lying, mistaken information caused him an unnecessary journey of three or four hundred miles.

I refer to this because it exemplifies a want which was early apparent. The soldier never ceased to be a citizen; he had gone voluntarily from office or counting-room or plough to the field, intending to return as soon as the war was over; as a rule, his home ties were never for a moment relaxed, and his family, his neighbors, and his friends followed his fortunes with unflagging earnestness; and so whenever a battle was fought, all military centres were crowded with persons anxious for information, for permission to go to the wounded, or to bring home the dying or the dead. This permission was difficult to be had. If Dr. Holmes, with all the prestige of his name, with his knowledge of men and affairs, found it so, how much more so for gentle women, unlettered workmen, the great rank and file of our common humanity, to whom not a special tel-

egram, but the press only, had brought the intelligence that their Captain was wounded or was dead!

The suffering caused by this state of affairs was manifest, and the Commission undertook, as far as possible, to lessen it. Hence the establishment of a "Hospital Directory," of which there were three, one at Washington, one at Louisville, and one at Philadelphia, — the last for Pennsylvania troops alone. Agents of the Commission stationed at important points transmitted lists of casualties, of deaths, of transfers from one hospital to another, returns to duty, etc., to the nearest Directory, where such reports were classified and sent to the others, so that it was short work to give to an inquirer the condition and location of each man whose name appeared on the list. Nor was this all. If the name of the soldier inquired for was not on the books of the Hospital Directory, effort was made to find him, and any clew given was followed till lost, or some definite information was reached.

I will illustrate its methods: A letter comes from a mother in New York City, who has not heard from her son, Samuel Jones, a private in the Two Hundredth New York Volunteers, Company B, for some months, and has become intensely anxious. Hearing of the Sanitary Commission, she writes for information. The soldier's name does not appear on its books. In a book entitled "Applications," the clerk enters the date of the application and its number, the name and company of the volunteer, the name of the applicant, with a summary of the information desired; and then on a blank form bearing the same number as the application, he writes the surgeon of the regiment somewhat as follows: —

"Information is earnestly desired regarding Samuel Jones, of the Two Hundredth New York Volunteers, Company B. When last heard from, five months ago, he was with his regiment at New Orleans, Louisiana. His mother has great anxiety about him. Please reply upon this sheet at your earliest convenience."

He encloses a stamped envelope addressed to the Hospital Directory. In the course of a few weeks there arrives, among other letters, a sheet headed with the number of the application. It is the same the clerk sent to the surgeon, who has written: —

"Samuel Jones, of Company B, Two Hundredth New York Volunteers, of which regiment I am surgeon in charge, was taken sick about four months since and sent to Barracks Hospital, New Orleans, and only last week returned to do duty, and is now with his regiment. Not getting letters from home, he has neglected to write, but agrees to do so right away."

The clerk, seeking out the application, which had been carefully docketed and laid away, puts with it the answer, sending a copy to Mrs. Jones.

Do not understand me that this work was perfect; far from it; but the Hospital Directory at Louisville at the close of the war had a record of 1,517 regiments, and included 750,502 names; its roll of the dead was 79,857. Seven hundred thousand names were recorded in the Directory at Washington between October, 1862, and July, 1864, and at that point there were received daily from ten to twenty-five applications for information by letter, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty personally, or from the various agencies. The roll of the dead numbered over 81,000. Philadelphia at the close of the war had a registry of 75,830 names.

How barren and naked this array of figures seems to eyes and ears that saw and heard the many anxious inquirers, — fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers, some of abounding wealth, powerless at the moment to save a single pang; some poor, destitute, ignorant, on their way to the front; how to get there they did not know, but to get there some way, any way, they were determined, for it was the yellow flag that in the breeze shook out its folds over son or husband or brother, if he still lived. Of course not all the questions could be

answered. In more than one burying-ground large numbers were gathered together under one tombstone, inscribed "Unknown," and these had no record; but over seventy per cent of the inquiries received met a satisfactory response.

Let me give a further idea of the work, by a few incidents: A father desires to visit a sick son. His statements agree with the record. The despatch written for him tells the whole story.

MURFREESBORO, TENN.

To Brigadier-General J. A. GARFIELD, Chief of Staff:

Had four sons in the army; two are dead; two belong to the Eightieth Ohio Company. Wm. C. is sick at Gallatin, Hospital Four (4). Please grant pass.

The pass was granted.

An old man enters the office. He has travelled from Northern Ohio to see his son, and has been told to inquire at the Sanitary rooms for direction to the hospital where he is. While the clerk turns to the books, he chats of his boy and home, of the different articles in his hand-bag put in by mother and sisters; he is all animation and hope, is at the very threshold of the door which is to admit him to the realization of his anticipations. The record says, "Died this morning." How to announce it?

"My dear sir," the agent says, "Your son is gone."

With a frightened look the old man repeats in a half-dazed way, "Gone, gone! you don't mean dead, do you?"

Can you see his grief, the agonizing "Oh, it will kill his mother!" and the after-comfort of the certainty of knowledge of when and where his boy died and was buried.

A mother from Northern Indiana has received a despatch stating that her son is sick at Nashville; she is on her way to see him, but is refused a pass. She comes to the Directory; her son's name is on the books; she says,

"It is too bad; I have seven sons, and all of them are in the army. I do not wish them away, but I do want, if they get sick, the privilege of going to nurse them."

"My dear Madam, you shall go; that fact will get you a pass;" and it did.

A young wife is sent from the telegraph office to have a despatch written for a permit to visit her husband in Nashville. She knows he is in Nashville, and is quite impatient at the useless delay of consulting the records.

"Are you sure he is in Nashville?"

"Certainly."

"You would have no objection to meeting him here?"

"You are playing with me, sir; will you give me the despatch?"

"I don't think you will need one; your husband is but a few blocks away."

One day six men came in together, on their way to see their sons in hospitals at places farther south. They said they had obtained military passes to go below, and did not need any help, but had heard just then of the Hospital Directory, and thought for curiosity's sake they would come in and inquire. "Very well," said the superintendent, "if we can't aid you with news, it will at least help to confirm the correctness of our records." So the books were examined, and the following changes found to have occurred since they had heard: One man's son had died; the sons of two of them had been removed to Louisville, and were then in the city close at hand; the son of one of them had gone to a hospital at Cincinnati, and of another to Quincy. Only one of the six had need to continue his journey as proposed.

A mother, seeking to reach her sick son, writes: "I implore you to grant me the boon I ask. Do not refuse me, I pray. I urge you by all a mother's love, and your desire to alleviate human suffering, to grant me my request, and give me a pass or instruct me how to get one." And still another mother writes: "By the love

you bear your own mother, tell me where my boy is. Only give me some tidings. Is he dead, and how did he die? Is he alive, and how can I get to him?"

Multiply these cases by thousands; vary and change them in a thousand ways, according to their different peculiarities; consider the ties which bound the soldier to home, wife, or mother; put yourself in the place of one of these latter, seeking, heartsick in a strange place, amid all the confusion which war engenders, a son or husband; add perhaps poverty, and ignorance of how to manage or what to do, and the dread uncertainty hovering over it all, and you get some faint idea of the value of this work.

I have not attempted in this sketch to give a history of the Sanitary Commission, but only an idea of its intent and work, touching it here and there, stating here and there a fact illustrating its methods and suggesting the widespread and grand results which it reached; and my subject has made it necessary to present only the darker side of the war, for my story is of its pain and sorrow and suffering, and not its triumphs. But it was all only the rough road, the harsh and difficult way which the sword ever hews, though it may be the highway which determines the destinies of a continent and by the grace of God determines them for good.

To the aid societies in almost every town and hamlet all over the North and West — their work and their influence — whatever of good results was reached, was in a large measure due. The army of women at home, energetic, earnest, and intelligent, was as brave, as assiduous, and as persevering as the army of men in the field. Their instincts were never for a moment at fault; their zeal never flagged; their patience was untiring; no demand seemed too great for their strength; every echo of suffering met a responsive throb in their hearts. Over three thousand aid societies were voluntary tributaries to the Chicago

Branch alone, and they were mainly composed of women. They organized labor; they stimulated supplies; their record and their monument is $1,056,192 in worth of material for the sick and suffering forwarded from this one city.

The value of this service is not to be estimated alone by the money and the money's worth of stores and medical supplies collected, nor even by the lessened amount of suffering resultant therefrom. Above and beyond this they helped to support and stimulate the patriotism of the North; to keep the soldier and what he was fighting for present to the mind and heart of the public; to hold steadily in the foreground the one resolute purpose — however hearts might ache, through whatever of blood and suffering we might come — to save the nation, with all its precious freight of hopes and promises. They fought a no less earnest battle than did the soldier in the field, and not to the sound of martial music, keeping step with a thousand or ten thousand of others, but alone, by the fireside, perhaps in the solitude of the night; in their lying down and getting up; their hearts torn by anxiety, often and often clothed in the sable weeds that told the bitterness of war to them. They kept alive home and its pure surroundings in the minds of tens of thousands of men subject to the temptations and lawlessness which war engenders; they gave son, brother, husband, health, and sometimes life, to the strife. Their conviction thus voiced became to us all a new inheritance.

"There comes a terrible moment," wrote the author of "Daniel Deronda," — "there comes a terrible moment to many souls when the great movements of the world, the larger destinies of mankind, which have lain aloof in newspapers and other neglected reading, enter like an earthquake into their own lives; when the slow urgency of growing generations turns into the tread of an invading army, or the dire clash of civil war, and gray fathers know nothing but to seek for the corpses of their blooming sons, and girls forget all vanity but

to make lint and bandages which may serve for the shattered limbs of their betrothed husbands. Then it is as if the Invisible Power that has been the object of lip-worship and lip-resignation became visible, according to the imagery of the Hebrew poet, making the flames his chariot, and riding on the wings of the wind, till the mountains smoke, and the plains shudder under the rolling, fiery visitation. Often the good cause seems to lie prostrate under the thunder of unrelenting force; the martyrs live reviled; they die, and no angel is seen holding forth the crown and the palm branch. Then it is that the submission of the soul to the Highest is tested, and even in the eyes of frivolity, life looks out from the scene of human struggle with the awful face of duty, and a religion shows itself which is something else than a private consolation."

COSTS AND COMPENSATIONS OF THE WAR.

By THOMAS F. BARR.

[Read December 13, 1888.]

A LITTLE more than thirty years ago, this nation was just emerging from the most disastrous business depression in its history. The great financial institutions of the country had but lately closed their doors in bankruptcy, carrying disaster into nearly every household in the land. The music of the loom and the hammer had been hushed in the centres of constructive industry, entailing poverty and suffering upon hundreds of thousands who had been dependent upon them for opportunity to earn their daily bread. These clouds were, however, passing away, and the promise appeared bright for future material prosperity. But a darker cloud was gathering force, and was soon to burst in fury on the land. The conscience of the Northern States of the Union had grown sensitive over the anomaly of chattel slavery in a republic based upon the theory of equal human rights; and the aggressive movements of the slaveholding States for the extension of the anomaly into regions of the national territory which had been dedicated to freedom, had served to shatter and divide political parties. There appeared to exist but little of patriotism in its highest sense. Love for the principles upon which the Republic was predicated had seemingly been lost sight of in the struggle for commercial success. Slavery must be mentioned with bated breath in New York and Boston and Cincinnati, or the market for cloths and shoes and food products in the South would be disturbed. But all this was of no avail. The gathering cloud grew heavier. The political atmosphere was nearing the

point of saturation. The arrogant demands of the slave-holding oligarchy were being confronted by constantly accreting forces of men who believed that all had been conceded that could be yielded with safety to our institutions. The teachings of Garrison and Phillips, and of those poets of freedom, Lowell and Whittier, had borne fruit. A great party had been formed which made the fundamental principle of the nationality of liberty its platform, and holding by the provisions of the Constitution, declared that beyond the restricted section where it had legal existence, slavery should take no step onward into the national domain.

The question of responsibility for this blighting curse is a thing of the past. That it existed and continued, was the fault of all sections. The intelligence of the North discarded it for climatic and economic reasons. The climate of the South gave it there its strongest hold, and with the invention of the cotton-gin its peaceful abolition was rendered impossible. As the crime was the crime of all, so the punishment fell upon all. The new party in the contest of 1860 was successful in electing its candidate for the presidency, and Abraham Lincoln was given to the world, to stand for all coming time as a synonym for pure statesmanship, unflinching courage as a leader, and a very genius for integrity and love of justice. The inauguration of Mr. Lincoln marked the termination of the prologue, and the mighty tragedy of the war opened at Fort Sumter. Then it was that apathy died. The absence of patriotism had been only a seeming, and from its latent state it blazed up so fiercely that final triumph was assured. The world never before witnessed a more majestic uprising of a people. Great armies have been gathered by the Cæsars and Napoleons of history, through the exercise of despotic authority, to destroy rival powers; but this was the springing forth of a people to maintain the integrity of their country and demonstrate the strength of a republic. It embraced all ages and all grades. The young

and middle-aged touched elbows as they marched forward to meet the threatening foe. The old men gave freely of their means. Even the children added their effort, and many mere lads were found in the ranks with drums slung over their shoulders.

When the war was forced upon us, the treasury of the Union was depleted, its credit was gone. It had a widely scattered army, which, if gathered together in its full strength, would have given a force for active service of something less than fifteen thousand men. These were factors that had been taken into consideration by the conspirators who had led their section into rebellion. They had, however, failed to comprehend the material resources of the North, as well as the pugnacity of its people. How greatly they were mistaken is history now. The money necessary to carry on the war — a sum so vast as to be almost beyond the power of the mind to grasp — was furnished. The men to fight the battles were ever ready. The typical American of the period was the "Armed Citizen."

Between Fort Sumter and Palmetto Ranch in Texas, where, on the 13th of May, 1865, the last soldiers killed in the war gave up their lives, a little more than eight hundred battles and affairs were engaged in by the contending forces. At that time, the muster-rolls of the national army contained in round numbers the names of a million enlisted men. The aggregate number of men of the volunteer service, who had been engaged in the loyal service of their country, reduced to a three years' standard, was two million three hundred and twenty thousand three hundred and sixty-nine. To state the cost in material wealth of supporting so large a force spread over so vast a field of operations as was covered during the war, and the subsequent expenditures engendered, calls for the use of figures of such proportions as almost to baffle comprehension. Mr. Edward Atkinson of Massachusetts, the eminent statistician, has

made a careful calculation, which he gives in the following statement:—

"The cost, measured in money, of removing the compromise with slavery from the Constitution of the United States was as follows: —

"The national revenue collected from April 1, 1861, to June 30, 1868, four years of war and three of reconstruction under military rule, was: —

From taxation and miscellaneous receipts	$2,213,349,486
From loans which had not been paid June 30, 1868	2,485,000,000
Total	$4,698,349,486
The peace expenditures could not have been over .	698,349,486
Cost of the war	$4,000,000,000

To the computed cost of the war — $4,000,000,000 — must be added by estimate the war expenditures of the Northern States, and the value of the time, materials, and destruction of property in the Southern States, together probably amounting to a sum equal to that spent by the National Government.

"The price of liberty in money has therefore been $8,000,000,000. This comes to $1,135,000,000 per year for a little over seven years. The productive capacity of an average man is now about $600 worth per year. If it was then $500 worth, this sum represents the work of 2,270,000 men for seven years; at $400 each, 2,837,500 men.

"The average population during this period was 35,000,000. If we assume one in five an adult man capable of bearing arms, there were 7,000,000, of whom one third paid the price of liberty in work for seven years or in life."

Another table prepared by the same high authority sets forth figures more readily comprehended. On the first day of July, 1860, the public debt of the United States amounted to $1.91 per capita. On the 31st day of August, 1865, it reached the maximum, and was $84.

So far as relates to the money cost of the war, the question is not yet concluded. The expenditures of the nation for many years to come must be largely in its

payment. There was a greater cost than that which made demands upon the material resources and credit of the country. The cost in human life and human suffering cannot be estimated. Figures may tell how many men fell in battle never to rise, how many were wounded, how many died from war-engendered diseases; but how can the story be told of the physical agonies endured, of the anguished hearts at home? It is beyond the reach of measurement. The statistical exhibits of deaths in the Union Army during the war show that 4,142 officers and 62,916 enlisted men were killed in action; that 2,223 officers and 40,789 enlisted men died of wounds; that 2,795 officers and 221,791 enlisted men died of disease; that 248 officers and 8,810 enlisted men met their death by drowning and other accidents; that 37 officers and 483 enlisted men were murdered; that 14 officers and 90 enlisted men were killed after capture; that 26 officers and 365 enlisted men committed suicide; that 267 enlisted men were executed by the United States authority, while 4 officers and 60 men were executed by the enemy; that there died from sunstroke 5 officers and 308 enlisted men, and from other known causes 62 officers and 1,972 enlisted men; and that deaths from other causes not stated were 28 officers and 12,093 enlisted men, — making an aggregate of 359,528 deaths as the immediate sacrifice of life during the war. Of the shattered and disease-worn frames gone to their rest since the war closed, in additional sacrifice, no estimate can be made. There must also be added to the cost of the war in human life 2,272 deaths from all causes in the navy, and the estimated number of a quarter of a million of the enemy.

To crown all, he who had borne the sorrows of the nation in his aching heart through the four terrible years of strife, gave up his life at the hands of an assassin. The Rebellion brutally culminated in the death of President Lincoln, and died with him.

What have been the compensations for the outlay of blood and treasure so briefly epitomized? What has been gained? In still briefer epitome the answer may be summed up,—*everything*. Many there are who assert and believe that the fruits of the war have proved Dead Sea apples, turning to ashes on the lips. In their impatience they fail to realize how slowly changes in the social and political conditions of a great nation are compassed. The real question is not what one section of the country has gained, but what has been the benefit to all our land. It was not alone a contest for the North that was waged by the Union soldiers. It was for the South as well; and in its outcome the people of all lands had a deep interest. On the surface, there may appear room for deprecation. When the war closed, the belief was general and confident that certain things had been definitely settled by its arbitrament. It had been established that the authority of the Federal Government was paramount, — that the Union was a nation of people and not merely a confederation of States. It had been established that legalized slavery should be known in our land no more forever. That institution, "which had been declared to be the corner-stone of the Rebel Confederacy," had crumbled in destruction with the treasonable edifice of which it was so important a part. This was the great immediate compensation. The cruel wrongs inflicted upon a timid race had been expiated in perfect retribution. President Lincoln spoke for us all when in his second inaugural address he said: —

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With the downfall of human slavery in this Union, there was sounded the death-knell of its obliteration in all countries.

> "For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along
> Round the earth's electric circle the swift flash of right or wrong;
> Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
> Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;
> In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim."

Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since the last hostile shot was fired in actual war against the Government. When the nation stood nearer to that event, the judgment of its people was too impassioned to be stable. Their nerves were stretched to their utmost tension. They were still in that state of exaltation which was born of war's excitements. Then the vanquished cowered under an undefinable dread of what the punishment of their treason was to be. The victors were filled with joy and gratitude over their success, and were inspired by the belief that the Republic, preserved and regenerated through their efforts, was at last such a republic as the theories of its founders contemplated. Treason lay crushed and bleeding. The first impulse was to inflict such a punishment upon its inciters and leaders as would make its repetition impossible. Then it was believed that any punishment less than that of death would be clemency. Soon, however, the passions of men cooled, and a maturer judgment decreed that it would be impossible to determine a line of demarcation; and with a lofty magnanimity the policy of forgiveness was adopted. The repentant should be pardoned. Indeed, so well pleased were many of our people with their own great goodness that in their exuberance they permitted forgiveness to get far ahead of repentance. Whether the policy was a mistaken one or not, can be a question only for the field of speculation. It is enough that it prevailed; and doubtless down in the depths of every heart there is a feeling of pride over the

fact that no recourse was had to the scaffold. In our calmer judgment of to-day, we should have regretted it. We realize how largely all were responsible for the cause of the war, and that it was an inevitable result of conflicting systems. Impatient ones are dissatisfied. The fruit ripens too slowly. They ask who, at the close of the war, would have believed that within twenty-five years the loyal section of the country would be taunted with the declaration by men who were then amazed at their own escape that the mercy shown the vanquished was based, not upon magnanimity, but upon cowardice; that in the Congress of the nation there would be found a hundred members who had been engaged in the frustrated attempt to overthrow the Government. In all this, there is not ground for discouragement. The fruit is surely ripening, however slow the process. Centuries in the life of a nation are but as years in the life of a man. The pendulum of a people's destiny takes long sweeps, but with each swing the hands upon the dial move forward to mark progression. With freedom established and the sacredness of the Union acknowledged, the stream of advancement is flowing onward in constantly increasing volume.

In further compensation for the sacrifice of the war, the material prosperity of the nation has been marvellous. The war destroyed lethargy and left our people with excited activities. The demonstrations of the Republic's enduring strength aroused a confidence that caused hundreds of thousands of laborers from less favored lands to flock to our shores, who, making homes throughout the country, and cultivating its virgin soil, largely increased our food products and created new markets for the productions of skilled labor, so that to-day, though all our ports were closed, we could live supremely content. The aggregate value of manufactured products in the United States in 1860 was $1,876,893,377. In 1880 it had increased to $5,341,838,890. During the same period the population of the country increased from 31,443,321 to

50,155,783. The proportionate increase, both in the value of manufactures and in the country's population, has since 1880 been in still larger ratio. These figures are eloquent of thousands of happy homes and of the constantly improving condition of our people, and tell the story of how our national debt has been reduced on the first day of last July to $18 per capita. And this prosperity has not come to the North alone. The South has shared in it, though not to so large a degree. The social revolution, so drastic in its nature, which imposed new conditions on its citizens, has temporarily postponed a full development of its resources. Yet in view of its past suffering and bankruptcy, its prosperity may well be deemed astonishing. Another gain has come to us, in that there is a deeper national feeling of patriotism throughout our land than existed before the war and its demands had so endeared it. The eye brightens and the heart quickens its beating at sight of the flag it cost so much to sustain; and should danger again threaten it, there is no part of our land which would fail to do its share in defending it.

Have we not, then, gained everything? Are not the compensations, present and surely to come, commensurate with the costs, fearful as they were? — slavery gone, labor dignified and never again to be the badge of degradation in our land; the Republic accepted at home and abroad as a demonstration of man's capacity for self-government; and a people filled with an earnest purpose to build strongly and for all time upon the foundations laid by the fathers a nation to serve as a beacon-light to all the peoples of the earth.

With nations, as with men, if the principles underlying action are pure and lofty, there must result finally, after the ordeals of adversity and the severer ordeals of prosperity have been experienced, an autumn of life, filled with serenity and made glorious through the admiration and respect of mankind. We as a nation are moving

forward on true lines to that high position in the domain of government where the rights of the humblest will be as honestly conceded and as sacredly guarded as the rights of the most richly endowed with intellect and wealth.

In that will be the aggregated compensation of the war. What cost could be too great for such results?

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